McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE *Editor*

Magazine

September
1922

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By J. B. Greuze
The Louvre, Paris.

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By Henry Ford
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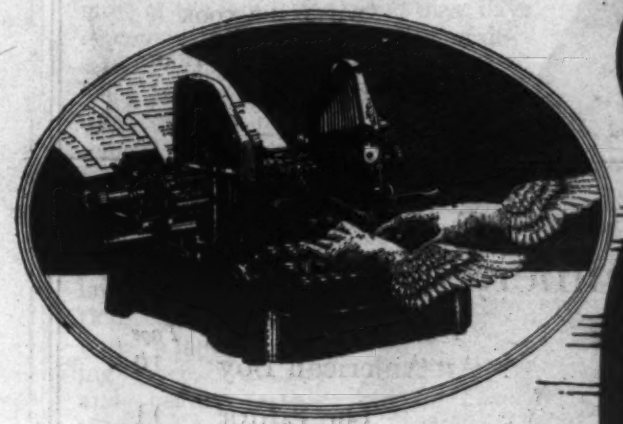

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Save $35

Mail Now

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Occupation or Business .....

Volume 54 Number 7

McCLURE'S

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Cover Design from "La Laitière," a Painting by Jean Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805)
Hanging in the Louvre, Paris

Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. Copyright, 1922, by McClure Publishing Company, New York. All dramatic, moving picture and other reproduction rights reserved.

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McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

An Architect, a Painter and a Sculptress Joined in Designing This Exquisite Lamp

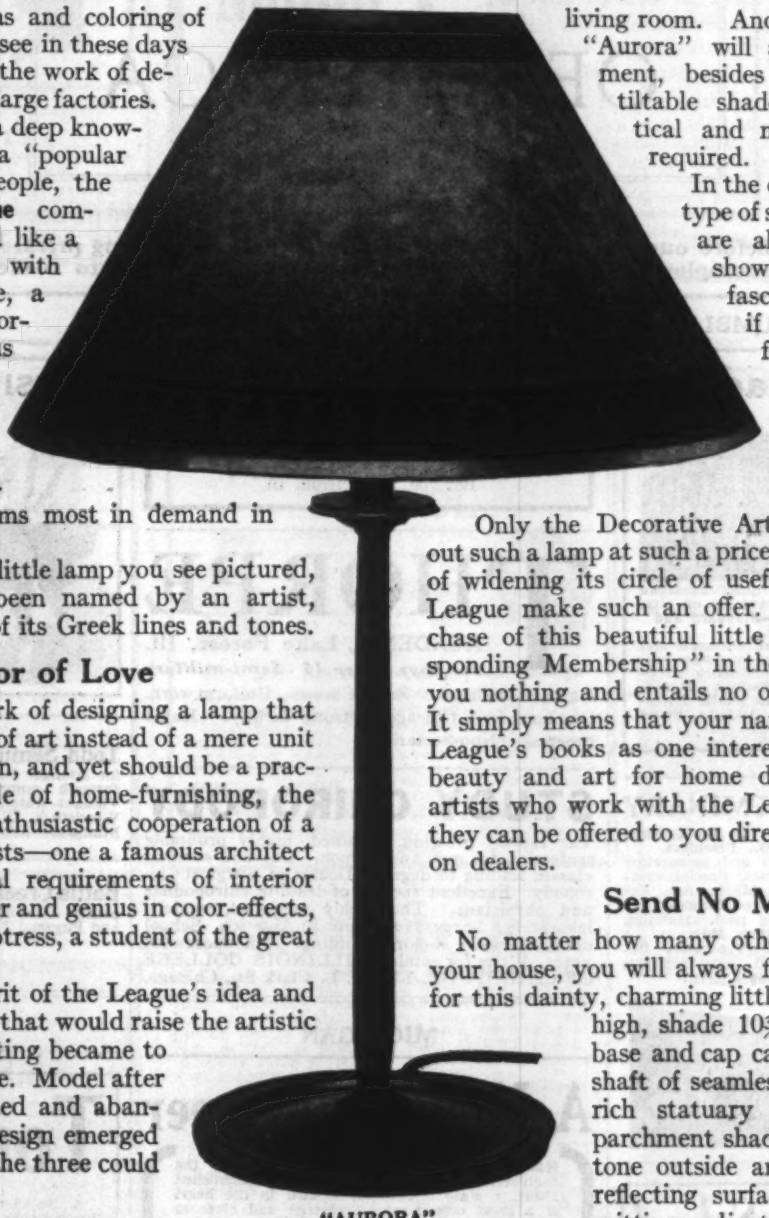
The lines, proportions and coloring of most of the lamps you see in these days of commercialism are the work of designing departments of large factories. They are the fruits of a deep knowledge of what makes a "popular seller." But some people, the **Decorative Arts League** committee felt sure, would like a lamp designed purely with an eye to good taste, a lamp of artistic proportions and harmonious tones, a lamp embodying grace, symmetry and beauty, rather than the long experience of the "salesman-designer" of what seems most in demand in retail stores.

Hence this exquisite little lamp you see pictured, "Aurora," as it has been named by an artist, because of the purity of its Greek lines and tones.

A Labor of Love

For the delicate work of designing a lamp that should be a real work of art instead of a mere unit in a factory's production, and yet should be a practical and useful article of home-furnishing, the League enlisted the enthusiastic cooperation of a group of talented artists—one a famous architect skilled in the practical requirements of interior decorating, one a painter and genius in color-effects, and one a brilliant sculptress, a student of the great Rodin in Paris.

They caught the spirit of the League's idea and the designing of a lamp that would raise the artistic standards of home-lighting became to them a true labor of love. Model after model was made, studied and abandoned, until at last a design emerged with which not one of the three could find a fault.



"AURORA"
$3.50

Every Detail Perfect

One style of ornamentation after another was tried out, only to yield in the end to the perfect simplicity of the classic Greek lines. Even such a small detail as the exact contour of the base was worked over and over again until it should blend in one continuous "stream" with the lines of the slender shaft. The graceful curves of the shaft itself, simple as they seem in the finished model, were the results of dozens of trials. The shape, the exact size, and the soft coloring of the shade were the product of many experiments.

The result is a masterpiece of Greek simplicity and balance. Not a thing could be added or taken away without marring the general effect—not the sixty-fourth of an inch difference in any moulding or curve but would be harmful. And yet with all the attention to artistic effect the practical knowledge of an experienced interior decorator has kept "Aurora" in perfect harmony with the actual requirements of the home. It blends with any style of furnishing, it adapts itself to boudoir or foyer-hall, to library or living room. And wherever you place it "Aurora" will add taste and refinement, besides furnishing, with its tiltable shade, a thoroughly practical and mellow light wherever required.

In the exclusive Fifth Avenue type of shops, where lamps that are also works of art are shown, the equal of this fascinating little "Aurora," if found, would cost you from $15 to $20—perhaps more. Yet the price of this lamp is but

$3.50—Think of It!

Only the Decorative Arts League could bring out such a lamp at such a price. And only as a means of widening its circle of usefulness could even the League make such an offer. But with each purchase of this beautiful little lamp goes a "Corresponding Membership" in the League. This costs you nothing and entails no obligation of any kind. It simply means that your name is registered on the League's books as one interested in things of real beauty and art for home decoration, so that as artists who work with the League create new ideas they can be offered to you direct without dependence on dealers.

Send No Money

No matter how many other lamps you have in your house, you will always find a place just suited for this dainty, charming little "Aurora," 16 inches high, shade 10¾ inches in diameter; base and cap cast in solid Medallium, shaft of seamless brass, all finished in rich statuary bronze; brass-bound parchment shade of a neutral brown tone outside and an old rose colored reflecting surface; shade holder permitting adjustment to any angle; push-button socket; six feet of silk insulated cord; 2-piece attachment plug.

You will rarely, if ever, get such a value again. Send no money—simply sign and mail the coupon, then pay the postman **$3.50** plus the amount of parcel-post stamps on the package. Weight of lamp shipped is only five pounds, so postage even to furthest points is insignificant. If you should not find the lamp all we say of it or all you expected of it, send it back in five days and your money will be refunded in full. Clip the coupon now, and mail to **Decorative Arts League, 175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Decorative Arts League (175 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.)

You may send me, at the member's special price, an "Aurora" Lamp, and I will pay the postman $3.50 plus the postage, when delivered. If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my money in full.

You may enter my name as a "Corresponding Member" of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost me nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers me as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decorations.

(A.B.)

Signed.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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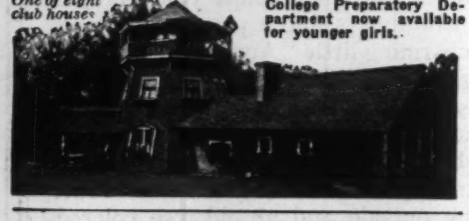

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Read it.

It is a profitable practice.

Editorial Announcement

HENRY FORD'S story, "My Life and Work," written in collaboration with Samuel Crowther, is being read by employers and employees. One firm has ordered copies for its executives and department heads. In the concluding chapters Mr. Ford discusses the railroads, comparing the operation of a railroad to his or any industry. Too much borrowing, he says, has hurt the railroads—as it hurts any business. As a railroad owner, Mr. Ford tells how he runs the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad on the same principles that he manufactures automobiles—making the business pay for itself.

The friendship of Ford, Edison and Burroughs is described in another chapter. Ford's interest in gas engines made the contact with Edison; his love of birds made him a friend of Burroughs. The naturalist feared development of the automobile would destroy the appreciation of nature. Ford sent him a *Ford* and he became reconciled to this phase of progress. Burroughs then taught Ford to know Emerson.

MRS. George Madden Martin, author of the Emmy Lou stories, has prepared an article on the work being done by the white and colored men and women of the South to create better relations between the two races. In eight hundred of the approximately twelve hundred counties of thirteen Southern states organizations of white and colored residents are functioning. The eight hundred county organizations are united in a central Commission for Racial Cooperation. Governor Morrow of Kentucky, former Governor Dorsey of Georgia, former Governor Brougn of Arkansas, former Governor Roberts of Tennessee, and other Southern leaders, have endorsed the work of the commission. Leaders of the Negro race have welcomed the step of the white people and there has been reassuring progress toward better relationship.

ALONG Labrador and Northern Newfoundland is a stretch of more than a thousand miles of terrible coast. In winter it is ice-bound and travel is as dangerous as that encountered by Arctic explorers. Grenfell, an English doctor, directs a line of hospitals and schools for the few thousand residents of this barren land. He has faced death many times with dog teams or in small boats off the shore. Two episodes in Grenfell's life are to be told in McCLURE'S. They might have been taken from the experiences of Shackleton or Peary or other seekers of the Poles.

DON CRISTOBAL, that doughty and dependable gentleman of Spain, is approaching the happy end out of all his troubles — that will take place in the November number. In McCLURE'S for October the plot thickens to a gratifying murk. Thinking to make his escape, he has wormed nis way into the confidence of his jailors with consummate skill, only to be double-crossed by a lady. It seems as if the machinations of his fertile mind are about to be carried out, in spite of himself, and the fine flower of Spanish maidenhood sold in the slave markets of Algiers! And Don Cristobal himself? He still runs true to form; he has still a jest on his lips when life, and perhaps death, rests for him in the hands of the dread Roque.

AT noon on April 22d, 1889, the official pistol barked; Oklahoma was open to settlement, and the rush of claim-seekers was on! Byron L. Bargar of Brownsville, Texas, has written a lively tale of the adventures and confusion of those early days when "there were no streets and everybody was falling over tent ropes and milling 'round like a cow hunting a lost calf in the brush": when "every place one traveled in the town, except on the government acre, was inside some one's lot. And if you tried to scratch your back every one in sight would duck or bend a gun on you." Ross Santee has illustrated "At the Birth of Oklahoma" in a way to captivate the imagination as well as catch the eye.

This is the picture of "Bob" Tigan, an American boy of Irish blood whose short life included a sickening defeat and a bright and sacred victory. He was nineteen when he was appointed a midshipman and he was twenty-seven when he died in France of many wounds and loaded with military honors both French and American.

VOLUME 54
No. 7

McCLURE'S

S. S. McCLURE, *Editor*

SEPTEMBER
1922

The Real America

SOME months ago I published in McCLURE'S an article entitled The Real Ireland. People had been so accustomed to the Word-Ireland that the truth came as a great surprise. Now there is a great difference between the Real America, and the Word-America.

In fact, we are living in two worlds, the Word-World, and the Real World.

The Word-World lives in the pages of the printed word. It is a world of crimes, and accidents, injustices and cruelties. It finds its ultimate apotheosis in the pages of dailies, weeklies and monthlies, and books. The editorial pages of many newspapers consist of scolding and fault-finding, and many weeklies of opinion are like enlargements of these editorial pages.

In two articles in this issue of McCLURE'S one gets a glimpse of Real America: the Real America as seen by the unobsessed eyes of American Youth.

The facts as to Blackburn College and the boys and girls who work for their education, are the same to a limited extent in hundreds of American colleges. I know. When I entered Knox College, I had a capital of just fifteen cents. I had no difficulty in doing what many other boys were doing at Knox—that is, earning my living while I secured a college education.

The youth described in Mr. Crissey's article, Main Street Boys and Girls at College, are typical of the youth of America, who will be the Americans of the future that will "carry on." They are worthy of the men and women President Harding wrote about in his editorial in the *Marion Daily Star* on July 5th of this year. He said:

> Sturdy men pioneered the way to early settlement, and sturdy women, too. They blazed the way to development in Ohio and sent many of their sons and daughters to the peaceful conquest of the greater West, the Mississippi and Missouri valleys. Resolute and able men made secure the social order here and simple and courageous men blended determination with genius and made the industrial beginning. They had little of wealth, but they wrought wealth out of opportunity. Only a few knew their struggles. their sacrifices; but honesty, simplicity, industry, capacity and determination are known to have been the chief essentials of their success. These make for success anywhere and are available to all who aspire.

These boys and girls are worthy descendants of the pioneers who made America. They think the world is a wonderful place to live in. They rejoice in the marvelous opportunities before them. They love the America they inherit. They are Americans.

The second article I refer to tells the story of an American youth in his own letters to his mother.

I back the record of this American boy, Bob Tigan, against the swarm of young pessimists and non-realists, who live in the printed page.

Up to the present, the smaller colleges like Blackburn, Knox, Oberlin, Beloit and the hundreds of others that dot the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have given an enormous amount of leadership to America.

The small college is peculiarly an American institution. Its great importance lies in this fact: that both students and professors are near to reality. Where a large proportion of the boys and girls earn their expenses in college, bolshevistic ideas and similar doctrines have small chance to exist.

Mr. Lincoln Adams, President of the National Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, writes in the *Times Current History* for July:

> It is astonishing to find how many of those who are attempting to teach American history are not in sympathy with their subject. Some are frankly "international" in their ideas, as they rather grandiloquently characterize what they consider a finer and broader point of view; they deprecate patriotism as "provincial," "selfish," "ignorant" and "prejudiced," and they minimize and misrepresent the acts and motives of our heroes and the great leaders of our past.

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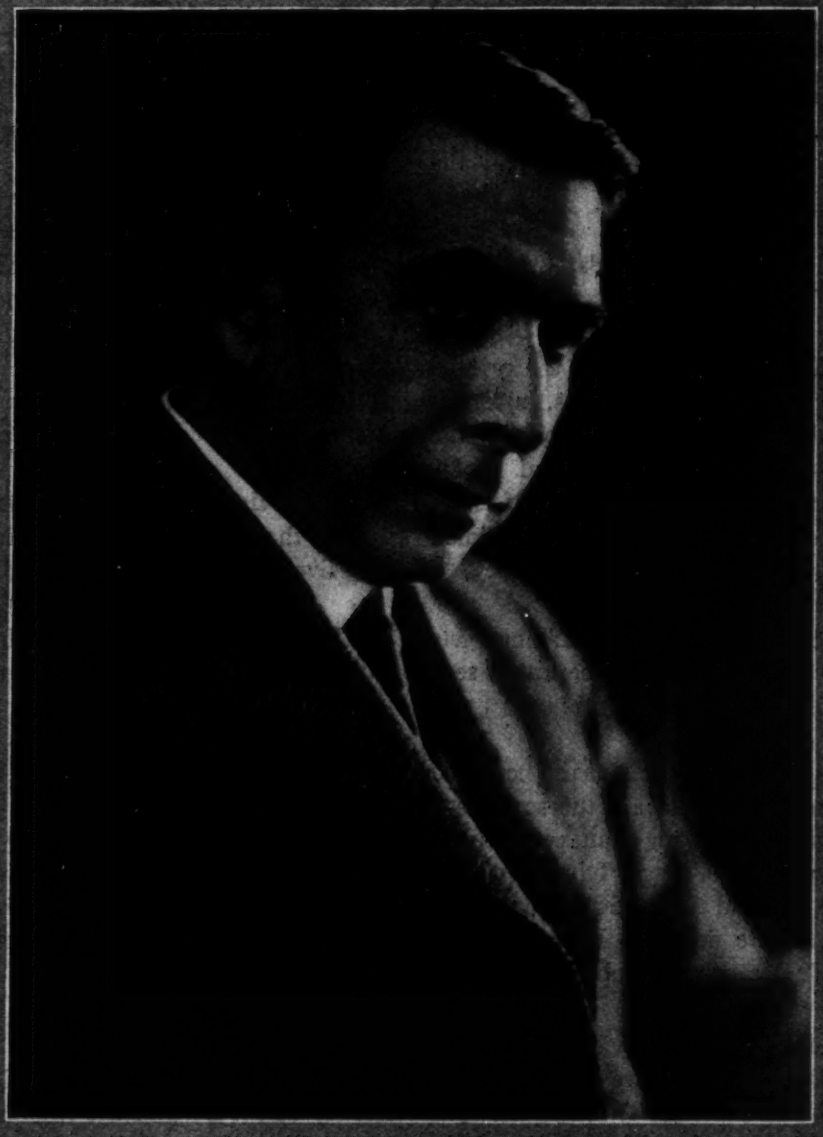
Some are admittedly socialistic, and even communistic, in their convictions, while others are agnostic or worse in their religious faith, or lack of it.



Underwood and Underwood

BOOTH TARKINGTON

for many years a contributor to McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, in which his first work appeared, has twice received the Pulitzer prize for the best novel of the year, and his name has been included in nearly every published list of the Twelve Greatest Americans.

And yet these misguided teachers are permitted to continue their false instructions to our young people at a time when the latter are forming their opinions and characters for the country's weal or woe.

Recently the Boston *Globe* published a list of the Greatest Men and Women now living, according to the seniors of fourteen high schools in Massachusetts. In this list Lenin outranks Pershing, Taft, Joffre, Clemenceau, General Goethals and Senator Borah, Balfour and General Smuts.

It is worth while in the midst of various idiocies and isms to return to reality. Four years from now the country will reach its hundred and fiftieth anniversary, with a background of another hundred and fifty years. It is customary to celebrate such anniversaries with great expositions. The greatest possible exposition is the United States itself and the greatest exhibits are the men and women whose work and ideas were most potent in creating America.

The Hundred Greatest Americans

The survey of our history that we are making is a contribution towards this exposition.

It is a prime purpose of the magazine to interest especially the youth of America. It is proposed to offer prizes to students in preparatory schools, high schools, colleges and universities for the best list of one hundred names of the greatest Americans in the three centuries of our making.

A specific announcement of the prizes, and the conditions of the contest, will be made in the October number of McClure's Magazine.

A study of our history will reveal the colossal problems and tasks laid upon the succeeding generations of Americans and will make more understandable and vivid the great and vital problems that the present generation must solve.

Students of our history will learn of the tremendous struggles and achievements of our ancestors in securing this goodly land and in establishing up to their strength and opportunities, as Lincoln said, "a political edifice of liberty and equal rights."

The aims of the fathers are only partially achieved. It is for the present generation to carry on the work of the founders of the Republic.

Eighty-five years ago Lincoln said:

> I hope I am over-wary; but if I am not, there is even now something of ill omen amongst us. I mean the increasing disregard for law which pervades the country — the growing disposition to substitute the wild and furious passions in lieu of the sober judgment of courts, and the worse than savage mobs for the executive ministers of justice. This disposition is awfully fearful in any community; . . . Accounts of outrages committed by mobs form the every-day news of the times.

It would be tedious as well as useless to recount the horrors of all of them. Those happening in the State of Mississippi and at St. Louis are perhaps the most dangerous in example and revolting to humanity. In the Mississippi case they first commenced by hanging the regular gamblers. Next, negroes suspected of conspiring to raise an insurrection were caught up and hanged in all parts of the state; then, white men supposed to be leagued with the negroes; and finally, strangers from neighboring states, going thither on business, were in many instances subjected to the same fate. Thus went on this process of hanging, from gamblers to negroes, from negroes to white citizens, and from these to strangers, till dead men were seen literally dangling from the boughs of trees upon every roadside, and in numbers almost sufficient to rival the native Spanish moss of the country as a drapery of the forest.

Turn then to that horror-striking scene at St. Louis. A single victim only was sacrificed there. This story is very short, and is perhaps the most highly tragic of anything of its length that has ever been witnessed in real life. A mulatto man by the name of McIntosh was seized in the street, dragged to the suburbs of the city, chained to a tree, and actually burned to death: and all within a single hour from the time he had been a free man attending to his own business and at peace with the world.

Such are the effects of mob law, and such are the scenes becoming more and more frequent in this land so lately famed for love of law and order, and the stories of which have even now grown too familiar to attract anything more than an idle remark.

The question recurs, how shall we fortify against this lawlessness? The answer is simple. Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others.

Let every man remember that to violate the law is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty.

Lawlessness is but one of a group of great problems that confront us.

The Editor.

Underwood and Underwood

MISS IDA TARBELL

who first attained fame as the author of the Standard Oil articles and of the "Life of Lincoln," both of which were written exclusively for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, is named in a majority of the lists of America's Twelve Greatest Women.

Main Street Boys and Girls at College

By Forrest Crissey

IN central Illinois — surrounded by cornfields and underlaid with coal beds — is a college that is as odd as Dick's hatband. The work which this unique institution is doing offers a valid challenge to the attention of every thinker who holds the education of American youth to be a matter of highest moment. Especially is it calculated to give something to think about to those who have about concluded that a genuine and consuming thirst for education is an extinct appetite.

Blackburn, at Carlinville, is the cafeteria of colleges. Its student body is composed entirely of self-starters and self-helpers. It offers education only to those who "go" and consistently rejects those who are "sent." It is short on "frats" and sororities and long on hard work. No other educational institution in America turns away so many applicants in proportion to the number of those accepted. This year it rejected four times as many applicants as it enrolled. For this reason one clever observer calls it "America's most exclusive college."

But the vital and distinctive characteristic of Blackburn College is its purpose to place higher education within reach of those who cannot afford to get it elsewhere but are determined to have it at any cost of effort. The kind of boys and young men that comes to Blackburn is suggested by the fact that when the United States entered the World War every young man there who was eligible for service enlisted. One of them — who was rejected in the United States because he had but one useful eye — offered himself in Canada and was accepted there.

Another thing that reveals the spirit of this odd college is this: not a dollar is paid out by the institution for labor of any kind to any person not a student. The young men and women attending Blackburn have an air-tight monopoly on all its jobs. The outsider doesn't have a look-in on its payroll. Aside from members of the faculty, the farm superintendent is the only hireling not a student. From running the library to scrubbing the floors of the halls and dormitories all work at Blackburn is pre-empted by students. It is a case of educational self-help from start to finish.

Contentment in Upper Berths

Perhaps nothing to be found at Blackburn quite so graphically visualizes to the chance visitor the educational thirst which this institution is satisfying as do the car dormitories. How they came into existence, you will hear presently. The lower berths have been removed to make room for tables and reservations are confined entirely to "uppers." An occupant of one of these strange dormitories remarks:

"Really, there's nothing so very odd about getting an education in a Pullman. There are thousands of girls in this country — who can afford the best there is going — who prefer a Pullman to the finest ivy-grown dormitory. The difference is that we do the going instead of our car. We don't happen to belong to that fortunate majority among college girls who are 'sent' — but, all the same, we enjoy our Pullman quite as well as they do theirs. Our two cars are very comfortable and popular, too. They are connected with the college heating, lighting, water and sanitation systems and are cosy and comfortable. Being educated from a Pullman is not bad at all. In fact it's real jolly. I can give it quite as cordial a testimonial as you can get from any girl who spends most of her time in travel in just such a car."

Not only do the students do all the work but they plan and "boss" it as well. While there are only 150 students in this college, it takes a "power of work," as one of them put it, to provide for the comfort of even such a small student body. There is the farm work on 160 acres in crops, the care of a dairy herd and a swine herd; there are the laundry, the bakery, the kitchens, the dining rooms and the dormitories to be run and the janitor work to be done.

The responsibility of dealing out the work to keep these activities going rests upon a committee of four — two boys and two girls. When Sir Arthur Helps said "You cannot play at deciding" he uttered a truth which is keenly appreciated by every Blackburn student who has been honored by a call to serve on this governing committee. The young men and women who have made good on this committee declare that it has given them a liberal education in decision, responsibility and the art of getting things done. There is not a student executive in any position — from a place on the executive committee down to the straw box of the floor scrubbers — who has a snap or anything like it.

Everything at Blackburn is subjected to the acid test of "cost and quality," and that test is imposed by the students themselves. Because they are all working their way through the college it is vital to every one of them to keep down living costs and keep the quality of the living up to a good wholesome standard. Any incompetency, any attempt to shirk or "soldier," cuts in upon the others in a personal and definite way, and is resented. It makes the work of getting an education and at the same time earning a living more difficult, or at least more uncomfortable. Everybody works hard at Blackburn — physically and mentally. All are there for that purpose. A poor meal interferes with work and therefore calls down sharp criticism upon the kitchen captain who happens to be the officer of the day.

Getting $575 Out of Nothing

Cost and the privilege of meeting part of it in work is the "essence of the contract" at Blackburn. Living expenses and tuition for one year at this college come to $575. Every student receives a credit of $108 for work — two and a half hours a day of honest toil. The student who gives only this minimum amount of labor is required to pay $160 in cash. His total payment in cash and labor is therefore $268. But the total cost to Blackburn for each student is $575. How is the difference of $307 met? Income from endowment funds takes care of $200 of that amount and the remaining deficit of $107 is secured in the form of subscriptions from the field.

But many of the students are absolutely unable to pay $160 a year in money to cover tuition, food, shelter, fuel, light, water and breakage. Some of the most

The girls make their own clothes at Blackburn College

promising and ambitious students cannot possibly raise more than a small portion of the cash payment required. To turn away applicants of this kind needs a heart of stone — and that which beats under the vest of President William M. Hudson is anything but adamant. When confronted with a human problem of this sort he feels that it is up to him to beat the game somehow and give the determined applicant a chance. But let him tell of this phase of his work in his own way:

"Experience has taught me" declares President Hudson, "when a boy or a girl will not take 'no' for an answer they are uncommonly good educational timber. For example, one year a young woman in southern Illinois wrote me that although she did not have enough money to pay the required $160 she was willing to do any sort of work to get an education. Every year brings me hundreds of just such letters. I was obliged to write her that our quota was full and that there was no place left where she could sleep. Instantly she wrote back saying: 'I am willing to sleep anywhere. Can you not put me in the hallway or in a room where there are two or three other girls?'

"Again I told her that we were crowded beyond the limits of capacity and that we could not allow her to come. But she would not be refused and came just the same. On interviewing her I discovered that she was an uncommonly capable stenographer. She worked in my own office and her services were so valuable that after the first year she was not required to pay any of the $160. A double deck bed was substituted for a single one in one of the dormitory rooms to provide sleeping quarters for her.

Editing "The Blackburnian"

But She Had Nothing to Wear

"Then another difficulty was that she had no money with which to buy clothing. This need was met in a very nice way. The minister of the church in her home town had in his congregation a woman who turned over to him her discarded clothing, all of which was of excellent material and much of it virtually as good as new. This apparel was sent to me, and my wife would, from time to time, call in this girl and turn the clothing over to her. Not another person in the college knew of the transaction and the girl herself did not know that it had once belonged to a woman in her own town. As a matter of fact, not one of this young woman's fellow students would have thought less of her had they known the source of her clothes, but of course she felt better about it herself to have the matter handled as it was.

"We try to be careful never to do anything which might have the slightest tendency to break down or offend any student's spirit of self respect and self reliance. These are very precious personal assets and are easily impaired by indiscreet philanthropy. Consequently they must be guarded with peculiar care. Among our students there is a stalwart and wholesome spirit against getting an education at the cost of great personal sacrifice on the part of parents. Our boys and girls consider that it is very poor form to 'take it out of father or mother' as they put it. They hold to the code that it is all right to take it out of themselves to almost any extent. It is my conviction that this self reliant attitude is stronger on the part of Blackburn students than it is on the part of students in many other colleges which provide fewer opportunities for self support. I sympathize heartily with this viewpoint; an education which is obtained at the cost of self respect or self dependence and is paid for in the coin of hard sacrifice or overwork on the part of parents in limited circumstances looks to me not only like education obtained at too great a cost but like education in the wrong direction.

Zoology is taught by original methods at Blackburn College

In short, academic education obtained at the expense of sound character building is educational failure. Probably most of the boys and girls who have accepted an education on this mistaken basis are not to blame for their error. That responsibility, I think, generally rests with the parents who fail to realize that they are hurting instead of helping their children by heaping upon them the fruits of a sacrifice which their sons and daughters would not and could not, in all filial decency, accept if their judgment were mature. Personally it is a keen satisfaction to me that the sentiment of our students is strongly against this kind of sacrifice and that while they are willing to 'take it out of themselves' they are strongly against accepting undue sacrifices from parents.

Classroom Products Are Practical

"But to return to the girl whose case suggested this aside: She affords an excellent illustration of the way in which instruction, at Blackburn, ties into the problems of self support. Our course in Home Economics is, we think, especially thorough and practical. One reason why the students who take it get more out of it then they would if they were left pinched for money is the fact that they make an immediate and direct application of the instruction to their personal problem of providing themselves with suitable clothes. This girl, for example, took the keenest possible interest in the lessons which she received in designing, sewing and fitting garments. Like all of the other girls, she worked on her clothing in the class. Being naturally clever, the result was that throughout her entire college course, she was noticeably well dressed. Not only did her clothing cost her nothing but the work which she put into it was one of the most practical features of her education."

The pressure of educational ambition on the part of his young men students is gratifying, Dr. Hudson said.

"To my mind, an experience which I had with a boy whom I will call Tom — although that is not his name — shows not only the determination with which our boys tackle the job of getting an education and what they will do for themselves, but also what they are willing to do for others who are making the same fight. This boy had the real Blackburn spirit.

"A minister in a small Pennsylvania town wrote me that he had found a boy who ought to fit into Blackburn — that he was precisely our sort of timber. To begin with, so far as he knew, he had not a relative on earth. Like Topsy he had 'just growed.' What impressed the minister was the fact that a boy who had come up in this haphazard and undirected way was without any bad habits and was not afraid of work.

"This village pastor wrote me that if I would take the boy the congregation of his church and the townspeople who were interested in him would see that funds for his tuition were furnished. I took an immediate liking to this boy as did his teachers and his fellow students. When he came to us he had never seen a football game and he went simply wild over it when he did see one. Nothing could stop him from making a place on the Blackburn squad. Although he worked very hard, both in his studies and in helping to earn his way, he was never too tired for football practice.

"In the summer of 1916, Tom and fifteen other Blackburn boys went up to Chicago, as soon as school closed in June, and took work as switchmen and firemen in the Chicago yards to replace men who had gone out on an independent strike not recognized by the National Union. The other boys received 60¢ an hour and time and a half for overtime, but Tom learned that by taking another job which was considered more dangerous

Pullman cars make first-rate dormitories

Connecting Pullman dormitory with central heat

he would receive higher pay. Besides, it required longer hours and therefore gave him a higher percentage of overtime. Most of the boys cleared about $700 from this vacation work, but Tom did better than that.

THE NAVY RECOGNIZED HIS WORTH

"When we went into the World War Tom promptly enlisted and was sent to the Great Lakes Station. Without aid or influence aside from his own merit and work, he won promotion to the rank of ensign. But I am inclined to think that Tom considers this achievement as almost secondary to the honor of making the First Team at Great Lakes where he played as quarter back. No other boy from a small college achieved this distinction.

"Tom is about as good a financier as he is quarter back. In both positions he plays with all his might and it takes a powerful drive to uproot him from a position in which he has once planted himself.

"'When he came back from his summer's work in Chicago he told me with unconcealed pride how much of his earnings he had saved. Then he remarked: 'You see, sir, I've simply got to save. I have no folks of my own to take care of me if I should become sick or disabled and I don't want to be dependent upon anyone else even in an emergency. I've figured it all out and concluded that the only way for me to do is to put aside a certain amount of my earnings and then not break into that reserve.' That he held himself steadily to this line of action is proven by the fact that after he left the Great Lakes Training camp he had, from his savings, purchased $1,000 worth of liberty bonds. After the war he came back to Blackburn and I asked him about his financial situation. His reply was: 'I did just what I told you I was going to do — save all I could, put it into bonds and leave it there. I have two thousand dollars' worth of Uncle Sam's securities stowed away for an emergency. But I'm not going to touch one of those bonds for anything excepting sickness. They're my anchor to the windward.'

"While finishing his course at Blackburn Tom worked just as hard as ever and resolutely refused to draw upon his capital. He is now enrolled in one of the most prominent colleges of the country and is due to graduate next year. His intention is to become a teacher. The minister who sent Tom to us was right in calling him typical Blackburn timber. He is clean, straight, resourceful and self-reliant. He knows the worth of a dollar and the worth of a friend — and that is saying a great deal! In these particulars he is thoroughly typical of the boys we get at Blackburn. You said the whole thing when you observed that they looked to you like a bunch of self-starters and self-helpers.

Getting ready the winter's stores

ON HIS UPPERS AND — UNSELFISH

"But they are better than that. They are helpers of others. Let me illustrate this by an incident which occurred quite recently. One cold winter day I noticed that one of our boys had on a pair of low shoes, worn about the edges and with their soles flapping. I called him into the office and asked him if he hadn't a better pair. He replied that he had nothing else in the way of footwear except a pair of gum boots. Then I remarked: 'You can't very well wear gum boots about in the buildings and those shoes are certainly unfit for wear out in the snow. Haven't you any money?' His answer was that he had not a dollar to his name. I then replied that I would give him money to get a pair of shoes but that I did not see how he was going to go on with his education. He replied that he was either going to drop out of school for a while in order to earn money or else take only one or two studies, give the college practically his whole time at work and let that cover his tuition and expenses. My reply was this:

"'You have made a mighty good fight and have kept up the course in good shape thus far. I'm afraid that if you drop out you will never come back into school again and I think that we agree that your education is about the most important thing in the world to you. Therefore I am going to pay your tuition with certain funds which I have available for that purpose.'

"For a moment his face glowed with gratitude and pleasure. He said that he could get along in fine shape with that kind of help. We talked about his work and his plans for a time when he suddenly interrupted and said:

"'No; I can't take that money. The boy I room with is in just as bad shape as I am. He hasn't a dollar. But what's more, he isn't half as quick as I am about getting jobs; I can pick up two jobs to his one. You give him the money and let me go out and rustle for myself.'

"I submit that the boy who takes that position has the real stuff in him — and also the college which calls to it boys and young men of this kind is meeting an educational need, fulfilling an educational function which makes it an exception among colleges. This is not said in criticism of other colleges. They are doing their own work in their own fields and doing it well. But the fact remains that there is no other college in the country which is meeting the need which Blackburn meets. This

need is universal and every state in the Union ought to have a college which performs the same function as Blackburn. There are hundreds of thousands of young men and women everywhere who have a determined appetite for a college education but who cannot go to any college that does not give them an opportunity to earn their own way and to do so under conditions which do not make them feel shut out from companionship with their more fortunate fellow students.

Without False Pride's Handicap

"It is difficult for many to realize the immense importance and force of this social phase of college life which must be encountered by the self sustaining student. Only a little while ago I received a letter from a young woman who said:

"'Do make a place for me at Blackburn; it is my only chance. I must go to a self-help college — not only because I haven't the money to go to any other but also because I haven't the courage to undergo the ordeal of working my way through a college of the ordinary kind. I have talked with a girl who tried that and the treatment which she received from girls with money just about broke her heart and her ambition. I am very much afraid that I could not stand such a test as she was put to. Again, I wish to learn how to do things with my hands as well as with my mind — for I realize that I will undoubtedly be obliged to do considerable manual work for the remainder of my life after I leave college. Many girls seem to be afraid of it, but I am not. In a college where self-help is the universal rule and where there is no caste feeling with respect to it I would not mind any amount of hard physical work as a means of getting the education which I must have. So please give me my chance at the only college where all the students are working their own way through.'

The head librarian at Blackburn has no hesitation about telling her age. She says that she is 35 and that all comers are welcome to the information and to the knowledge of the circumstances which have made her, at that age, a Blackburn student. Her people are farmers of meager means. When 10 years old she was stricken with infantile paralysis and was confined to her bed until she was in her seventeenth year. Then, for some unexplainable reason, she began to recover. Her return to health, however, was very gradual and covered a period of years.

Private instruction being impossible under her circumstances, the years which would naturally have been the most fruitful to her from an educational viewpoint, were virtually a blank. But she had a surplus of time and opportunity for serious thought. The result of her reflections were expressed in the declaration: "Just as soon as I am well I'm going to get an education. Probably I will never be able to work very hard physically and therefore the only thing for me to do is to equip myself for some form of mental work which will insure me a good living. That is going to be a hard job for I am now a woman in years with an education of a girl of fifteen. I haven't quite the courage to go back into the local school here and begin with classes made up entirely of children. It would be much easier to do that where I am a total stranger, so I must find a school which has a preparatory course like that of an academy and which will lead on into regular college work. And I must get a training in a practical profession at the same time that I am getting a general education."

When she heard of Blackburn she decided that she had found perhaps the one school in America which

Construction work being done by students

seemed almost perfectly suited to her needs. Incidentally it should be remarked that the six years' course at this college covers four years of preparatory work, paralleling that of the average high school and two years of regular college work. Although her funds were very meager she was accepted as a student. For a time her classmates were, with few exceptions, about half her age. But those exceptions helped out immensely. And so did the attitude of all the students which was that of unconcealed admiration for her courage in making so late a start in getting an education.

Her progress has been rapid and she will next year graduate from the college and enter a training school for librarians with the advantage of several years of practical experience in that work.

The head pastry cook at this college is a native of Yucatan. She and one other young woman make all the pies and cakes used by Blackburn students. When she returns to her people she will be a master of the art of good cooking.

Blackburn Graduates Find Welcome

The function of Blackburn as a feeder to larger and more advanced colleges is a feature not to be overlooked by students of our present educational system. There is not a large university or college in the country which has had a student from Blackburn that would not welcome more from the same source.

For example, a certain young man will be graduated from Princeton this year who is a good representative of Blackburn preparation. When he came to Blackburn he had a little money which he had earned by teaching a small country school. At this odd

Victoria Blanco from Yucatan, head pastry cook

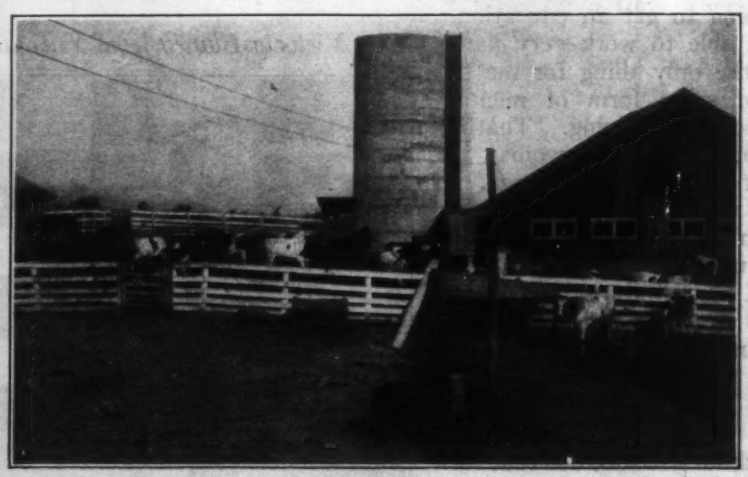
Blackburn likes butterscotch as well as any school

preparatory college he was a hard worker. The farm manager was always eager to get him because he was the best teamster among the students. But he developed so much mechanical and administrative ability that he was placed in charge of the laundry, which is one of the big institutions of the college. Overseas he was an expert mechanician in the air-service. Like nearly every Blackburn boy who survived the war, he returned to finish his course. The money which he had saved while in the service, was barely enough to see him through Blackburn.

After his graduation he called upon President Hudson and confessed his ambition to go to one of the best colleges in the East and secure a thorough preparation for a professional career. This loyal Princeton alumnus carefully explained to him that working his way, from hand to mouth, through an eastern college was quite a different matter from doing the same thing at Blackburn.

"I have a well-to-do friend," said President Hudson, "whom I have interested in you and who is willing to advance enough money to supplement what you will be able to earn." The difference between self-help at Blackburn and Princeton may be seen in the fact that while this young man works every spare minute, he needs $500 a year to carry him through Princeton.

In addition to very thorough courses in agriculture and home economics Blackburn College gives a two years' bachelor of arts training. This college work is so accredited that those who complete it may enter any college or university in this country which will accept students on credits — this for graduation in two years. While Blackburn this year has students from sixteen different states and four foreign countries, its president does not hesitate to say that this wide "spread" of the student body is desirable in only one particular — that of demonstrating the universal need of a self-help college for students who are short on money and educational preparation and long on ambition, grit and a capacity for hard physical and mental work.



The students keep tidy barn-yards

A Limited Field Is Desirable

"Blackburn, or any college like it," says President Hudson, "should draw all of its students from a limited territory. This is because low cost to its students is so essential a part of its service. Its students should not have to pay more in a year for traveling expenses than for tuition. In fact the expense of getting to and from the college should be only a small fraction of their total expense. We could fill our college every year from the territory within two or three hundred miles of Carlinville — and fill it with the right kind of students, too! But I have been forced to recognize the fact that Blackburn is doing pioneer work; that it is engaged in demonstrating to the entire country the fact that every state in the Union is in acute need of just such an institution. We are operating what you might term an educational 'stop gap,' a first aid hospital for those who have strongly developed cases of educational ambition and are financially unable to land in the big base hospital at the first jump. When self-help

colleges are scattered all over this country — as they will be in the course of a few years — we will be in position to accept students only from the limited territory which we ought to serve exclusively in order to save students from unnecessary and uneconomical traveling expenses.

"Then there is another reason why there should be many colleges of this kind. My years of experience at Blackburn have forced me to the conclusion that a self-help college can do its best work with an enrollment of not more than 250 students. In other words, we could operate more economically if we had accommodations for a hundred students more than we can now accept. On the other hand, I am quite sure that we would pass the point of highest economy and efficiency if our enrollment exceeded 250.

"All this is only another way of saying that there should be many Blackburns in this country instead of one; that the best college student timber available in America today is going to remain neglected and undeveloped until self-help colleges like Blackburn are scattered all over this country."

In order that no reader may give too vague and general interpretation to the term "hard work" as applied to the routine of student life at Blackburn it may be well to tell the worst in plain and specific terms.

The young men who are sufficiently "out of luck" to be assigned on the milking squad arise at four o'clock in the morning while the boys who feed the stock and look after the teams turn out half an hour later. The breakfast cooks set their alarm clocks for five o'clock and dare not smother the raucous calls of these instruments of torture under convenient pillows, for breakfast must be served to all hands sharp at 6:30. Generally the breakfast consists of cereals with whole milk, toast and a choice of cocoa or coffee. Occasionally, however, hot biscuits or hot cakes or bacon break the monotony and win hearty applause. Classes begin at 7:30 and continue until 6 o'clock in the evening.

Their Dinner Comes at Noon

An old-fashioned noon-day dinner is served at 12 o'clock. The dinner cooks go on duty at 9:30. The supper cooks report at 3:30 and serve the evening meal at 6. The justly celebrated home slogan of "F. H. B." has no parallel at Blackburn. No one is required to hold back here until his or her appetite is fully satisfied. There is always plenty of food and it is well cooked and served hot.

The statement that the average cost of meals at Blackburn college is precisely 13¢ will impose a decided strain on the credulity of most housewives and upon the pursers of all other colleges. But in this connection it should be remembered that there is no "hired help" in the Blackburn kitchens; that every cook who assists in the preparation of a meal there is virtually taking an exam in the domestic economy course and that consequently the ambition of every cook is to demonstrate an ability to prepare an appetizing and acceptable meal and at the same time to hold its cost down to the lowest practicable point. Economical cooking is a science at Blackburn and is treated in a scientific spirit by all those who are detailed to "K. P." service. Each kitchen detail has a left-over artist whose duty it is to prevent waste without evoking a chorus of groans from the victims of her adventures in table economy.

The regular "kitchen police" detail consists of three girls and one boy. The head cook of the supper force at this writing is only seventeen years old and the average of those who are now preparing supper is sixteen years. How many mothers would send a sixteen-year-old daughter into the kitchen to prepare the family meal? But at Blackburn students grasp responsibility as quickly as they do opportunity. One of the outstanding traits of this institution is the remarkable extent to which the student body is self governed and self driven. This observation applies not only to discipline and school work but to the actual labor of physical activities of the college. Virtually the entire work of all its plants is planned and supervised as well as performed by students. One observant visitor sketches the atmosphere at Blackburn in these words:

"They certainly are a capable lot — those students down at Carlinville. They sure do run on their own steam and do their own piloting, too. You can't tell me that those Blackburn boys and girls haven't an uncommon preparation for usefulness to the communities in which they finally take their places as citizens. My own feeling is that it would be mighty hard work to find anywhere a hundred and fifty young people as well fitted as they are for the job of good sound community building. They're getting a wonderful training in responsibility. They not only know how to do the work themselves but also how to get it done by others. Of course not all of them will make executives but those who have any ability whatever in that direction are having it developed to a rare extent in this little fresh-water college which has a small endowment and a big idea behind it."

The Cafeteria College Is Hudson

This Alma Mater of the self-starter has a history as interesting as it is significant. It is a story of educational resuscitation. The present unique usefulness of Blackburn ties into the personal experiences of the man who rescued it from the scrap heap and has made it one of the most interesting and successful education demonstrations of the day.

As a boy, in a little town of western Pennsylvania "Billie" Hudson had his share of hard work and hard knocks. While the widow Hudson was not "poor" as the term is used in cities and mining towns, she had to do close figuring to keep her little family going and her small son became quite as familiar with a buck saw and wood pile as with base ball. As he reached adolescence he developed an ambition for college which seemed destined to disappointment until an uncle with whom he was a favorite rather suddenly made quite a substantial fortune. Then the boy was told that his college course was assured provided he would work hard and make the most of his opportunity. This sudden change in his prospects made a deep impression on the boy and moved him to resolve that he would not miss a chance, later in life, to pass on to others, the educational opportunity which his uncle had given him.

There was a little college in his own town and after his graduation from Princeton young Hudson became its president, with high hopes of making it a haven for students who could not go to larger and better colleges. These hopes, however, were destined to utter disappointment. He could not make the enterprise go and at the end of about five years resigned and went on the farm which had belonged to his father where he remained for about 18 months. His intention at this time was to re-enter the ministry to which he had been ordained but, as he put it, "no church that would give me a livelihood wanted to hire me."

Suddenly, out of a clear sky, came a call to go out to Carlinville, Illinois, and look over Blackburn College with a view to becoming its president.

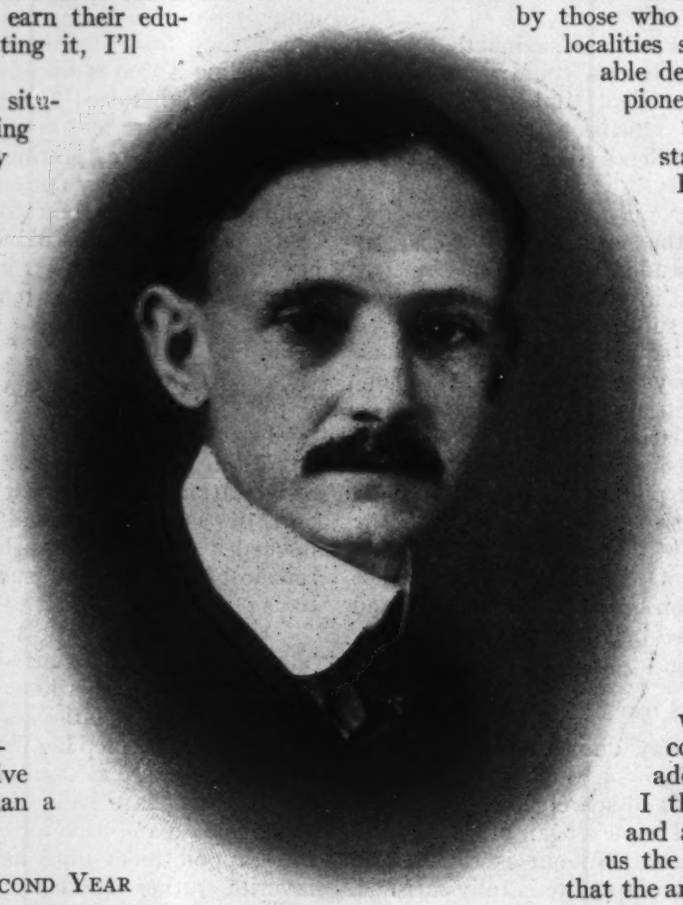
There he found a most discouraging condition of affairs; it was a college without students — excepting a

little group from the local community — and even the buildings were in a desperate state of dilapidation. But the institution had one asset which was decidedly promising — an 80-acre farm of a soil more fertile than that to which he had been accustomed in the east. The dream of squaring his obligation to his uncle by building up a college for students who were short on money and long on ambition would not down and he resolved to make another attempt to realize it. So he said to the trustees of Blackburn:

"You have these old buildings, an endowment of about a hundred thousand dollars, an 80-acre farm and a valuable old charter exempting from taxation all property held by the college in the state of Illinois. If you are willing to turn this institution over to the class of young people who must earn their education while they are getting it, I'll tackle the job."

As the trustees were in a situation which made them willing to try almost anything they agreed to this plan and Dr. Hudson accepted the presidency. In recounting his first experiences in the west Dr. Hudson said:

"At the outset we spent $25,000 improving the buildings and adding equipment. But I spent a good many sleepless nights before the opening of the first year of this new plan. The fear was strong upon me that those students who had sent in their applications would not appear when the college opened and that there really might not be any field for an institution of this kind in Illinois. However, I was determined to give this educational self-help plan a fair trial.



William M. Hudson, the President of Blackburn

A Waiting List in Second Year

"The first year we had only 80 students but the second year, which was 1914, we were overwhelmed with them. Not only was all the space in our dormitories filled but we had students sleeping in double-deck beds so that we might put two in a single room.

"In fact we had young men bunking in the main building and had on file about a thousand letters from young people all over the world asking for an opportunity to earn an education at Blackburn. Then I knew that the self-help idea was sound and that it met a universal need. Under the stress of this reaction I began casting about in my mind for means to accommodate these students who were eager to come. First I thought of tents and then of little houses which the students themselves might build. Finally, when riding in a Pullman car, it occurred to me that there must be retired Pullman cars and that if these could be had they would furnish, to some extent, the simplest and easiest means of solving our housing problem. Two of these cars were ultimately donated and put on our campus by the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The lower berths were taken out to make room for chairs and tables and the cars are fitted with electricity, hot and cold water and connected with the central eating and sewerage systems. One of the cars is equipped with a bath-tub and is of the observation type. Eight girls live in each car and are envied by those who inhabit the dormitories for the reason that the cars are not only quiet and secluded but decidedly cosy. Many very popular parties are held in these Pullmans."

Because other forward-looking college presidents of broad sympathies for those who have a keen hunger for an education may feel inspired to attempt, in other localities, the peculiar work which Dr. Hudson has pioneered in central Illinois, it is well worth while to tell the dramatic story of how this determined friend of submerged educational ambition dug up the sinews of war to put his odd college on a sound financial footing.

Much the same trail may have to be followed by those who are determined that their localities shall profit by the remarkable demonstration which he has pioneered.

"I carried in my mind constantly," declared President Hudson, "the fact that these young people of extremely limited financial means probably offered the finest material in the world for the making of good citizens and for that reason should have the very best teaching. Of course this implied a decided increase in the meager endowment fund which I found at Blackburn. My first step was to go to a certain friend who had at least a degree of faith in the college and its new plan of service. He said that he would give us $5,000 on condition that we raised an additional $20,000 elsewhere. I then wrote another friend and asked him if he would give us the final $1,000. He replied that the amount was so small that its income would not go far in paying the salary of one worth while professor. At the bottom of the letter was a postscript from this man's secretary suggesting that I see him later.

Enlisting Aid a Difficult Task

"After the $25,000 had been raised I called on this capitalist who said that if I would raise $40,000 additional he would contribute $10,000. This looked like almost an impossible task but I determined to put it through somehow. So I went to another friend of the institution who had helped us a little from time to time. He was just leaving on a long journey and was pressed for time but invited me to 'sit down for a minute.' I put the situation before him very concisely and he answered quickly:

"'I have made up my mind to give Blackburn $50,000, but if you get this you will have to find a lot of other friends who are willing to turn in and help. I will give you $25,000 if you will raise $75,000 additional and I will give $50,000 if you will raise $150,000 additional. I shall be away two weeks. Think it over and come to see me when I return.'

"I am ashamed to confess that I was beset with fears that something fatal would happen to him before he could get back. But these fears were groundless. On his return, about the first of February, I told him that I would go after the $150,000. Then he handed me another shock by telling me that the money involved must be in cash or its equivalent and that pledges would not be considered. That very same week I secured from a man and his wife living at Gibson City 640 acres of land worth about $40,000. This property was promptly deeded to the college. Then I wrote to the friend for whose large donation I was working and told that I had $40,000 in hand. He generously sent me $10,000 in cash. The day before commencement I had just one-half of the $150,000. The morning I received a letter from one of our friends saying he would give us $15,000. The same night one of our visitors from Chicago, a man of large vision and great wealth, said: 'After the day I have spent here I am convinced that you are doing a peculiar and greatly needed work and I am going to give you $10,000 so that you may have an even $100,000. The time limit for raising the big fund expired July first. The last three weeks of June were the most strenuous weeks I ever experienced. It appeared to me that about every possible dollar had been raised and yet I was $50,000 short. At ten o'clock at night of the last day of grace I went to Bloomington and saw the man who had made me the offer. His first words were:

"'Have you gone over the top yet?'

"'No' I replied, 'not yet — but I'm going to before midnight.' Then I started a long distance telephone barrage with the result that before midnight the required amount was secured. In a few days we received from this man $50,000 in guaranteed first mortgages. This increased our endowment to a total of $325,000.

"The following February I received from this same friend another request to call on him. I did so at once and he offered me $25,000 more on condition that I would raise $100,000 additional in 60 days.

Endowment Boards Refuse Aid

"I pleaded for an extension of time and again he fixed on July first as a closing day. This fight for funds was even harder than the previous one. I pleaded with the various endowment and foundation boards in New York but they refused help. Late in May our friend was fatally injured in an accident and this left no hope for an extension of time. Fortunately, I held his signed agreement. By the 20th of June I had raised only $25,000 and I confess that I was just about desperate. Then a woman who had helped us before, said to me:

"'Father and I have talked over this matter and decided that you must get that $25,000, so I am going to give you $50,000.'

"This left $25,000 to be raised. It was the hardest money to get that I ever went after but in literally the last minute of grace it was gathered in. This put Blackburn's endowment up to about $450,000. These experiences have taught me that when funds have to be raised for a purpose as useful and appealing as this kind of education they can be raised. Contributions, other than money, have helped us immensely. We are about to put up a new dormitory which will accommodate 100 students and permit us to increase our enrollment to 250, the number which I consider about ideal for practical results. But before we could go ahead with the dormitory we had to have a new central heating plant. Although most of the work on this plant could be done with student labor, still we were short of funds with which to buy the materials. One of our trustees, Mr. W. G. Bierd, President of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, declared:

"'If we furnish the labor it is up to someone to furnish the materials. I'm going to find the men who are willing to do it.'

"He did this and we must somehow begin the erection of the dormitory. This, also, can be built with student labor under the direction of a competent foreman. Let me assure any educator who is moved to parallel Blackburn with an institution serving the educational self-starters of his territory as this college serves its region, that he can find the money to do the work. Every region has plenty of practical, hard-headed and sympathetic persons of wealth who will recognize the urgent and acute necessity for meeting this long neglected need. As a rule these persons are self-starters themselves. Quite generally they are those who have, in their youth, hungered for a college education but have been forced by circumstances to get on without it. Therefore, the idea of self-help appeals to them immensely."

Blackburn faculty has an excellent educational background. Among its members are those who come from the University of Chicago, the University of Michigan, Iowa Agricultural college at Ames, the University of Pennsylvania and Wellesley. The professor of biology is one of the most widely known men in his line in America. His biological models are now in use at Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins and many other large universities. The members of the board of trustees are:

Col. Robt. W. Stewart — Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Standard Oil Co. (of Indiana).

U. S. Senator Wm. B. McKinley.

William G. Bierd — President of the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

A. R. Urion, Armour & Co., Legal Dept.

Burridge D. Butler — Publisher of the *Prairie Farmer*.

Hon. Frank W. Burton — Circuit Court Judge.

Hon. Thos. Rinaker — Member of the Illinois Constitutional Convention.

Some Hopes Must be Buried

Not all the students who enter Blackburn are able to finish the course. Often the very spirit of self-help which they imbibe here prevents them from "going through" — because the spirit of self-help, which is universal in this odd institution, almost invariably breeds a spirit of self-reliant independence and a stalwart sense of family and community responsibility. Here is a typical case in point.

A youth came up to the college from an Arkansas back-country village. Although he was 21 years of age and six feet tall his determination to "get schooling" was so strong that he did not mind starting in with the youngest students in the academy course. But in the course of one summer's vacation he wrote to President Hudson:

"I can't go back to Blackburn in the fall because father has died and I've got to look after the folks. Perhaps I will never return, although I haven't quite given up the idea of getting an education. But, anyhow, I want you to know that while I'm down here I am doing all I can to make this mill town a better place for folks to live in. Blackburn has done a heap for me and I'm going to try to pass it on to others."

This is the spirit which students take with them from Blackburn.

There is hard work ahead of the children of today, the youth of tomorrow. All thinkers recognize this. We can't afford to lose out on the development of any sound, straight citizenship timber of the toughness and strength calculated to stand up under severe strain.

There will be sapwood aplenty but the supply of seasoned stuff with the fiber of good hickory is bound to be short at best and the demand for it promises to break all precedents. If the available stock is not conserved and developed the nation will suffer.

The blend of education and self-help seems to be a very practical mixture with a kick to it which gets results; it is a potion which carries authority in the practical world of affairs. A high percentage of the biggest jobs in this country today are successfully manned by men who were unable to take their education straight but compelled to dilute it with considerable hard work. It would appear from the test of experience that this brand of education is a safe one to stick to. Anyhow this odd college of self-starters and self-helpers has performed a valuable function in conclusively proving to the nation that the old-fashioned thirst for education still survives among those who can never hope to indulge it excepting at their own expense, paid in the gold coin of personal sacrifice and hard work with hands as well as heads.

It is a cheering demonstration.

Christ on the Battlefield

By Clyde Walton Hill

Day-long and night-long
Thunder-guns' roll
Tortured my body,
Maddened my soul.

Yesterday's comrade
Now is but loam.
Sorrow brought dreams
Of love and of home.

Marmite and mortar,
Hand-bomb and mine,
Kept the trench quaking
On the First Line.

God laid, in pity,
Dark on the whole.
I had been drawn to lead
That night's patrol.

Groping and waiting,
Groping again,
No-Man's-Land searching,
List'ning for men,—

Lo, there I heard one,
Breathing aghast.
His kill, or my kill?
Which was out-classed?

High in the heavens
Burst a star-shell,
Cruel as a lantern
Hung over Hell.

Instant I saw him,
Helmeted, prone;
Eyes praying mercy;
Dying; alone.

Memories of Belgium
Rose in my brain;
The Lusitania's
Innocent slain.

His lips moved feebly,
Forestalled my oath.
Lo, he was praying
To the God of us both.

Crushing some grass-roots
I moistened his tongue.
"Mother!" he murmured.
He was so young!

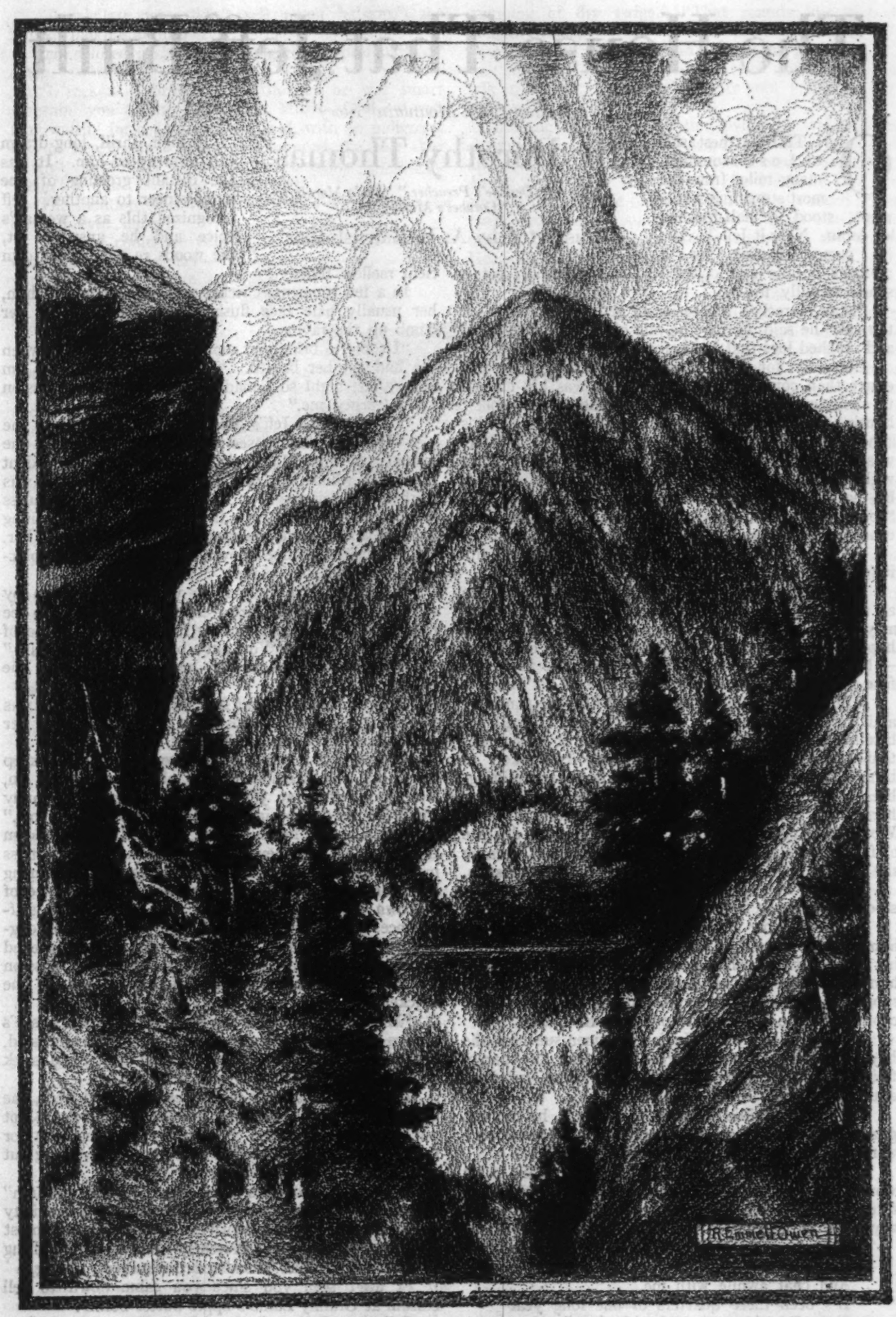
I loosened his helmet,
Touched the hot brow.
"Jesus!" he whispered,
Eyes closing now.

Rousing, he wept once,
Smiled once, and died.
Only a foeman
Watched at his side.

Oh, I was censured
For my delay.
My men had been ambushed;
I was away.

Never since then
Have I led the patrol.
They tell me I'm shell-shocked,
Body and soul.

For the old battle-lust
Something 's sufficed.
Some call it lost nerve.
Some call it Christ.



"Thy Woods and Templed Hills"

The House That Jeff Built

Another "Lost Mountain" Story

By Dorothy Thomas

Author of "Deselee's Preacher," "Sue's Morals," "Corabel's Man"

Illustrated by A. L. Bairnsfather

ON THE farthest side of Lost Mountain, many miles from the most straggling settlement, stood a half-finished log cabin. Near it Jeff Taylor, its owner, resting for a moment on his ax, looked it over pridefully, yet a shade ruefully too.

"Wall, I reckon it's easier to get the logs than git the gal," he said, eyeing the pile of carefully measured and notched logs that lay before him.

Certainly for big, solitary Jeff hewing logs was easier than courting a girl. Since he was big enough to shoulder a gun he had lived alone in the woods, hunting and gathering balsam. No one except his lame sister Cricket even knew where he lived. It was rumored that any relationship he might have with humans was doomed to disappointment. Though by nature shy and taciturn his own belief in this "spell" made him more of a hermit than he might otherwise have been.

"Millie'd be took back if she knew I were a-buildin' it fer her," he said, grinning.

Indeed Jeff was building his hopes on a foundation as substantial as dew after sunrise. But come what may nothing could deprive him of the joy the mere hoping gave. He had met Millie Meadows only once — but it took only one look into her soft, flowerlike face to tell him that here was the love of his life.

Millie had eyes like violets, hair like the sunshine, and was as indolent as a summer breeze. Of all the buxom, capable girls on the mountain it was tragic that fate should send Jeff to the one least likely to bring him happiness. At corn-huskings and quilting-bees, Millie always managed to evade work, taking herself off to some corner with an adoring youth. Women did not like Millie. Small of stature, delicate of feature, she appealed to the men — perhaps because she was so different from her stalwart mountain sisters.

Now Jeff sighed as he looked toward his shanty that stood a few yards from the new cabin he was building.

"I do need me a woman," he whispered and gave himself up to dreams of Millie. He thought of her making a fire for him when he came home from his day's hunting, of her putting before him a great, steaming supper and of her lying by his side in their tight little cabin while the night wind howled in the forest.

Resting in the warm Indian Summer sunshine the boy's imaginative brown eyes saw — not the partly finished building before him, but the snug, carefully sealed log cabin in its completion.

"I reckon Millie'll want furniture," he mused, gazing admiringly at his handiwork. "Furniture's unnatural, but if she wants it she'll git it."

With this indulgent reflection he turned again to his work. As with sure, telling strokes he swung his ax into a log he sang, his arms moving up and down in rhythm with the song —

"Come in, come in, my own true love,
And chat awhile with me.
It's been three quarters of one long year
Since I spoke one word with thee."

A high, shrill, long-drawn call interrupted him. It was the distant greeting of one mountaineer to another. Jeff recognized this as a woman's voice and he answered it, the woods re-echoing his own rich, mellow tone.

In a few moments Cricket was limping toward him, her usually pale face flushed with the effort of her climb up the ravine.

"I come to bring you some biscuits," she said, when she had got her breath. "Mammy went over to Jim Snow's last night so I made these jes' like the Mission Lady learned me."

"Howdy." was Jeff's greeting, sticking his ax in the log. He was glad to see Cricket. She was the one member of his Mammy's quarrelsome, independent brood for whom Jeff had any affection. Cricket was neither quarrelsome nor independent. Her lameness touched a spring of pity in the heart of this young Samson which made him unusually tender toward her.

His visitor dropped down on a log, carefully placing her basket beside her.

"I thought I'd leave it to your shanty down by the Creek but when I heard choppin' I come up to see if it was you." Then looking inquiringly at a pile of fresh hewn logs, — "You ain't buildin' you a cabin!"

Her brother sat beside her and examined the basket.

"What ye buildin' that fer?" she persisted. Jeff was displaying as much curiosity at the contents of her basket as Cricket was at the sight of his cabin.

"I wish I'd a cabin o' my own that I could keep spick like the Mission Lady's place," she went on, looking wistfully at Jeff's growing house. "Mammy won't let me do nothin' the Mission Lady learns me."

Jeff looked at her suddenly. He had always known that Cricket had never got on with their shiftless mother, that she was too gentle to take her part among her brothers and sisters. There was in her a trace of his own shy, sensitive nature, but none of his self-reliance. Watching her frail face, now turned longingly toward his cabin, it came to him that she needed someone to take care of her. Absorbed by his passion for Millie it did not occur to Jeff that he was the one Cricket needed.

"Mammy doesn't like the Mission Lady 'cause she's always after her to marry someone," the child said, her eyes still on the cabin. "I wish Mammy'd stick to one steady man that'd look after us."

In Mammy Taylor's cabin men came and went, the place swarmed with children but she simply would not put up with a husband. She let her offspring shift for themselves much as a mother bird pushes her young out of the nest as soon as they can fly.

For a few moments these two "outside children" of Mammy Taylor's gravely considered this eccentricity of their parent which deprived them of the slightest semblance of a father. Presently Cricket, with a shrug of her thin shoulder, dismissed the subject, saying,

"I ain't seen you since you came down to sell balsam at Granny Lamb's apple butter boilin'."

Jeff moved uneasily on the log.

"I calc'late you didn't sell much balsam," she hinted, looking at him slyly.

Jeff colored and began to vigorously peel bark off a log.

"I reckon Gabriel Coates thought he was smart a-pushin' you to the ladle when Millie Meadows wuz thar waitin' fer a partner," she said, with an indignant toss of her head. "When you bumped the bale thar weren't nothin' fer ye to do but kiss her — but you needn't a done it smack on the lips!"

The mention of it startled Jeff into wondering how he had ever dared!

"Anyone could see you wuz dead gone on her — you as never has nothin' to do with no one."

Her brother bit his lip. "I wish it'd been any but Millie. She's purty but she's lazy."

Jeff was stirred to speech. Springing up he stared at her angrily.

"Look a-here, Cricket Taylor," he cried. "If you ever say anything agin Millie Meadows I'll never let you come to my shanty!"

Their eyes met defiantly for an instant. It was Cricket who weakened first. He had used a powerful weapon. Rarely as she saw her brother his friendship was invaluable to the timid, lonely child.

"I'm sorry of it — deed an' honest," she whispered, her blue eyes filling with tears. "If the cabin is fer Millie I hope ye git her an' I wont never say nothin' of it."

Millie had eyes like violets—and was as indolent as a summer breeze

Jeff was glad she'd taken it this way for, though he scarcely realized it, Cricket's sympathy and understanding was as essential to him as his to her. She was the only human being with whom he could be natural and unafraid.

"Obliged for the pones and apple butter," he said, to prove there was no ill feeling.

Nodding, his sister turned and walked slowly off in the direction of the settlement.

In his youthful selfishness Jeff felt no pity for her nor could he see that this sudden transferring of his love to another wounded her deeply.

Before she was out of sight he had resumed his work, his heart full of love for Millie, a song on his lips —

"He rode up to her old man's gate,
So boldly he did say,
You can keep your youngest daughter,
But the oldest I'll take away."

Pausing to mop his brow he was attracted by the crackling of underbrush down by the creek. He rested on his ax-handle, listening for a repetition of the sound.

"I declar," he exclaimed when he heard again the snapping of dry twigs. "That sounds like a b'ar draggin' a trap."

He dashed into his "lean-to" for his gun.

"Howdy," he said — for it was Jeff's habit to talk to his rifle. "Looks like we're goin' to have a day o' luck."

Making his way down the ravine his trained eyes observed that the laurel bushes had been trampled and here and there a small stone newly unearthed. As he crept along the edge of the creek he kept his eyes on the opposite bank. When he had walked about twenty minutes he suddenly spied a great black bear coming from a grove of chestnuts toward the water. Hearing Jeff, he stood upright. On his right off paw, glistening in the sunshine, hung a steel trap.

For an instant the sheer instinct to kill prompted Jeff to shoot, but in the next the traditional loyalty of the backwoodsman held him in check. He must make sure that the bear had been caught by his own trap. Creeping nearer, his eyes strained, he saw plainly the two elongated links in the chain nearest the paw and recognized them as the mark of Cal Meadows' trap.

"Shucks!" he exclaimed, and let the muzzle of his gun fall to the ground.

The bear wheeled suddenly about, making off in the direction he had come, Jeff looking longingly after him.

"Wall, if he weren't mine I'd as soon he'd be Cal Meadows'," he said brightening, "fer mebbie I'll git a look at Millie."

Jeff rarely went to the settlement except to sell balsam or fulfill his duty to a brother trapper. Usually it was with regret and apprehension that he quitted his forest, but today, at the prospects of again seeing Millie, he was positively grateful to her father's successful trap.

He dropped to his knees, ducking his head into the creek. Then he mopped his face on that part of his hunting shirt he could best reach. Next he drew from his pocket a small mirror and comb — purchases he had made immediately following the affair of the Butter Boiling — and carefully combed his stubborn hair. This accomplished he smoothed his shirt with his hands, picking off burrs and "lover's needles." When he had risen to every inch of his six feet he looked a swain to be reckoned with.

Shouldering his gun he struck off toward the Meadows' cabin, singing —

"Don't never let your woman have her way,
'Cause if you do bad luck will come your way,
She'll nag you an' she'll fuss you
An' she'll give ye no peace,
So don't never let your woman have her way."

This was the burden of the song he sang with such dash and boldness. However, the nearer he came to

Millie, the less daring was his song. By the time he was within sight of the Meadows' cabin he had lost all power to sing.

Jeff could talk to the birds and beasts of his forest, to very young children and to Cricket, but in the presence of all other folks he was possessed with a terrifying timidity that made speech almost impossible. And of all folks in the world Millie Meadows was, of course, the most awe-inspiring.

At her gate his knees began to shake, cold chills ran up and down his spine like torturing needles and pins. He wondered now how he could have been glad of the obligation which brought him to her father's home.

His prayer that she would be "visitin' out" somewhere was unanswered, for there she was, bucket in hand, down by the spring. That she should be sent for water struck Jeff as ridiculous. True, he always dreamed of her as doing wifely chores, but now that he saw her bucket in hand it occurred to him that such work must be distasteful to this superior being. Gazing at her he turned this discovery over in his mind, whispering gravely to his gun —

"Somehow work don't fit her."

Spying him, Millie set down her bucket to wave to him, calling politely — "Won't you stop by a spell?"

For answer the lad vaulted the fence.

"Steady," he whispered to his rifle when they were safe on the other side.

Then, his back stiff and straight as the barrel of his gun, head up, looking neither to the right nor left, Jeff, with the dignity of an Indian, walked toward the mistress of his heart.

"Howdy," Millie said, veiling her violet eyes.

Without replying Jeff took her bucket. Dropping to his knees beside the spring he proceeded to fill it.

"Ain't so good as the water in my spring," he observed, rising.

"You're mighty stingy with the whereabouts o' your spring," the girl said coquettishly. "Nobody but Cricket knows whar ye live — an' she'd as leave die as tell."

Jeff's heart thumped noisily. He thought she must hear it.

"Would ye like to know?" he asked, breathless.

Millie Meadows was a cold-blooded flirt. For all her soft prettiness there was nothing soft about her. Even her passionate love of conquest never led her astray. She did not "belong" to any of the youths she made seek her, but seemed to be reserving herself for an easier rôle than that of a mountain wife.

Her desire to provoke courtship blinded her to all sense of obligation. Now she looked at Jeff as though she cared for nothing else so much as to know the whereabouts of his abode. Even a more sophisticated youth than Jeff might have taken it that way.

"'Cause if you do I'll take ye thar," he said, the blood pounding through his veins.

Millie laughed and shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"Don't put yourself out — I reckon it ain't no fit place for a gal."

Jeff was hurt. He longed to tell her that he was building a cabin fit for her to live in and that he was going to put in a cook-stove, but instead he fell to thinking of the "spell" and how foolish it was of him to ever try to make folks understand him — any folks except Cricket.

As they walked toward the cabin he looked at her in silence, her beauty dazzling him as did the sun when he was fatuous enough to look in its face.

Presently, in a tone as impersonally friendly as any Millie could use toward a male, she remarked —

"'Tother day I seen Granny Lamb an' she tole me how you've been leavin' game at her door of mornin's."

Jeff was too embarrassed to answer. In the silence that followed Millie could not resist adding significantly —

"She says it's jes' been since her Apple Butter Boiling!"

"How'd she know 'twas me?" he demanded.

"She seen you runnin' out'n her yard one mornin'. Anyhow — anyone but you would want to git thanked," she put in archly. Then — "Granny's come down with the fever."

"I knowed she's been poorly — she'd oughtn' live thar by herself. I reckon she's out o' balsam. I got some here."

From his pocket he drew a discarded snuff-can full of the thick, silvery liquid.

"Ain't nothin' like it fer chills an' fever," he said, holding the vessel out to her.

"Humph, that's old time," Millie said with a superior air. "Thar's a furrener 'round here a-sellin' liniment done up in purty bottles with grand writin' on 'em. You rub the liniment on your chest fer cold, take it inside fer fever, give it to mules fer colic, an' Ma says it beats all fer makin' the younguns sleep."

Jeff listened in amazement to this recital. When she had finished he set the bucket on the ground so suddenly that the water spilled on Millie's bare foot. He didn't even notice it.

In his anger he forgot his bashfulness, forgot that he was in love with Millie.

"Millie Meadows, do you believe in some no 'count trash from out yonder?" he demanded, indignantly. "If thar wuz any good in that thar liniment do you reckon the Lord'd put balsam in trees whar any fool kin gather it?"

Millie tossed her head scornfully.

"Well, I reckon Mr. Hopping that sells it ain't no fool."

With this she walked into the cabin, leaving Jeff staring at the rejected can of balsam.

"I wouldn't a said that fer sompin' purty," he said, disconsolate.

Picking up the bucket he put it on the cabin step.

Ma Meadows came to the door, but Millie was not to be seen.

"I stopped by to tell Cal he'd trapped a b'ar. When I seen him he was makin' for the Fork in Taylor's Creek. He was right lame so I reckon he'll travel slow."

Having accomplished the motive of his visit he turned away, before Mrs. Meadows could thank him. Gun in hand, head bent, he trudged wearily across the fields towards his forest.

"It weren't 'cause the furrener's got my trade," he confided to his rifle. "But that Millie'd take to liniment from out yonder in presence of balsam from the mountains."

The lean-to Jeff had built some few yards from Millie's cabin was none too secure from wind and rain. But he had vowed not to sleep in the cabin until Millie should lie by his side.

The morning following his visit to Cal Meadows' Jeff was awakened by rain beating down on him. Reaching out for his gun he transferred it to the dry side of his pine bed.

"Hit's a sorry day," he observed, looking out at the dripping landscape.

He sat up. His bones ached and there was a queer

Millie was probably the only girl on the mountain who was afraid of a worm

throbbing in his head. His teeth chattered, cold and hot waves passed over him.

"I'll be dogged," he exclaimed, striking his hand to his burning forehead. "I feel like I'm gettin' the fever!"

He fell limply back, and lay there, tossing and moaning.

"I reckon I might as well sleep a spell," he gasped.

When he woke from a heavy restless sleep again the rain had ceased. Water dripped heavily from the naked trees, pinning dead leaves to the ground. The fragrant earthy smell that fills the woods after rain came to Jeff's appreciative nostrils. In a faint sunlight the damp bark of the trees glistened.

With difficulty he rose to a sitting position, then unfolding his aching bones stood upright. From the open side of the "lean-to" he caught a glimpse of a vanishing rainbow.

"That's what ye got fer sleepin' past the birds," he said severely.

He pulled on his shoes and washed in the rain-barrel outside. As he dried his face and hands on the homespun towel he looked up at the silver sky with the sunlight struggling through the clouds.

"Everything'll come out right jes' as sure as the sun shines through them clouds," he observed.

Jeff needed philosophy today, for Millie's scornful attitude on the previous day had made him less hopeful than he had been since he met her. And her contempt for his balsam was not a thing to be easily overlooked.

Leaving his shanty he walked toward the open fireplace where he cooked his meals. When he had gathered an armful of sufficiently dry twigs he placed them in the opening. Then with great skill and greater patience coaxed damp wood into a feeble blaze and cooked his breakfast.

For a lone bachelor Jeff made quite an institution of his meals. He had leveled off a hickory board which he used for a table. This was laid with proper table implements and to fill the need of social intercourse it was his custom to place his gun at the board opposite.

"Hit's too wet fer ye to come out," he called as he sat down to his morning meal. "The water drips off the trees down my neck. You wouldn't be fit fer nothin'."

With this explanation he forfeited the companionship of his rifle and began his meal. He did not eat with relish for his head ached and his spirits were as damp as the weather. He fell to thinking that breakfast in a snug log cabin with Millie to wait on him would be far pleasanter.

"Mebbie it's bein' in love that makes me feel like this," he said, shivering and drawing his coat about him.

But Jeff had been in love two months and though when in Millie's presence he experienced chills, he was sure the sensation was altogether different.

When his breakfast was over and his chores done he decided to go down by the "Bearstand" where yesterday on his way home he had noticed tracks that made him suspect a panther.

That evening at sundown Jeff returned with three turkeys, several pheasants and a squirrel.

"Them tracks weren't nothin' more than a hound dog," he remarked as he ate his supper.

In the excitement of the chase he had forgotten the throbbing of his head, the aching of his back; but that evening as he skinned his game he was once more most unpleasantly conscious of their presence. He was glad when he had hung up his game to drip and he could roll into bed.

He lay there tossing, occasionally falling into restless slumber.

Late into the night he was awakened from one of these fitful dozes by the sound of something moving in his shanty. Woodsman-like, he immediately had command of all his senses. Reaching noiselessly out for his gun, his ears strained for the repeated sound. He sat upright.

He heard something breathing near him and saw, a few yards from him, two glassy eyes shining in the darkness.

There was a heavy movement, a low hissing sound, then something sprang at him, hurling him to the ground. He was up in an instant, his gun regained.

"Hit's that panther," he whispered hoarsely, aiming at the shadowy outline that crouched in the farthest corner.

His head was cool, his hand steady — but he knew that it could last only a moment. His one thought was to shoot between those two green eyes. His hand on the trigger, he pulled it once — twice — thrice.

There was a howl and the panther lunged weakly toward him. Dodging, Jeff sprang to the opposite side. His eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, perceived where the beast's heart must be. Leveling his gun he emptied it into it, until the groaning and writhing ceased.

Jeff fell against the side of the shanty, but would not let himself sink to the ground. When his head stopped swimming and he had sufficient strength he lighted his lantern and left his lean-to without even looking back at his slain enemy.

At the entrance he stumbled over the remnants of skin the panther had left strewn about the ground.

"I'd better git me to Mammy's afore the fever takes me," he gasped, plunging dizzily forward.

The following morning Cal Meadows, on his way to the Mill, found Jeff, white, smeared with blood, lying on the ground by his fence.

"God A'mighty he's dead!" he shrieked, waving frantically to his wife, who stood in the doorway.

Ma Meadows came running toward him, Millie and some children following. Millie took one look at Jeff, shuddered and turned away.

Dropping to her knees beside him Ma put her ear to his heart.

"Hit's a-beatin'," she said. "Cal, take his head." Then to one of the older boys, "Get his feet an' we'll tote him into the house."

"He's sure been in a fight with sompin' mean," Sam Meadows remarked as he obeyed.

When they had got him into bed Jeff opened his eyes.

"Cricket don't dare tell no one 'bout that cabin," he murmured and sank into a stupor.

Jeff lay low with the fever for many weeks, Ma Meadows nursing him with ignorant devotion. Big snow came the day after Cal found him and cut them off from any outside help except from the "furrener" who sold liniment that he administered freely to Jeff.

This was a "sickly year" at Lost Mountain and Martin Hopping was making a success of his business. This "furrener" was a stout young man with a red face and sleek black hair. He had a smooth voice and was always exceedingly affable — especially to Millie. Being snowed in at an uncomfortable mountain cabin did not appear half so distasteful to the city-bred, dance-loving fellow as it might have been.

Millie outdid herself to entice" him. Though in truth, she need not have made any such effort, for Martin Hopping was attracted by any half good-looking young woman. He looked upon them as temptations not worth resisting.

One afternoon in December, when Jeff's delirium had abated, the boy lay quietly in the bed, Millie knitting by his side. Presently he opened his eyes, looking in bewilderment at the stocking Millie was knitting. His eyes traveled wonderingly about the cabin — finding no familiar object until they rested on some paper pictures that were stuck on the wall. They were gayly colored prints that struck Jeff's dazed mind as being pretty. The word "pretty" gave him food for reflection. It made him think of a girl named Millie. Through half-closed eyes he glanced at the girl at his side. A blue stocking was growing under her slim fingers. Somehow the little stocking made him think again of the person named Millie. After gravely considering these facts for some time he reasoned that he must be in Millie's home.

He turned this discovery over in his mind, his long thin fingers toying with the patchwork quilt that covered him. Presently he demanded in a sharp voice:

"Whar's that panther?"

Millie dropped her knitting.

"Come here, Ma," she cried. "Jeff's out'n his head agin."

Jeff's eyes were upon her. The color in her cheek made him think of peach blossoms. He was certain this was Millie. Looking steadily at her he said quietly:

"I ain't out o' my head. I want to sell that panther's skin fer a cook-stove."

Millie stared at him and laughed. The sound reminded him of the whirr of a humming-bird's wings.

"I declar, Jeff, you must be clean out'n your head. Everybody knows you ain't got no cabin fer to put a stove in."

At this Jeff relapsed into wounded silence.

A tall lanky woman came to his side and looked at him with eyes that were kind in spite of their weariness. He recognized her as Ma Meadows.

"Wall, I hope your senses has come back," she said, nodding her head. "Fer ye ain't had 'em all winter."

"All winter?" the boy repeated. "'Tain't winter — is it?"

"It's nearly over — God willin'," Ma answered feelingly.

Now that he thought of it it must be winter if Millie were knitting stockings. Glancing across the cabin he saw that the door was tightly closed — unquestionable proof that "the weather had set in." Here was a painful discovery, for Jeff had hoped to complete his cabin ere this.

Before he had adjusted his mind to this condition a stranger strolled to the bed. Jeff got the impression of an important looking young man with shining black hair and green, shifty eyes that were set too close together.

"All he needed was plenty of 'Goodfellow's Liniment'," he said in a voice that made the sick boy think of molasses dripping from Cal Meadows' "mixer." "He'll be hittin' the high spots on Wildcat Mountain pretty soon." He evidently considered this a great joke for he roared with laughter.

Jeff decided this must be the man whose liniment Millie had praised so highly that day she had scorned his balsam. If the boy had considered with tolerance this "furrener" who had taken away his trade he could, now that he had seen him, no longer maintain that attitude. From this instant he hated both Martin Hopping and his liniment.

The conversation that followed was carried on chiefly by the stranger. He talked at length about some "bright lights" and a place called "Broadway." The family listened with great interest — especially Millie, who asked endless questions about the "folks out yonder." If Mr. Hopping liked the place so much Jeff wondered why he had not stayed there.

These reflections were interrupted by a big, hearty voice that Jeff knew at once to belong to Cal Meadows.

"Ye nearly went to Glory that time."

The boy was glad to hear that voice instead of the "furrener's" and he held out a feeble hand to his host.

"Well, Pop," Mr. Hopping broke in, "what do you say to another hand?"

Cal Meadows and Martin Hopping spent most of their days playing cards; Cal making frequent surreptitious visits to the rock behind the spring where his gold was kept.

Now the two men left him and soon Jeff heard the sound of cards being shuffled and laid sharply upon a table.

Bewildered with these impressions, Jeff remained silent for a time.

"Whar's Cricket?" he asked abruptly.

"Your Mammy wouldn't let her come here 'cause us folks has taken up with the Mission Lady," Ma explained, adding, "I reckon she ain't none too easy on Cricket."

"'Tain't right," Jeff murmured.

He lay quiet, listening to the click of Millie's needles and the purr of a kettle boiling over the fire. His mind teemed with confusing facts. Presently he turned over and went to sleep to dream of a man with a molasses voice and a humming-bird that loved sweet things.

Despite the "furrener" the weeks that followed were the happiest Jeff had ever experienced. Now that he was convalescing and the work of nursing him was easier, Millie took charge of him. He was content to eat and sleep and watch her as with fluttering, bird-like movements she hovered about him, attending to his needs. Sometimes when she stood close to him, feeding him, he would touch her arm gently as though he feared it were not real. They were slim, white little arms, and such tiny hands were never intended for work!

Old Nig Bredeen used to say that "Millie Meadows was a lazy one and wouldn't be no help to any man." But as Jeff lay there, day after day in his bed, he prayed for strength that he might work all the rest of his life for Millie.

The air in the cabin was close, filled with the odors of cooking and the smoke from the pipes of Ma and Pa Meadows. Mr. Hopping smoked a strange, small, white thing that had a less heavy odor than the pipes and was a source of great interest to the entire family. Millie smoked one and confided to Jeff that "Hit fitted a woman better than a pipe."

Jeff, accustomed to the freshness of outdoors, often felt as though he would smother. More than once when the children were quarreling and the men swearing over their cards, the boy thought he must get himself out of this stale, noisy cabin. Indeed, sick as he was, he might have attempted it had it not been for the presence of Millie, who was to him the breath of life.

But in spite of all this, Jeff was in his heaven for he had a kind of wisdom that made him suspect even heaven could not be perfect.

One morning, soon after breakfast, Jeff watched the stranger bundle himself into a great coat, scarf and cap, possessions which in spite of his dislike for Mr. Hopping, Jeff was constrained to admire and heartily envy.

Wrapped in his warm clothes the "furrener" picked up a black case with a handle on it and crossed the cabin to Millie's chair.

"You'll have my scarf finished when I come back, won't you?" he asked chucking her under the chin.

Millie smiled, but did not raise her eyes.

In Martin Hopping Millie had found a man who could satisfy both her desire for admiration and her ambition for pretty things. She had always known exactly what she wanted of life and had early discovered that it was not to be found on Lost Mountain. The urge of life naturally was stronger in Millie with her empty days than in the civilized woman who led her busy life beyond that rim of mountain.

But with measured persistence the girl had ignored the instinct. This passionate little egoist was not capable of loving — but she was capable of waiting for the

things she wanted. The barrier she had set up between herself and the mountain swains who could give her nothing did not exist between herself and this foreigner who, she imagined, could give her everything. With him she suppressed nothing; there was no restraint. Vulgar cad though he was, he found that this strange, ardent child of the mountain had a greater hold on him than any woman ever had. He did not even guess this until he tried to get rid of her as he had got rid of others.

Now, with eyes that promised everything, Millie looked up at her Prince Charming who was to wake her from this nightmare of poverty and dullness.

"The scarf'll be finished, Mr. Hopping," she said, in a tone that the sick boy thought unduly respectful.

"I'll wear it in the big town and tell all the classy dames I travel with that a pretty little mountain squirrel made it for me," he said, opening the door and letting in a whiff of fresh winter air.

Unfortunately for Jeff, Mr. Hopping was not starting back to his "big town," but was only off on one of his liniment-peddling, card-playing expeditions.

"If that furrener tries to put any more of that thar liniment on me I'll smack him over," Jeff blurted out, the minute the door was closed.

If Millie was surprised at this outburst so was Jeff. Somehow since his illness he was less afraid of humans.

Millie went quietly on knitting Mr. Hopping's scarf. Jeff thought the glow from the open stove made her face look pinker and softer than ever. Presently she remarked, as though speaking her thoughts aloud:

"Mr. Hopping's powerful rich."

Jeff's apparent indifference did not prevent her from going on:

"He pays Ma two dollars a week jes' fer stayin' here. Ma says it don't seem right to git paid fer jes' sharin' your roof and victuals with a stranger."

"We might as well git some o' his money back bein's he's makin' it off'n the folks on this here mountain," her brother Sam put in indignantly.

" 'Tain't no sich of a thing," Millie returned, giving him an angry look.

"He's a powerful smart young man," Ma Meadows added from her quilting frame. "I likes him all but his card-playin'."

"Smart's what he is," her daughter added admiringly. "He uses such grand words. Why half the time we don't know what he's talkin' 'bout. Do we, Ma?"

"You mind the preachin' man what came through here a-usin' of words nobody could understand?" Sam inquired. "Wall, didn't he steal the collection and didn't we find out he weren't no preacher at all? He were smart all right!"

"Hush up your mouth," Millie exclaimed. "Mr. Hopping ain't no sich man. He's rich hisself."

She rose, coming to Jeff's side.

"Look, he gave me this," and with great show of pride she let him look at the glistening band on her arm.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Didn't you never see a bracelet?" she asked haughtily.

"Them is diamonds," she explained, pointing to the sparkling glass set in the cheap trinket. "Mr. Hopping says so."

It struck Jeff that whatever Mr. Hopping said seemed to be taken as gospel in the Meadows family.

"Mr. Hopping said I should let her have it bein's I took him in," Ma Meadows put in apologetically; for she saw and respected Jeff's evident disapproval. "Thar weren't no other cabin fit fer him. We've got that extry room Cal built on last spring and a extry bed too," she added with pride.

Jeff made no answer. Turning wearily to the wall he closed his eyes and fell to wondering if after all there wasn't a great deal of truth in the stories about his having bad luck when he tried to deal with humans. Certainly he understood the ways of birds and beasts and flowers better than those of the strange beings who live in cabins.

At last with spring, health and strength returned to Jeff; returned also that shyness which always overwhelmed him when in human society. It seemed to him that in those days of helplessness when Millie and her family had watched over and cared for him he had been another person, for he had no recollections of ever, in all his experience, being watched over or cared for. It had made him feel more like other folks — and less timid when with them.

But now that he was each day growing otherwise more bodily self-reliant, he could not speak to Millie without blushing and stammering; in the society of the elegant gentleman from out yonder Jeff was speechless.

When the sap began to flow and the mountain soil stir with activity the desire to go back to his forest was near to conquering Jeff.

One April day, in such a weak mood, Jeff slowly climbed to the top of Meadows' corn-field and stood there, looking down into the valley where was Mammy's cabin and those of his kinsfolk. Scattered miles apart were these simple dwellings, but to Jeff this was civilization and for it he had a pioneer's scorn.

"Seems like folks wouldn't have room to stretch their legs," he said, dropping to the ground. As he sat there, gazing so scornfully at the abodes of humans, it suddenly came to him that perhaps Millie would miss all this in the solitude of his woods. He had observed that she was fond of companionship and enjoyed sitting about talking to people.

She always seemed enchanted with Mr. Hopping's tales of dances and "gatherings" out yonder. In fact Millie never missed a Butter-Boiling or a funeral or a fight.

Chewing upon a twig Jeff gravely considered this new idea. He was startled from his reverie by the sound of someone coming up the hill from the valley side.

Looking up he was surprised to see that it was Cricket. She looked a mere shadow, her thin, pale face exaggerating the size of her great blue eyes. Jeff rose and walked toward her.

Cricket was no more given to demonstrating mere affection than her stoic mountain sisters. Now only the trembling of her lips and a slight flush on her face betrayed how deeply moved she was.

No outsider could have guessed the loyal little soul had been torn with anguish over her brother's long illness.

"How air ye, Jeff?" she asked, breathless.

"I'm feelin' as lively as a bear in the spring," he returned laughing.

"I thought ye looked kinda wobbly," she answered, looking at him anxiously. "I'd 'a' come and took care of ye spite o' Mammy but I came down with fever myself."

Jeff looked his sympathy.

"I reckon we'd all be better off if we cooked and lived like the Mission Lady tells us. She says every cabin ought to have a window to let in the air and sunshine. Air ye goin' to have a window in your cabin?"

For some unaccountable reason it gave Jeff a thrill of pleasure to hear his cabin mentioned. He had thought of it so much in these days of convalescing, but had not dared mention it to anyone.

"I reckon I'll have one — if Millie wants it," he said, grinning.

A disappointed look came into Cricket's eyes. It was always there at the thought of Millie Meadows. But it was Cricket's nature to sacrifice, and much as she disliked Millie she would have done anything in her power to bring the two together. The wisdom of childhood warned her that Millie with her love of idleness and gaiety and pretty things could never make her hermit brother happy. But that same wisdom told her that she, unaided by Fate, could never convince her brother of this. Now she made no comment on the subject but, turning to Jeff, remarked with obvious admiration:

"Jedgin' from what Cal told us ye must 'a' had a purty fight with that panther!"

Jeff drew himself up, sharing his sister's admiration.

"I reckon I did and he's a-layin' in my shanty yit — if panthers don't rise before jedgment day."

The days that followed this meeting with Cricket were beset with trials for Jeff. It took something even stronger than his love for Millie to keep him in the community. Had it not been for his native sense of duty and gratitude he would have struck off, weak though he was, for his woods before he helped with the planting.

Millie's beauty charmed him at near range as it had never charmed him when she had been a dim descried dream. He thought there was a tenderness in the way she urged him not to outdo his slowly returning strength, and in those first days when he had to be helped from the cabin to the sunshine of the doorstep he thought she must care for him or she could never be so gentle, so kind.

As his infatuation grew he was torn with doubts of his own worthiness. Alone, he would bow his head, overcome with despair of ever making her his own.

"Hummin'-birds is hard to ketch," he would say.

Then, to make it all more difficult, there was Mr. Hopping with his insidious attentions to them all. For all the stranger's apparent good nature and gentle ways the lad had an instinctive fear that he would bring harm to these people who had been so good to him, and who had no distrust of him.

One morning early in May, when the warm, soft air was filled with the fragrance of fruit blossom, Jeff sat in the yard mending a wooden plough that Cal had contrived the year previous. The younger members of the Meadows tribe clustered round him, listening to the stories he told. Jeff, always at ease with children, liked nothing better than to have them for an audience.

"Jeff, sing that thar bird song," Sally begged, a grimy, affectionate hand about his neck.

Accordingly Jeff began:

"Hi, says the blackbird, a-sittin' on the chair,
Once I had me a lady fair;
She proved fickle and turned her back,
An' ever since then I've dressed in black."

This was met with peals of laughter.

"That's Gospel true," Sally said gravely, " 'cause anybody kin see the blackbird is black."

"Now the one 'bout the bat," Willie put in.

Wrapping the raw hide about the handle of the plough, Jeff began to sing:

"Hi, says the little weather-winged bat,
I'll tell you the reason that
The reason that I fly in the night,
Hit's because I lost my heart's delight."

"Now the one about the little humming-bird whose wings went whirr-r," Sally cried, before he had caught his breath.

Jeff kept his eyes on the plough.

"Can't sing that un today."

"Aw, go on, Jeff — sing about it's wantin' flowers an' honey all the time," the child insisted, the other children adding their entreaties.

To put them off Jeff bega.. quickly:

"Hi, says the swallow, sittin' on a barn,
Courtin' I think is no harm,
I pick my wings an' sit up straight,
An' hope every young man will git his mate."

When the shouts of delight that followed this had subsided, Jeff heard someone say:

"I didn't know ye had a voice fer singin'."

Raising his eyes he saw Millie seated on the cabin steps, her hands idle as they so often were.

His face crimsoned and he bent over his work.

In a moment she rose, coming toward him, not with those rapid little steps that always sent her skirts flapping about her legs, but slowly, her eyes on the ground.

"Move over, Jeff," she said, when she had reached his side.

As he made room for her on the upturned box he noticed that she was pale and that her eyes moved restlessly from one object to another, avoiding his.

The children spied a pig running across the threshold of the cabin and scampered pell-mell after him.

"Jeff, I reckon this time o' year you git a longin' fer the woods," she said when they were alone.

He gave her a quick look of gratitude for this understanding.

"Shucks, thar ain't nothin' worth killin' this season," he returned with a great show of indifference.

She was silent, intent upon digging one bare foot into the earth. Presently, without looking up, she said:

"Jeff, wuz you ever bad?"

This was a strange question from Millie whose own conscience rarely pained her. In truth it was not any question of morality that now distressed her but a fear that the affair she had been carrying on with Hopping might not bring the desired results.

"Jeff, I'm skeered — I'm skeered," she cried, bursting into tears.

The plough dropped from the boy's hands and he stared at her, perplexed and abashed at this sudden outburst.

Millie was fond of Jeff — perhaps her affection for him was as near maternal feeling as she would ever experience, no matter how many children she might happen to bear. It was this fondness, together with the flirt's instinct to keep an extra card up her sleeve, that had prompted Millie's attention to him during his illness.

She knew that this big, bashful boy was clay in her hands. Today, torn with self-pity and misgivings, she fled to him who might prove her refuge.

"I like you, Jeff — I like you," she cried again and again, sobbing as though some inward grief were destroying her. His great hands hovered over her soft, yellow hair; then tenderly, ever so lightly, he touched the glistening strands. He felt such an overwhelming tenderness and pity as he might have felt toward a humming-bird with a broken wing. His fears and pity for her were most vague. Poor, blind, blundering Jeff. How could he guess that she was making a confession?

How was he to know that Martin Hopping's promise of leisure and pretty things "out yonder" had won Millie where his own silent devotion had failed?

In the next instant he was aflame with all the pent-up desire and passion that had smouldered unquenched since that first night he had kissed her. He would have crushed her to him, would have whispered all the things that had lain silent in his heart had not the sound of someone approaching startled Millie; she sprang away from him, hastening into the cabin.

Suddenly Mr. Hopping, neatly dressed, smiling as usual, stood before him. The boy had an uncomfortable doubt as to whether or not the man had seen Millie in his arms. He could have felled him to the ground. Not that he had any particular suspicion of Hopping, but because he resented the intrusion. Jeff might have killed an own brother had he interrupted that sacred scene.

"Hello!" the "furrener" said, in a tone that was insulting in its condescension. "Trying to make yourself useful?"

The stranger's big words and fine clothes always struck Jeff dumb. Though he could think of no reply it was only the mountaineer's natural courtesy to the sharer of his neighbor's roof that kept Jeff from replying with his fists.

Early next morning, Jeff, ax over shoulder, started toward Mammy's cabin to help clear a field for planting ginseng which the Mission Lady had advised Cricket would bring money. Jeff understood vaguely that the herb was shipped "out yonder" to a place called China. As he walked he sang, as was his custom when alone:

"The earth is round and the sea is deep,
In her arms some day I hope to sleep."

Pausing to recall another verse of the song he thought he heard voices in the pine woods at his left. He halted, ears alert. He was sure he heard Millie's voice — excited, pleading, on the verge of tears.

"Are you sure?" she was saying nervously. "Mr. Hopping, are ye sure nothin' won't happen? My Pa would — —"

Here she was interrupted by a voice that was unmistakably Mr. Hopping's — though Jeff could not make out what he said. Puzzled, the boy listened to that low, soft molasses voice of the foreigner's.

"I wouldn't be a bit took back if Millie weren't a fightin' with him fer playin' cards with her Pa so much. I reckon he's lost right much money to that low-down scoundrel."

That a superior being like Millie should be taken in by such a scamp as Hopping never occurred to Jeff. He did not figure that the man might, from a feminine point of view, be exceedingly attractive. Jeff was a recluse, but he was no fool. Another mountain youth living under the same roof with Millie would have made Jeff instantly jealous; but the mountaineer's inherent pride of race had drawn between himself and any "furrener" a line so clearly defined and indisputable that it did not occur to the boy to be suspicious. There was no record on the mountain of any girl marrying a "furrener" — though Sue Shelton had come mighty near it.

That night when he returned to the Meadows he was informed that Mr. Hopping had returned to his "big town." If Millie were downcast, Jeff was so elated at the sudden disappearance of the formidable gentleman that he did not notice it.

In the evening, as the family gathered about the doorstep, Cal Meadows strumming his banjo, Ma hulling beans, the youngsters shouting and romping, Jeff scared up sufficient courage to ask Millie to go fishing with him next day. Millie accepted, not that she cared about fishing, but because she deemed it wise to make sure that the second fiddle was still hers.

The following morning soon after sun-up, Millie and Jeff, fishing paraphernalia and lunch, started off toward Taylor's Creek, which Jeff was sure must now be abounding with trout.

Today Millie seemed more like her old self; laughing, smiling and tormenting him in quite her own fashion. When they reached the creek Jeff assured her they must follow it up to the "fork" where the fish would be "runnin' plenty." Millie started a gay chase, running swiftly and skilfully from one slippery stepping-stone to another. Jeff was soon left behind, for he could not compete with her Indian fleetness.

When he caught up with her he found her, flushed and breathless, seated upon a great rock overlooking the fork.

"Reckon this is as good a place as any," he said, dropping down beside her and emptying a tin can full of worms, which he had carefully selected that morning, upon the flat surface of the rock.

"Want to bait your own?" he asked, generously picking out the fattest worm of the lot.

Millie shuddered and hid her face. She was probably the only girl on the mountain who was afraid of a worm, but Jeff decided that this went with her being the smallest girl on the mountain.

"Oh — they ain't purty," she said, moving away from the writhing mass.

Jeff looked at her silently for a moment.

"You only like purty things," he observed gravely. "I reckon it'll kind o' go hard with you a-gittin' used to my face."

"Oh, I don't mind your face, Jeff — an' you are powerful big," she said, looking at him between her fingers.

Jeff swelled out his chest and with great dignity and sense of masculine superiority began to bait the two lines. When he had put the pole in her hand and cast his own line into the water Millie let her line fall into the creek.

They were quiet for some moments, looking down into the green shadowy water.

"Hit's powerful purty here," Millie said, as though he were not there. "I calc'late I'd miss the mountain if — " Suddenly aware of his presence she broke off abruptly, crying, — "Oh, look, Jeff — I declare you got a bite a'ready!"

There was a twitching and pulling at Jeff's line. Leaning back, he pulled it from the water and there, sure enough, was a speckled trout, his silver scales shining in the sun as he squirmed and waved about in the air.

Millie looked toward a laurel bush while Jeff took the wriggling fish from the hook, bestowing him in the basket they had brought.

Another long silence followed, the two sitting with

legs swinging over the edge of the stone. From time to time Jeff cast a surreptitious look at Millie's round, brown legs that dangled, bare, from beneath her skirts.

"Sue ain't fared so well since she give up that furrener fer Gabriel," Millie said suddenly.

"Gabriel Coats is a good man — seems like he's doin' right by Sue," the boy defended.

" 'Tain't so easy fer a woman back here nohow."

Jeff was intent upon his line, which had jerked suspiciously.

"Hit ain't much fun a-spendin' yer life wearin' rags an' havin' children."

There was a sinister, rebellious note in the words that made Jeff forget the prospective bite.

"Why, I think ye looks purty in rags an' — " he blushed, hesitated, then went on awkwardly, "I al'as thought it'd be nice to have a lot o' younguns."

"Mr. Hopping says women out yonder don't have children less they want to," she answered defiantly.

"They must be no 'count women," was Jeff's quick reply.

Reaching out he picked up a heavy piece of hickory which he placed on top of his pole. This secure, he moved close to Millie.

"Millie, I need a woman," he whispered hoarsely. "I'd be powerful good to one—ef I could git the one I been countin' on."

He choked and felt uncomfortably near to crying. As he looked at Millie he thought her as good and beautiful as folks must be after they are dead and gone to heaven.

She was so near to him that he felt the fluttering of her heart, and her cheek, warm and soft as bird's down, touched his own. He caught her in his arms, holding her close.

"Hit's kind o' lonesome up to my shanty," he whispered, then breathless, added, "I'm buildin' ye a cabin fit to live in!"

Millie neither moved nor spoke. Her lids hid her eyes from him. Her lips quivered and her white face, could he have seen it with eyes not blinded by his love for her, was tragic, as though the girl were torn with doubt.

"By God in Heaven I love ye, Millie."

She stirred in his arms. In a moment her hands stole round his neck, her lips were raised for his kiss.

"I'll stay an' be your woman," she murmured at last.

In the weeks that followed Millie's pledge Jeff went about his work with a high heart. It seemed to him that the plumage of the birds had never been more gorgeous, their songs sweeter, the flowers brighter than in that golden June.

The tasks of husbandry, though never to his liking, seemed less dull. By the first of July he was free to take a place in the stave-mill near the foot of the mountain. Of course this was altogether too civilized a job for Jeff, but he put up with it because it served the double purpose of keeping him near Millie and bringing money to furnish the cabin.

Sundays and holidays he went back to his forest to work on Millie's cabin.

" 'Tain't mine," he would say when any of the Meadows would joke about his calling it "Millie's cabin." "I weren't built for sleepin' shet up in four walls without a powerful good reason."

Then he would look shyly at "the reason" who usually turned away in silence.

Now that it was understood that he and Millie were to be married it was no longer necessary for Jeff to keep secret the building of the cabin. Kinsfolk and neighbors all came to help. While the men put up the rafters, laid the floor, cut the window and put on the finishing touches, the women prepared great dinners on the cook stove from "out yonder" which Jeff had had the Mission Lady order.

Cricket, who was a natural born housewife, was in a seventh heaven of delight. She was almost as happy as though the cabin were her own and turned off work as easily as Millie breathed.

Millie never helped very much — except to lay the long pine table under the trees and carry on the feast that the other women had made. Watching her old Granny Meadows would shake her head and say:

"Wall, I hope she'll help, Jeff, but I don't see no signs of it yit."

If Millie were quiet, preoccupied, Jeff in his happiness could not perceive it. Had she not promised to stay with him and be his woman? To Jeff that was as fixed as the stars. If she made excuses when he wanted to kiss her he reminded himself that Millie only liked pretty things and perhaps it might be hard for her to get used to his face.

Once he stumbled upon her with a letter which her father had brought on one of his rare journeys to the store at the foot of the mountain. Letters at Lost Mountain were not frequent and it was natural that Jeff's curiosity should be aroused. Millie was the only one in the family that could read. Jeff had never gone to school and so when she told him that the letter was from the circuit minister who wanted her to tell "all the folks that there would be a gatherin' next Sunday" the boy had to believe her.

After this she seemed always in a flutter of excitement and her eyes were brighter than they had long been.

One evening, early in July, after a day spent building a fence and clearing up the shavings in the yard of the completed cabin, Jeff, singing as usual, strode through the woods in the direction of Cal Meadows' cabin. His gun, which he had emptied on crows in his cornfield, was tucked under his arm.

"Dogged luck fer me to run out o' shot before I got that hawk that's been worryin' my chickens," he said, pushing back his damp hair.

Then, with no more thought of it, he strode on through the twilight woods, resuming his song —

"They'll love ye an' they'll kiss ye,
An' they'll give ye heart's ease.
But the minute your back's turned
They'll love whom they please."

A sudden crackling of branches and the scurrying of some small animal in the underbrush near, interrupted the song. At once alert Jeff grasped his rifle, straining his eyes. Listening motionless for a moment he caught the sound of a galloping horse. His woodsman's ears told him that the animal was coming down the path that led to the foot of the mountain.

No one on Lost Mountain owned a horse and no one on Lost Mountain ever rode like that unless it was a revenue officer or a "furrener" who had been requested to leave. Breaking through the underbrush Jeff strode toward the path. He heard the heavy breathing of a horse and a woman laughing.

Now he had gained the path. There a few yards ahead of him, mounted on a panting horse, were Millie and Mr. Hopping. They had stopped, evidently to rest the beast. Jeff could not see Millie's face for, contrary to mountain custom, she sat in front of the man. He was bending over her — kissing her.

What Millie had said that April day when she had cried in his arms, her frightened, pleading voice in the woods that following morning, the letter, her indifference — it all swept over him in that instant.

Raising his gun he aimed it at the back of Martin Hopping. His hand, for all its frenzied rage, was steady on the trigger.

"I'll larn ye to go hellin' it up the road with my woman!" he cried.

Hopping broke away from Millie. Looking back he saw Jeff and dug his heels into his horse.

The instant the animal moved Jeff pulled the trigger. It clicked but no shot left the barrel.

Flinging down the futile weapon Jeff tore loose a rock, hurling it after the galloping horse. But the beast was too swift for him and in a flash disappeared through the trees.

Jeff stared after them, his arms hanging limply at his side. When he could no longer catch the sound of hoofs he turned, his gaze to the place where his gun lay. With an oath he snatched it from the ground. Grasping it with both hands, his powerful knee upon the muzzle, he bent the gun and flung it to the earth.

Wheeling about, his blanched face toward his forest, his hands clenching and unclenching, his lips moved in words that only hinted at the anguish of his soul. With head bowed, no song on his lips, he plodded toward Millie's cabin.

It was dark when he reached the gate. To his surprise a friendly stream of smoke issued from its chimney and there was a light in the window. Too heartsick for questionings, he put his hand on the latch and entered.

The place was filled with the agreeable odors of cooking. By the shining cook-stove, watching over a wonderful number of pots, was Cricket, humming as merrily as a kettle over a fire. When she heard him she turned, in her agitation dropping a great spoon.

"Oh, Jeff — don't be mad!" she cried, terrified. "I thought you'd all gone till tomorrow." Trembling, she moved toward him, her cheeks flushed from the heat of the stove. "I wanted to cook me a meal an' stay one night afore you an' Millie got married — 'cause — 'cause I love to cook an' I reckon I won't never have a cabin o' me own 'cause no one'll ever marry me — seein' I was born marked." Her voice weakened, lowered as she spoke; now it ended in a sob as she looked down at her deformed foot.

Her brother took her in his arms, holding the frail, sobbing little body. It was not much that Cricket could do to staunch a wound so deep, but hers was better first aid than all the rest of the world together could give him.

"Don't you cry, Cricket," he whispered, struggling to keep back his own tears. "You're the one that's goin' to live here with me."

And so after all the story of the house that Jeff built has a good ending, though it took the boy many months to find that out.

As to the Unfortunate Use of the Name Hicks in "The Crash Dive"

In the May issue of McCLURE'S was a story entitled "The Crash Dive," describing an incident aboard a submarine and introducing a purely fictitious character under the name of "Congressman Hicks."

There is a member of the present Congress, Representative Frederick C. Hicks of Long Island, who is a member of the naval affairs committee of the House. The similarity of names works an injustice upon Representative Hicks, who is a valuable member of the naval committee and a supporter of the navy department's interests.

His record has been one to inspire the confidence of his colleagues on the committee as well as the respect of authorities of the navy department. Frequently his remarks upon the floor of the House have given the members of the House a clearer knowledge of the problems of the navy and a greater respect for its accomplishments.

When the naval appropriation bill contemplated reducing the number of enlisted men to 67,000, Representative Hicks spoke in favor of the amendment increasing this number to 86,000. His position as a friend of the American fleet was outlined in this speech in the House when he said:

"As we vote on this subject let us remember that the American people feel kindly toward the navy; they appreciate its value for defense; they appreciate its value for protection to our commerce; they appreciate its value in maintaining our national policies, and I believe they are willing to pay the cost of keeping it well equipped, well maintained and well manned."

When the bombing tests were made, battleship hulks being sunk by airplane bombs off the Virginia capes, Representative Hicks made a memorable address in the House on the subject "Aircraft versus Dreadnaughts," in which the possibilities of the new mode of warfare were minutely discussed.

His speeches on "The Deeds of the Navy" and "Our Triumphant Navy" delivered in the House, made the Congressional Record a valuable source of information and portray his faithful and studious interest in the affairs of the American Navy as well as the thoroughness with which he goes about his work as a member of the naval affairs committee.

The writer of "The Crash Dive," Warren H. Miller, was thousands of miles from the United States when he wrote the story. He had no idea there was a member of Congress named Hicks. In describing a fictitious congressman he used a name that worked an unconscious injustice upon the representative from Long Island.

The Wine Swindlers

A story of the American Secret Service in France during the War

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of the Secret Service stories now appearing in McClure's

"The Fire Bugs", "The Murder of Private Hand", "The Women in Room 27" and "The False Alibi" have already been published. The following stories are to come: "The Cocaine Smugglers", "The Algerian Murderers", "The Underground Railroad", "The Woman Spy of Biarritz" and "The Train Robbers"

WHEN the American soldier in France ate his breakfast of bacon, potatoes, prunes, bread, and coffee he should have been thoroughly satisfied. He should have been the last one to compare his well-rounded ration with that of his French brother-in-arms, who had to be content with his daily dish of soup. Nevertheless, our boys did so compare their rations and found them wanting. "Why?"—you ask. Because the French ration included wine. English soldiers had their allowance of rum, or, if the occasion warranted it, a good toddy; and the Italian Army had wine. And how the Allied soldiers delighted in poking fun at the American, who had to content himself with water! The American doughboy could not understand why, if wine was good for the others, it wasn't good for him; and in his eyes the lack of a ration of wine was the one weak spot in the Quartermaster Department Service that he could never overlook.

The greatest wonder of any army, they say, is the tremendous number of rumors it generates in a given time. Rumors starting from goodness knows where, and accumulating speed and power as they are passed along, soon lose all semblance to the original story. One doughboy would slap another on the back, and in a loud voice, for all the world to hear, would announce:

"Hey, Buddie! we are going to get the wine! I know it, for I got it direct! !" . . . And away starts another rumor on its wild career.

Consequently when my friend, LaBlanc, said that the Americans were going to issue wine to their soldiers, I believed I had encountered another one of those idle rumors.

"That is utterly impossible, my friend," I said. "The American Army does not supply wine to its men! And even though General Pershing himself desired to issue the wine, he would not dare! He is watched too closely by our multitude of reformers. Issue wine? I should say not; Pershing would lose his official head!"

"I know what I am talking about," replied LaBlanc. "My friend, Levy, is supplying the wine! He told me he had an order from Captain Gordon for 500,000 quarts of red wine, and he has already made the first shipment of five carloads."

One of our greatest pleasures in France was the privilege, generously extended to us, of spending an occasional evening in a French home. Numbers of the better class made it a practice to invite our soldiers to visit them whenever the boys were off duty. Americans who have enjoyed this opportunity know the real French home life. They were jealous of their visits, and were careful never to do or say anything that might offend their French friends. So when the above conversation took place one evening while I was visiting the LaBlancs, I did not argue the question with my friend; I was a guest in his house, and for fear of offending him, since he was so absolutely sure of his stand, I dropped the subject. I determined, however, to make it my business to look into it the next day.

We had several important cases on at this time and, in the stress of the work entailed in conducting these investigations, the wine argument slipped my mind. It was forcibly brought back when my French interpreter came to me and asked for my assistance in securing part of the wine contract for his brother. Politely, but firmly, I told this man that there was no such thing as a wine contract for the Americans; and I bade him forget it.

He insisted that he had not been misinformed, and continued to press me to use my influence with Captain Gordon, so that his brother might get his share.

The various departments of Base Section No. 2, in Bordeaux, at this time were scattered all over the city. The General had his headquarters in what formerly had been a private house, while our Quartermaster's Department was several blocks away. Determined to settle this wine question then and there, I wheeled about in my chair, and picking up the telephone I called Captain Gordon.

"Captain, what is this I hear about your going into the wine business? What do you know about it?"

"What are you driving at?" queried Gordon. "I do not drink the stuff, let alone buy it! Has some one been kidding you?"

"I do not think so," I replied. "However, I would appreciate it if you would come over to my office now so that we can get at the bottom of this mess! Without a doubt it's only a tempest in a teapot, still, like other rumors, it might grow into a huge affair. Come over, and we will spike it now!"

As soon as Gordon arrived, I told him what I had heard. He refused to become disturbed about the story, saying it was too absurd to bother with. To convince him that this might be a more serious matter than he supposed, I summoned the French interpreter again.

"Adjutant," I said, "what do you know about this wild yarn regarding the buying of wine by and for the Americans?"

"Only this," he replied. "Everywhere in town they are talking about the change which is to be made in the American rationing—how you are planning to issue wine to your soldiers; and that Captain Gordon has placed the order for 500,000 quarts."

"There you are, Captain! What have you to say to that?"

"That's the first I have heard of it!" he replied. "Certainly I am the one who would know for I am the

purchasing agent for this part of France, and would be the logical person to place such an order."

While Captain Gordon and myself were debating as to what should be done to stop this rumor, for it was really necessary to take some action, as Gordon otherwise would soon be deluged with offers of wine, my telephone rang and my clerk informed me that the local manager of the Y. M. C. A. was on the line and insisted on speaking with me. Turning to my telephone and picking up the receiver, I asked:

"What can I do for you, Mr. Reynolds?"

"I want to know," demanded Reynolds, "if it is true that the army is to issue wine to our boys? It's an outrage!! I want to find out so that I can enter a protest!!"

"Oh, Lord!" I groaned, "it's come sooner than I expected! The reformers are after us on it, even now!"—

"Well," I replied, "you know as much about it as I do! But before you enter any protest, I would suggest that you await confirmation. I will let you know as soon as possible." And I slammed down the receiver.

"Captain," I said, turning to Gordon again, "it looks to me as if we were in for a session over this rumor. Evidently some one suspects you of trying to put over a deal in wine!!"

"Major, I am telling you the truth!! Yet where there is so much excitement and hurrah over it all, there must be something to it besides rumor! Please help me out on this, for I do not want to be the 'goat'!!" — It was evident that, at last, the wine deal had Gordon worried.

I was determined to sift this pernicious rumor to the bottom. So there and then I wrote a note to my friend, LaBlanc, asking him to come to my office and to bring his friend Levy with him. Calling my chauffeur, I gave him the note with instructions to bring both men back to the office with him.

While we were waiting for the return of the car, the General's orderly came in with the customary: "The General's compliments to the Major, and the General would like to see him at the Major's convenience."

In the army there are ways and ways of issuing an order. When you receive a message from the Commanding General asking you to come and see him "at your convenience," it doesn't mean that you are to call on him when you get good and ready, but that you are to drop everything else and hustle into the August Presence. So I hustled.

After close association with the General for several months, I understood him very well. I could almost invariably tell just what mood the "Old Man" was in by the way he answered my knock.

This time I heard a sharp, "Come in!!" and at once I knew something was wrong, but didn't for a minute connect it with the wine rumors. (The Provost Marshal is the right hand of the Commanding General in the enforcement of orders and discipline; but, on the other hand, he is the "goat" when things go wrong with the "Old Man." Whatever happens, it's always: "Send for the Provost Marshal!")

I found the General surrounded by some of our welfare workers.

Sure enough, the General was all upset over something. It was quite evident that his visitors had been giving the "Old Man" a trying half hour and he was just looking for some one to take it out on — and I knew that once more I was elected to be the "goat," but I did not mind, for I knew that behind all his gruffness and bluster he was a kindly man, and that, even while calling me down for effect, he took it for granted that I would know he did not mean quite all he said.

"Major!" he demanded, "what is all this I hear about Gordon buying thousands of gallons of wine? You know very well we do not issue wine to our soldiers! Why do you allow such rumors to circulate?" And as he was wont to do when excited, the "Old Man" puffed out his cheeks, and swelled up his chest so far that I was afraid he would burst.

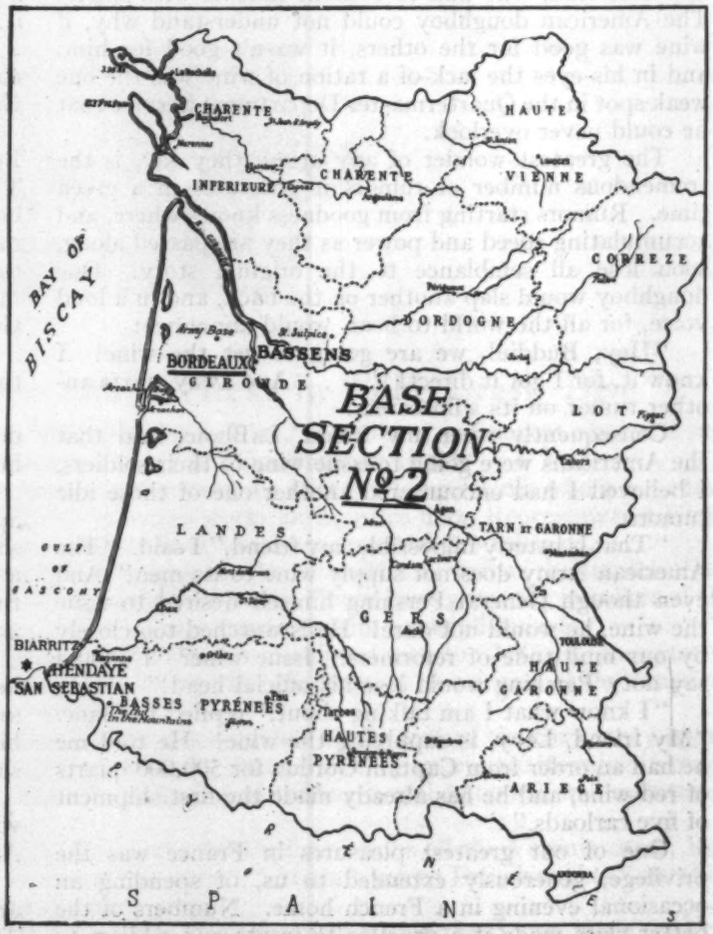
"General," I replied, "I am working on the case now, and as soon as possible I will report to you the results of my investigation."

Pounding his desk, the General said: "I do not want reports; I want action! And it is up to you to get action — —— —— quick!" — and the "Old Man" looked out of the corner of his eye at the feminines present to see if they observed how he could "squelch" the Provost Marshal.

Although I realized that he was not in a reasonable frame of mind, I felt that he had gone a bit too far in blaming me for all those idle rumors. I did not start them, and the Lord knows that I could no more stop them than could the old woman stop the tide with her broom, and I wanted to answer back, but I had been in the army long enough to know that I might get court-martialed for insubordination if I did, so I merely repeated that I had started an investigation to determine who was responsible for starting this rumor.

"The first thing I want you to do," said the General, "is to place Captain Gordon under arrest."

Here, again, if the General was merely talking for effect — that was one thing. But if, by chance, he had



This map shows the region over which Major Russell had charge and in which all the Secret Service stories are laid. "The False Alibi" is laid in the training area west of Bordeaux, "The Fire Bugs" and "The Women in Room 27" at Arcachon, and "The Murder of Private Hand" at Bassens

allowed his temper to master his judgment and to please these reformers was actually ordering the arrest of this efficient officer — that was something else again.

"I have already heard Captain Gordon's story and I am absolutely convinced that he is innocent. Right now he is in my office and we were planning to find out the truth about this rumor when you sent for me. Captain Gordon has asked me to help him run it down. Before taking any further action, I would suggest that I be permitted to interview the Frenchman who is supposed to have shipped the wine — I have already sent for him."

"Get busy!" again snapped the General. "I am not interested in your interviews! Get the guilty man and bring him here at once!"

It was much easier for the General to give the order than it was for me to execute it. But I considered the "Old Man" had troubles of his own. Saluting, I left the office.

The chauffeur had carried out his mission. I found both my friend, LaBlanc, and Levy in the waiting room and Gordon still in the private office. "Now," I thought, "I will soon settle this. I will confront Levy with Gordon, and if Gordon is the one who placed the order, I will know it."

Levy confirmed the shipment of the five carloads of wine. Then, calling the two Frenchmen into the private office, I said:

"Mr. Levy, is this officer the Captain Gordon who gave you the order for the wine?"

"*Non, mon Commandant!*" replied Levy. "The Captain Gordon who gave me the order came from your Great Headquarters in Paris. The Captain Gordon that I dealt with was tall and erect, with broad shoulders, and the wedge-shaped body of the typical soldier. He had keen blue eyes, was clean-shaven, and had a most winning smile and a personality to inspire confidence. With his manner of a born commander, no one would think of questioning that he was other than he represented himself to be — an American officer on official business."

In no detail did this description fit the Captain Gordon who was here in my office and who was the purchasing officer at the Base. Our Captain Gordon had just managed to squeeze by the limit as to height; and, thin as a rail owing to a recent sickness, his uniform seemed made for a man nearly twice his size. Also in an endeavor to eliminate the boyish look of his countenance, he had been trying to coax a mustache to grow for some time. With black eyes, and black hair that never seemed to stay put, he was a contrast, indeed, to the other Gordon.

I pressed Levy for further details of the visit of the Paris Gordon, and he continued:

"You see, Major, when this American officer came in and stated that he was from the Headquarters of the American Army in Paris, I did not question it. He said he had been commissioned by his Commanding General to purchase 500,000 quarts of red wine of the best quality. He told me that he had investigated my firm and had learned that we were reliable and could and would fill such a contract. Naturally I felt flattered to think that out of all the wine merchants in this city my firm should have been the one selected by the American Government as its agent."

About two months previous the army authorities, realizing that some one might try and take advantage of their methods of purchasing supplies, had issued orders to the effect that before a purchase was made it must be certified by the local quartermaster purchasing officer. Inasmuch as this information had been published in the local French papers, I could not understand how Levy had permitted this man to get away with five cars of wine. But he quickly cleared up this point for us:

"I told this Captain," said Levy, "that there was an order requiring the approval of the local purchasing officer and that, while I would gladly accept the order, I would suggest that such approval be secured.

"'Oh, that's all right,' he replied. 'You put on your hat and we will go over to Headquarters right now and get the approval!'

"Instead of going myself, I suggested that my son go — and the two men left my office and went out to the street and, hailing a taxi, rode away. What happened at your Headquarters, I learned from my son after the order had been placed and the Captain had gone. When my son and this Captain arrived at the office of the Base Quartermaster, the Captain suggested that he could save time if he went in alone and left my son in the taxi.

"The Captain remained in the Quartermaster's office for about twenty minutes, and when he came out he showed my son the order, officially stamped. Then they quickly drove back to my place, where the final details of the transaction were arranged. The terms of the order were at a variance with our established custom, but the profit was sufficient to warrant our accepting these terms. We were to make deliveries in five carload lots each week and thirty days after the last shipment I was to receive the money for the wine. The entire contract was to be billed as one lot and the invoice was to be sent after the last shipment had been made. He told me that if I desired to communicate with him, I should address the letters to the station where the wine was to be delivered — a place called Soucy, about ten miles outside of Paris. Already I have made one shipment and have another one in preparation to go forward this week. I trust that there is nothing wrong with the order, Major?"

"I am very sorry, Mr. Levy," I replied, "but I am much afraid you have been swindled."

This was a severe blow to Levy. The loss of that first five carload lot of wine would spell disaster to his balance sheet for some time to come. Frantically gesticulating, he jumped up and, with tears in his eyes, implored us to help him rescue his "beloved wine." Unfortunately it was not in our power to do this, as the swindlers had had plenty of time to dispose of the first shipment. The only thing we could do was to protect him from further loss —— And thus, what we had considered as merely one more idle rumor, had suddenly developed into a real problem which might, owing to the delay, prove difficult to solve.

"Of course now that you know that this is all a swindle," I said, "you will not ship any more wine. No doubt when this crook sees that the next shipment is not forthcoming, he will write you. All we can do now is to 'sit tight' until a letter is received from him, and then we will set a trap to catch the crook. If you wish to assist us, at the same time saving yourself worry, trouble and money, you must remain absolutely silent. Do not breathe a word of this conversation to any one, not even to your wife!"

Four days after the second shipment of wine was due at Soucy, Levy, greatly excited, came into the office.

"I have received another letter from that scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "Here it is! Now you can get him!"— and he handed the letter over to me.

The letter was written on the official stationary of the American Army Quartermaster Department and had the official stamp affixed. Any one not knowing the circumstances would without question have accepted the letter as genuine.

"You are advised," I read, "that the shipment due four days ago has not arrived at Soucy. We must insist that you live up to your contract and make shipments on time. You will please advise when we may expect the next shipment." It was signed, "H. B. Gordon, Purchasing Agent, U. S. A."

A decoy letter was prepared, telling Gordon that the delay had been caused by the inability of the railroad to secure cars for loading and promising to get a shipment off within a few days. This letter was mailed to him at Soucy, in care of the station agent, after being held over for a day in order to have Sergeant Rich, dressed in civilian clothes and accompanied by a French Secret Service man, rushed to Soucy. These two were to loaf around the town, keeping a close watch on the railroad station; and when the swindler called for the letter they were to arrest him.

Not always do plans work out as anticipated! In this case our work went for nothing. Right under the noses of these two men that letter disappeared. They swore that no one even faintly resembling Gordon had called at the station; yet one day the letter was there, peacefully reposing on the desk, and the next day it was gone, although they had remained in the immediate vicinity of the station until the agent had left for the night. From this we surmised that the station agent might be in league with Gordon. This suspicion was afterward confirmed. Defeated in the object of their search, Rich and the Frenchman returned to Bordeaux.

Blocked in our first attempt, we wasted no time in fruitless repining, but went to work planning another trap. Levy wrote the swindler a second letter and told him that the next shipment of five cars would go forward on the following day. Levy did not feel disposed to send any more of his wine, for he realized that he might lose the second shipment as well as the first. Therefore we secured the approval from our Chief to purchase five cars of the cheapest wine, and we loaded the cars with this *vin ordinaire*. We did not intend, however, to let our purchase get out of our sight if we could help it; and Rich, Reilly and Black were assigned to accompany the shipment to its destination, Soucy. So when the wine started, these three men, stealing a ride on the same freight, went along.

Great care had to be taken at Soucy, for, if the station agent there was in league with these swindlers and discovered three strange men hanging around his station, he might warn the crooks; and then our second trap would be as empty of results as our first had been.

On the same day the wine left on the so-called fast freight, I went to Paris and established myself in a hotel, as far removed as possible from the American Headquarters — I could not afford to have any officious officer interfering with either the men or the plans. — The second day after my arrival in Paris, Rich came in and reported that the five carloads of wine had arrived and had been shunted on to a side track.

Hiding around the railroad yards, Rich, Reilly and Black closely watched those five cars, waiting to jump and seize Gordon when he came for the wine. We expected, of course, that he would show up himself. But here, again, we were doomed to disappointment. Gordon did not show up; instead, on the third day of our watch, a French motor truck backed up to the car and the driver started loading the wine on to his truck. Rich, who was in charge, realized that the only hope of catching the ring-leaders was not to arrest the "tool," but to shadow the truck. Hoping against hope that before the truck was loaded Gordon himself would appear, they waited — but in vain. We had not anticipated the possibility of their using a motor truck, for, as the French were prohibited the use of motor trucks owing to the scarcity of gasoline, we supposed that they would use a horse-drawn dray. As our men had no other means of transportation than their sturdy legs, shadowing a motor truck was an entirely different proposition from shadowing a horse-drawn heavily loaded dray; and while they were yet considering what to do, the truck-driver finished loading and started away. As there was no time to telephone to me in Paris for assistance, Rich, Reilly and Black had no choice but to start out afoot to try and keep that truck in sight — no small task.

There is a Frenchman living near Soucy who doubtless believes, and with reason, that the Americans are a crazy lot. He was peacefully riding along the road on his bicycle when, before he had time to realize just what was happening, he found himself on the ground with two men holding him there, while a third man had started off down the road on his wheel. The two men who were holding him tried to convince him that he wanted to sell his bicycle, but he insisted that he didn't. Guns thrust into his mid-ribs were the final argument which won him over to their way of thinking, and he named a price for the wheel. They gave him the money, and another one-hundred-franc note besides, with instructions never to mention the incident to a soul; and then they released him.

Meanwhile Rich, on the bicycle, had picked up the trail of the truck and followed it into Paris. Here the truck, after making many turns and twists, entered the slum district and, finally drawing up before a warehouse, was unloaded, and the truck-load of wine disappeared.

Rich immediately reported these facts to me, and the other two men were sent out to watch the warehouse.

We had at last run our quarry to earth. Our next move was to place some one on guard at the warehouse in the expectation of capturing our man in that way. But another week of watchful waiting went by without bringing the desired result.

Gordon was surely a sly one. Like a fox, he undoubtedly had two entrances to his den, and while we had been wasting our time watching the one entrance that we knew of, this smart crook probably was passing freely in and out of the other one. If we couldn't catch him by waiting, we at least could make an effort to catch him inside his den. So we decided to place two of our men inside that warehouse, if feasible. But if we were to succeed in gaining an entrance without being discovered, we knew that we would require the assistance of men well acquainted with the underworld of Paris. Without a doubt Gordon must have surrounded himself with a gang of crooks. By no possible stretch of the imagination could we conceive of his engineering and carrying out this gigantic scheme entirely alone.

With the knowledge we had to build on, I visited the Chief of the French Secret Service to explain the case to him and request his help. He readily agreed to give us all the assistance necessary. And, after a thorough discussion of the situation, we decided to send one of our own men with a Frenchman to find out what was in that warehouse. Detective Lupin of the French staff, and Graham, of our staff, were selected as the two men best qualified for this dangerous mission. Lupin had an enviable reputation in the French service. A relative of the famous French detective, he was fast becoming as successful as his renowned namesake. Graham had lived in France for several years and, speaking the language like a native, could easily pass as a Frenchman. These two men were instructed to go down into the underworld and, if possible, to join Gordon's crowd. They were authorized, if they deemed it necessary in order to firmly establish themselves, even to go to the extreme of com-

mitting a robbery or two so that they might be considered worthy to become members of Gordon's gang. They were to report at the end of a week.

Two weeks passed but no message came from Lupin and Graham. Greatly worried, I went to see my friend, the French Secret Service Chief. The Chief did not look the part. Any one meeting him on the street would never have suspected from his appearance that he was the head of the most feared of all France's forces — the secret police. Small and wiry in build, with his iron-gray hair and black VanDyke beard, he had the air of a gentleman of leisure. Dressed in the height of fashion, and swinging his little cane as he strolled along, he did not seem to have a care in the world. But his keen black eyes, looking out through their half-closed lids, did not miss a thing as he passed along the streets.

After considering all angles of the situation, we finally concluded that something must have happened to our pair, so we ordered out a rescue party. Both French and American detectives were sent to comb the underworld in an endeavor to pick up information regarding Lupin's and Graham's fate. First one, then another, came and reported that not a trace could be found of our detectives. Our men had disappeared completely. Greatly worried by their silence and with a full realization of the desperate character of the criminals involved, the French Chief and myself determined to try our hand and see if we could not pick up some clue as to their whereabouts.

Guided by the French Chief, who knew every rendezvous of the Paris crook, and well protected by several men of the French Department who shadowed us wherever we went, we started to make a tour of the dives. Late that night we reached one of the worst of all these dens. The Chief told me that before the war this place had served as the principal headquarters for the far-famed *Apaches*. Entering it, we took a seat at a small table in the rear and studied the crowd, while the Chief regaled me with tales of murders and robberies that had taken place there. I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw four of the Chief's men enter and casually seat themselves at a table near us. I was still more glad they were there when the door opened and a man came in whom I recognized from the descriptions we had as the crook we wanted — Gordon.

He was treated with every consideration, and it was very evident that he was well known here. Soon we heard the gangsters calling him "Chief." I whispered to the Secret Service Chief that this so-called Chief was the man who had perpetrated the wine swindle. As we were trying to rescue our own men, I suggested that we pass him by this time, but the Secret Service Chief would not have it.

"Our men," said the Chief, "started out to locate the gang of which Gordon is the head, and they may have fallen into his hands. I will have two of my men shadow him and when they have traced him to his home, we will nab him."

I never did see how the Chief managed to convey the order to his men to shadow Gordon, but in some way he did; for later on, while in the Chief's office, two men came in and reported that they had followed the fox to his lair. We jumped into the Chief's motor car and, accompanied by several of his men, we soon arrived at the house. Quickly surrounding the place to prevent his quarry from escaping, the Chief gained admittance, and before the man who had called himself Gordon was aware of it, we had him in irons. Taking him back to the Chief's office, we plied him with questions as to the whereabouts of our two men.

He denied all knowledge of the men and claimed to know nothing whatever about the wine deal.

I had supposed that the days of the rack, wheel, rings, thumbscrews, and hot irons had passed, but when the French took this man into a private room I knew differently, for there I saw all these instruments of a mediæval torture-chamber. Gordon was told that if he refused to talk he would have an opportunity to test these various machines, and was given one more chance to tell the truth.

"I know absolutely nothing about your men or the wine!!" he replied. "And as for torturing me with these things, why you are just bluffing, that's all!!"

He was the most surprised man in France, however, when, at a nod from the Chief, he was seized and suspended by his thumbs. Gordon was game and, although it must have hurt him, he still refused to talk. Three minutes of this treatment were enough to convince the French that they were not dealing with an ordinary man and that they would have to try some other way to make him talk.

Next they turned to the rack and they strapped him to that and then slowly tightened the screws. He began to stretch and his bones to crack, while beads of cold perspiration stood out all over him. It was torture unendurable, and after a little while he cried out for them to stop and he would tell us all about his connection with the affair and where our men were confined.

The Chief then ordered him released and placed in a chair alongside of that terrible rack. Warning Gordon that if he did not "come clean" and give us all the truth, he would quickly find himself back on the rack, the Chief commanded him to go ahead with his story. Only too well aware now that these French officers meant exactly what they said, Gordon told us the story of our two men.

"One evening," began Gordon, "I found two strangers in the café where we hang out. They had been there for some time and by the free use of their money had become quite chummy with some of my men. Being introduced to me, they told how they had been forced out of Havre after staging a series of holdups and robberies there. For some time I had been planning to get together the biggest gang in Paris. As these two men seemed to be the very type I wanted, I proposed that they join us. I told them that in order to become a member it would be necessary for them to prove their ability, and proposed that they rob a house we had already planned to raid. They seemed eager to do this, so I sent them out with one of my men to do the job. And right well they did it.

"When my man returned and told me they were not amateurs, I was glad to welcome them as members. We took them fully into our confidence. And they established themselves at the warehouse, where we had a secret den for our meetings and where we had also fitted up a room in an upper floor to sleep in.

"A few days after joining us, Lupin committed an exceptionally bold burglary, and, fearing that he might be caught, he remained in hiding in the secret den under the warehouse. It was quite damp down there and he caught the 'flu.' As he was delirious most of the time, it was necessary for some one to be with him constantly.

"One night, after I had gone to sleep, one of the gang came to me, greatly excited, and said the boys wanted me at the den. Arriving there, I found the men excitedly discussing the revelations which Lupin had been making. It seems that Lupin had been more delirious than usual this night and in his delirium had disclosed his true name and his mission. He also told the men that Graham was a member of the American Secret Service. These

crooks carefully played with the sick man and soon had the entire story. They were for killing Lupin then and there, but I pointed out to them that they would need him as a witness against Graham, who was out on a robbery.

"Graham returned, and, while telling us about his latest exploit, he suddenly found himself seized and bound. He was a cool one, that Graham! ! Even when confronted with what he knew was the truth, he just laughed and called us a pack of fools. Then we brought in Lupin, on his cot. Gagging Graham, so he could not warn Lupin, these men once more questioned your man, and once more in his delirium Lupin babbled out the story that condemned both himself and his companion."

Poor loyal Lupin!

"The gang insisted on an immediate trial," Gordon went on. "It was my first experience of a trial by a gang of crooks. All I had to do as the leader of the gang was to pass sentence if they found their captives guilty. Under two smoky lanterns that cast a sickly glow over the scene, my gangsters gathered around the table and prepared to condemn your two men to a horrible death. Each man argued the case; and when he had finished, if he considered the prisoners guilty, like old Romans he turned his thumbs down upon the table. Graham was offered a chance to defend himself, but he only laughed us to scorn. The vote of guilty was unanimous and it was up to me to pronounce the sentence.

"The sentence for spies and squealers in our gang was that the offender should have a vein in his arm opened and, watched and jeered at by the others, be allowed to slowly bleed to death. That was the sentence pronounced on both Lupin and Graham. The men were for carrying out the sentence at once, but I prevailed upon them to wait until Lupin had recovered and to use Graham as his nurse. I told them their revenge would be far greater if Lupin knew he was slowly bleeding to death, than if he were killed now while unconscious of their reasons and methods.

"You may think me a hardened criminal, but I draw the line at such a cold-blooded murder as that. I hoped, if I could only get the carrying out of the sentence delayed, that I might, somehow, get the men away. I don't know whether the gang suspected me or not; but I do know that one of them is on guard, day and night, outside the room where your men are confined; and at the first sign of an attempt at a rescue, he will kill them, throw their bodies into the sewer, and make his escape the same way. The only method of gaining an entrance to this den is through a house on the next block, and then only by giving the proper signals. If you men attempt to break in, the two prisoners would be dead before you could batter down the first door.

"You must go to No. 20 Rue de Ratt; give three quick raps at the door; then, when it is answered by two raps, give three more quick raps, and when the slide in the door is opened, give the password, 'Montreal!' and a woman will admit you to the first house. You must pass through this first house into the kitchen, turn to your left, go down into the cellar, and turn sharply to your right when you reach the foot of the stairs. Here you will see a door that opens into a passageway. Go through this tunnel until you come to another door; here you must rap twice, and, upon hearing an answering two knocks, rap twice more and when challenged give the password; 'Quebec.' If you endeavor to do this without me to guide you, you will surely make a failure of it, for the old woman who runs the first house always looks out through the slit in the door before answering; and when visitors look suspicious, she rings a bell which connects with the den where the gang hangs out; then one of them will come up and, after looking you over, will warn the others who will certainly kill your two men. The murderers will then escape through the sewer, and you will never catch them."

We could not place too much confidence in this startling confession for fear that the man might mean to lead us into a trap. It would be necessary for us to substitute one of our own men for Gordon. A search through the headquarters regiment in Paris produced a man who was of the general physical build of Gordon. The French Chief sent us their expert in the art of disguise and with our man we went to the prison. Here we placed our man and Gordon side by side. With the features of the real Gordon to guide him, the French expert soon remodelled the face of our man so that the two looked exactly alike. It would require more than a casual glance to tell which was the real and which the spurious Gordon.

Disguises as a general thing are overdone, and so lose the effect desired. An old suit of clothes, a few days' growth of beard, a pair of colored glasses, and a cap pulled down over the face are, in the majority of cases, all that is necessary to fully disguise a man. In this case, however, too much depended upon our success to take any chances, so we went to the extreme of having our man's face remodelled with clay and tinted to resemble the fake Gordon.

Everything was now ready and as soon as it was dark, in company with the French Chief, we presented ourselves at the door of the first house. Would our ruse be successful? Time only could tell. The signals were made, the password given, and, after inspecting us, the door was opened and we were admitted. Before the woman could give the alarm we had seized her and, after binding and gagging her, we carried her with us to the cellar — our first step had been accomplished.

Turning to our right at the foot of the stairs, we found the door just as Gordon had said we would. Opening it, we found ourselves facing a dark and fearsome tunnel. Not a glimmer of light could we see; we wondered intensely just what that tunnel might hold — it might be the Devil's abiding place, it was so gruesome. Each one claimed it as his right to be the first to enter that dark passage, which was so narrow that we could only pass in single file. The Chief insisted that, inasmuch as it was a civilian case and the crooks were French, it was his privilege to lead the way. So we finally started, the Chief first; our disguised soldier second, with myself bringing up the rear.

It was a very dismal place, low-ceilinged and reeking with a heavy musty odor of dead air. Guiding ourselves along by feeling the sides with our hands, we made very slow progress and I caught myself wondering if I should ever traverse this tunnel again or if I should find my grave at the other end. We stumbled over unseen projections, and it was with a sigh of relief that we finally came to our journey's end and encountered the other door. Listening for a moment at this door, we heard men talking; then we made ready for the final rush. Revolvers were quietly prepared for any eventuality, the safety catches were released, and we were ready for the last and most dangerous part of the adventure.

The soldier whom we had disguised as Gordon now took the lead and then the signal was given—two quick knocks. A gangster answered our knock, and we gave the second signal. Then a gruff voice from the inside demanded:

"Who's there?"

And the French Chief answered, "Quebec," for we did not dare risk letting our "Gordon" speak; he was only a "super."

"All right," replied the first voice, "just a minute! I will open the door."

We could hear them taking down bars and chains and then the door slowly swung open. With our disguised soldier still in the lead, we three stepped into the room. There were five of the gang there; three were seated at the table, one was standing near another door, while the last was the one who had admitted us.

As the Chief stepped into the room, before any of us could utter a word, one of the gang recognized him and shouted:

"Police! ! !" At the same time he made a dash for the door leading out of the room on the opposite side; the others, following, pulled their guns and began shooting. But our guns were readier than theirs; we had not been surprised. An automatic spoke once — the Apache who was the first to jump for the door, whirled around and, with a look of profound surprise on his face, slowly sank to the floor. Again and again our revolvers barked; and each time a gangster dropped, losing all interest in the fight. When the smoke cleared away, there were four of them dead on the floor, while the fifth had his hands stretched high above his head in token of surrender.

When questioned, this man told us that we would find the two men for whom we were searching, if we went through the door which the first man had tried to reach.

Leaving our soldier to guard the lone prisoner, the Chief opened the door designated by the prisoner and we passed along a small tunnel to another door. Unlocking it, we stepped into a small room and there we found our two men. Poor Lupin, still weak from his illness, lay huddled up on a cot covered with dirty burlap sacks and rags; while Graham, gaunt, half-starved, ragged, dirty, and with a heavy growth of beard on his face, sat on the edge of the cot. (They had lost all hope of a rescue and when they had heard the shooting supposed it was just another gang fight.)

When we stepped in, Graham staggered to his feet with a cry of joy, "It's the Major! ! We are rescued!" and fell forward into my arms in a dead faint.

It was a task to get these two sick men out of the den and into a place where they could receive treatment. The cot that Lupin was on was too large to pass through the door of the long tunnel, so the Chief lifted him on to my back and I started to carry him out. It was a hard trip, but I finally made it; and, leaving Lupin under the care of the soldier who had removed our one prisoner to the vacant house we had first entered, I returned for Graham. It was necessary to carry Graham also, as he was still too weak to walk. Placing him on my back, I staggered on through the tunnel. I could have sworn that the second trip was at least ten miles long. We called an ambulance and had the men sent to a hospital.

After seeing Lupin and Graham safely under the care of the doctor, the Chief and myself returned to the cellar. We had two reasons for returning. One was to search the place thoroughly for evidence which we could use against Gordon and the rest of his crew; the other was to find the answer to our wondering questions as to how we three had come through the fight unscathed. Examining the wall against which we had stood, we saw that the crooks' bullets had spattered the wall between twelve and fourteen inches above our heads — it was our good fortune that in their excitement they had shot high.

In the table drawer we found the papers relating to the activities of the gang. Pouncing upon them, the Chief, after a cursory inspection, announced in a pleased voice:

"We have enough evidence here in these papers to place the entire crowd behind the bars for some time to come!"

This gang was run on business principles: in the ledger which we found, was a list of the places robbed. On the debit side was entered all the loot taken, while on the credit side were entered the names of the men who had shared in the loot and the amount each one had received. We also found a list of the places yet to be robbed and the names of the men who were to do the jobs; a list of the names of the café owners who would buy wine without asking too many questions; and in a steel box we discovered a quantity of official stationery, envelopes, and an official stamp, all belonging to the American Army.

As soon as Graham was allowed to talk, we went to the hospital to see him. We were anxious to have him complete the chain of evidence that we were forging against the gang. We knew what had happened up to the time of their trial and death sentence, but we wanted to know how these two men had so successfully fooled the crooks after Lupin had recovered consciousness.

"I was the one detailed to nurse Lupin," said Graham. "My only hope was that he might die, or that we would be rescued before he recovered so that we might escape the terrible fate planned for us. Eventually he recovered so far that I was afraid that the gangsters would carry out the death sentence. When he was able to comprehend the situation, we agreed that he should keep up the appearance of delirium so that you would have time to find us. It was very tiresome to be always on the watch; but Lupin played the game with his characteristic thoroughness; and it is due to the fact that he was able to carry his deception through and to nothing else that we are alive today. The man whom you shot first was the worst of the entire bunch. When he came in daily to see if Lupin had recovered, he took particular delight in telling me how they were going to slit our throats and then feed us to the sewer rats. I am positive he was coming to kill us both when the bullet stopped him."

With four of the gang dead and their leader in jail, the arrest of the others was easy, and we soon had them all. Gordon was the brains of the crowd.

Gordon had secured a job for one of the gang as clerk in the Quartermaster's Department at the supply depot in Paris. The actual stealing of the forms, letter heads, envelopes, order blanks, and official stamp was then a simple matter. Once equipped with all the necessary papers, Gordon was able to successfully start his game.

Gordon stated that the most dangerous part of it all was when he went into the Headquarters and had to wait around for twenty minutes while he left young Levy outside. "I knew," he said, "if I was found out then, I would be shot as a spy. But no one seemed to pay any attention to me or doubted that I was other than I seemed — a captain of the Quartermaster Department."

After they had received the first shipment of wine, they bottled it and sold it to the cheaper cafés in Paris. It had been so easy to dispose of that first shipment that they were in a great hurry to secure the balance. We caught them, however, before they got around to bottling the second shipment.

Delving deeper into Gordon's past, we found that Gordon was his real name. "My home was in Montreal," he told us. "But when I was cashiered from the Canadian Army for stealing, I did not dare to return home and face my friends, so I drifted to Paris and there organized my gang."

When Gordon was tried, he received a life sentence to the French penal colony. But I have a standing wager with my French friend, the Chief of the Secret Police, that they will not hold him there for long. I will win. Gordon is far too clever to be held in that colony.

A charmingly informal glimpse of Laurette Taylor in an hour of recreation

Living and Play-Acting

By Laurette Taylor

WHEN I was a little girl, I was a fearful liar, because it was so easy to think of things that pleased me far better than the plain facts. If mother sent me down-town on an errand, when I came back I would tell the family of my adventures. One day I happened to add this detail:

"As I was crossing the road the grocer came along in his wagon and he stopped and said, 'Won't you have a pickle?'"

But my grandmother spoke up at this point, in pained accents: "Why child, I sat by the window and saw you cross the road all alone. Nobody spoke to you or gave you a pickle."

So of course I was punished. Which did me no good whatever. Something in me had to create a different world, had to break the monotony of routine. I think if any one had realized that and encouraged me to write stories, the impulse might have found an outlet. But nobody did. Imagination is a good thing for mothers and teachers to use.

One Sunday I was walking through a deserted street in Harlem. Nothing stirred. The dead silence was too much for me. The only living thing besides myself was a horse tied to a post. I untied him, gave him a switch and yelled:

"Runaway horse!"

Instantly the whole street swarmed with people. The horse was caught, no harm was done, and I went home satisfied.

The school teacher told us to write the exact story of our lives to be read in the composition class. What a chance!

"All the other children have fathers," I wrote, "but I have none. I am the illegitimate child of a Spanish Count. When you look in my mother's great eyes, you may realize at times that she is longing for far-away Spain."

So I turned from a liar into an actress and there isn't much change inside. I stopped telling those tales because people made such a fuss about it. My father

heard of the "Spanish Count" and of course he couldn't let that pass.

I thought everything belonged to me. I'd go to a Christmas tree, gather up what I liked, and walk calmly past all the people in the house. . . . No, I don't take things any more — because I can buy what I want. And I'm the most painfully truthful person. But I go on imagining things. You remember what *Jenny*, the poor girl in Hartley's play, "Happiness," used to say:

"I can be a queen in me mind . . . and I am a queen lots o' times, in my thoughts. Lots o' times. It doesn't cost me nothin' an' it don't hurt the queen."

In those days I used to imitate somebody all the time, or play a part that pleased me better than my own. When I went to a different school where the children did not know me, I pretended to be a foreigner and talked with a strange accent. Some of the boys were very much impressed till one day the accent fell off and broke.

Then I transferred my imitations to the stage at local entertainments. I spoke pieces and sang songs. Sometimes the pay was as high as five dollars. When my mother found I was in earnest she helped me. I went down to Keith's on Fourteenth Street and finally my mother took me to Boston to fill a magnificent engagement at twenty-five dollars a week — later cut to fifteen. We lost money on the trip.

Since acting did not seem to pay, I took up stenography and developed plenty of speed. But office routine was too much for me. A chance came to go to Seattle and play in stock. People talk of the advantages of hardship and disappointment. I don't see that those years helped me any. The plays were melodramas with no chance for truth in expression.

Laurette at fifteen

I came East and waited. At last a part was offered with character possibilities — *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise." I spent hours with Hawaiian singers and stole their accent. But accent is only the trimmings. It was Mr. Tully, the playwright, who made me see the part. He showed me *Luana's* humble, dog-like devotion to her lover.

After "Paradise" — California! There I played in stock for Oliver Morosco. And there Hartley Manners and I saw each other again. We had met first at a rehearsal of his play "The Great John Ganton."

Among other plays, I appeared in "Barbaraza," filling the contrasted rôles of mother and daughter.

And finally, *Peg*. Must I talk about her? When you've done the same part 1,120 times, there are more thrilling topics of conversation, like the telephone directory. But we'll put the statistics all together in one paragraph and get them off our minds!

"Peg o' My Heart" was first produced in Los Angeles, where it ran 101 nights. Then it came to New York. Between the two productions the author and the star were married. The play ran for 604 consecutive performances without a break. It has had 6,608 performances in the United States alone. Weekly presentations have been given in Copenhagen since 1916. England, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, Hawaii, have seen *Peg*, interpreted by many actresses. Italy and Czecho-Slovakia are about to see her. "*Peg de Mon Coeur*" pleased Paris, being so very different from the shows made for tourists. And now, in the summer of 1922 I have done *Peg* for the movies, so she's committed to the ages.

There now! Is that enough history for you? But I mustn't leave out my grandmother — the one that would not let me eat that imaginary pickle in peace. It was from her that I got the brogue for *Peg*. She was the dearest old lady you ever saw. And so devout. And she prayed so much for me!

But she could not reconcile herself to the stage. She never went to see me act. Once in a while I went to visit her and we talked of everything in the world except acting. We pretended that the theater didn't exist.

When Mr. McClure asked me to write something for the magazine I said I couldn't write. Which is true, in spite of the fact that my name is on the title page of a book. One book doesn't make a writer — and a mere pack of paper and binding shouldn't be permitted to contradict a lady. This is not writing anyway — it's just talk.

I'm like Sentimental Tommy; when he could not think of the exact word, he would not put down any other. I wrote that book "The Greatest of These" for Mr. Doran as it came to me on our three weeks' tour, when we made $683,000 for the Red Cross with "Out There." And then he said it wasn't long enough, and I took the manuscript around with me for three months trying to add something, and every blessed thing I could think of was this little note:

"P. S. — For the sake of the people who know nothing and care less about the theater I would like to mention that Hartley and I are joined in holy deadlock and as a wife I have a right to look to him for his love, honor, obedience and plays."

Hartley does the family writing. I'd hate to have him go on the stage and get famous as an actor, now wouldn't I? So I ought to keep out of his game.

People ask me if I keep a diary. No; the big things make their own record on the memory and come back clear. Let the rest fade.

It pleases me to have anybody think I can write, but I hate even letters. I think my mother marked me with the feeling she had about my father's learning. She was the one who did things in our family — a simple, downright person. She always loved my father, but I think she felt his corrections at times, even if they were not spoken.

Now I don't know the first thing about punctuation. When in the course of human events the time seems to have arrived for a mark of some kind, I put in a dash and go dashing on to the end. I'd hate to have somebody else forcing commas and semi-colons on me. They might change the whole color scheme!

Now I'll tell you about Sarah Bernhardt. She came over here during the run of *Peg*. It was arranged that she should be supported at her first performance by three American actresses, Marguerite Clarke and myself and another — a very beautiful woman. We were simply to let Sarah lean on us and to carry her train. I had always admired her for her art and for the amazing vitality and superb confidence which have carried her through everything. I was glad of the chance to meet her, under any conditions.

When the very beautiful actress found that we must wear the old costumes furnished by the French company, she rebelled. "I want to have a new gown made for it," she said. "If I can't use my own costume, I won't appear."

I tried to make her see that this was no time for clothes — to outdress a grand, brave woman. It was an honor just to be near Sarah Bernhardt. That was how I felt. But she wouldn't go on, so we took a stenographer for the third.

I was awed and nervous, but the stenographer seemed to feel toward me as I did toward Bernhardt and that set me up a bit. As we entered, Sarah made a mighty effort, fairly lifting herself out of her physical weakness by the power of her spirit. She rose majestically to meet the people's applause.

Then she bent her whole weight upon me, almost crushing me to the floor. It was well it wasn't little Marguerite Clarke. The stenographer was so frightened she couldn't get herself off the stage. Bernhardt was angry and waited till I took the poor girl away.

I thought that was the end of the affair. But Sarah Bernhardt had seen that I was trying to help and she asked questions. She found that I had come from a successful play of my own to honor a foreign artist; that I had accepted the costume offered and had urged the others to do likewise. She is equally intense in her anger and in her enthusiasm. I had won her favor and she insisted on seeing me act.

A special performance was arranged for Bernhardt alone, at eleven in the morning, because the vaudeville performance took her afternoons and evenings. When the hour arrived, her doctor sent word that she could not possibly

leave the hotel. But Sarah defied the doctor and after two hours' effort she reached the theater where *Michael* the dog, and the rest of us were waiting.

I had placed a big comfortable armchair in the aisle for her. As soon as she entered the room Bernhardt saw the chair and exploded in a burst of rage.

"Am I an old woman?" she cried. "Take that thing away! I will sit where others do." And she would not move till the armchair was put out of sight. Her anger and the fatigue of sitting out the performance exhausted her so that she could not give her own matinee and the money had to be refunded to the ticket holders.

Not a newspaper man had been admitted to that performance. It was for Sarah alone. People told me it was a great waste of publicity. But my reward came when she wrote about me herself:

"One young artist in New York has not allowed herself to be blinded. She has worked hard and is still working, although she is already a very agreeable comedienne, possessing humor, emotion, and, a rare thing for her age — power. I speak of Laurette Taylor, who will become within five years the foremost actress of this country."

And she added for my discipline these plain words:

"Moreover she is pretty and graceful, but she must not allow herself to become fat. She should take the same pains to conserve her agility that she has taken in subduing her wild little nature."

That warning did me good. She was right, I was falling into a too easy and comfortable routine. There is a paragraph on this point in "The Greatest of These" and, as I don't know any better way to say it, I will quote Laurette Taylor:

As Luana, in "The Bird of Paradise"

Two scenes from "Happiness"

"One must see through the molasses of flattery and buy oneself a hair shirt. If life becomes too slippery, one slides to the bottom. To slide upward would be against the law of things. One must climb and climbing means effort, and effort means something not easy to you. My hair shirt was a fling at Shakespeare. I'm going to try the same shirt again, but wear it in a different manner — inside out! Just as every cloud has a silver lining, I am sure every hair shirt has a bald spot."

The Manners family spent the summer of 1915 at Maidenhead, England, near the home of William Waldorf Astor, which had been converted into a hospital. We often went over to carry food and other comforts to the soldiers. And there was a new play, in the rough, ready to Hartley's hand! The Irishman who was never satisfied with anything is in "Out There," just as we knew him in the hospital. Some of his very sayings are in the play. And there was a Scotch soldier who wouldn't leave the ward because one of the other soldiers had hid his beloved bonnet for a joke. He cried like a crazy man till it was found under a cot. He went into the play, too.

"Out There" was written at top speed as a one-act piece, to relieve the author's mind. Back in America I played it at matinees. Presently it grew up into a full play, in time for America's entry into the war. Mayor John Purroy Mitchel asked that the picture of *'Aunted Annie* nailing the recruiting poster to the door be used in the New York enlistment campaign. So that's where she slips into American history.

I have already referred to the all-star tour with "Out There" for the Red Cross fund. Nothing short of a world upheaval could have brought sixteen actors of such eminence together in one production. They were Mrs. Fiske, Julia Arthur, Helen Ware, Laurette Taylor, Beryl Mercer, George Cohan, George Arliss, James K. Hackett, H. B. Warner, James T. Powers, Chauncey Olcott, George Macfarlane, O. P. Heggie, Eleanora de Cisneros, Burr McIntosh and De Wolf Hopper. Their services were given. The story is all told in my one-volume collected works. By the way, I once found a great pile of copies of them — or it — on a store counter. It amused me to scold the clerk about it.

"Why will these actresses write books?" I asked the girl. "Haven't they enough to do on the stage?" Evidently she thought so, for she answered:

"Yes, and it's only ninety pages."

When I began playing "Out There," I used to make up the hospital beds in a hurry. A friend who had been a nurse at the front showed me that it could not be done so quickly and done right. So I got her to teach me every detail. But that took more time and the audience might lose interest in the process. So I began to sing absurd little songs to amuse them, such as "Please Don't Steal My Prayer Book, Mr. Burglar" and "They're Afraid He'll Set the Water Works on Fire." The songs made a hit, besides giving me time to make up those beds as they ought to be made.

Good effects get into plays that way — and weak parts are dropped. For a while, years ago, I used to make little peep holes in the scenery and study the audience, to watch the effect as it showed upon individual faces. And I would call Mr. Manners to do the same thing. There were spots where dozens of people always began to look around at their neighbors or study their programs. When this happened several times in the same place, we knew that the scenes were too long and that certain speeches had to be eliminated. A line was cut out here and another there, quickening the action.

I don't do that now. The development of a play becomes a more and more instinctive thing. One learns to think quickly, even before an audience. Once, in a serious scene a woman in the gallery began to laugh nervously. I was afraid that if she kept on, the other people might start laughing, too. So, instead of rushing my speeches — the usual way of dealing with this difficulty — I simply stopped short and closed my eyes. I heard one woman in the audience whisper that I was fainting, and instantly the gallery woman's laugh stopped.

The nature of the play makes a great difference. In "Peg" I acquired freedom enough to improvise. One could play more directly to the audience, as in a vaudeville turn. If somebody whispered or rustled a program, I'd remark, "There's a lot of noise in that next room!" The people got it, too.

But I couldn't do that in "The National Anthem." From the moment I came on, I became *Marian*, a girl carefully brought up — though without severity. No matter how strong my feeling I could not let myself go as I did in "Peg."

When I first played the drunken scene in "The National Anthem" Hartley said, "You reel too much."

"That's the way I feel it."

"Yes, but you must never lose control of your feelings." So I forced myself to play it more quietly, to suggest the effect of drink by subtlety. And the scene really gained in depth and power.

As Peg in "Peg o' My Heart"

That is the way Hartley and I work together. Often we fuss about the very things each admires in the other. I respect his sense of form but I hate his working so long over one piece. I want him to go ahead and finish things as fast as they come to him. On his side, he thinks I'm too easily affected by impulse and mood.

The inspiration for "The National Anthem" — or at least a scene of it — came when we were together. We were sitting in a restaurant, one night, very near a telephone. A young girl called up some one, evidently a sympathetic man, and told him a tragic story. Her money was gone, she was soon to be turned out of her room.

All the time she was talking so mournfully, the girl's feet were in motion, keeping time to the dance music. The contrast between her words and the gay rhythm produced the effect of intense drama.

We both felt it at the time, but I didn't see how the scene could be used in a play. When the first reading of "The National Anthem" passed *Marian's* desperate telephone talk with Tom, in which her shoulders respond to the jazz orchestra next door, I said, "The girl in the restaurant!"

Hartley wrote that play because the drink-and-dance madness all around us got on his nerves. And if you want to know how I understand *Marian's* torture with that everlasting jazz in her ears, read this passage from my book:

"Heat and noise as *eternal* punishments are not possible. We've had both every night this week. To continue it forever and ever — no God could be so cruel. There must be some gentler chastisement, like being trampled by wild horses. . . .

"Noise! Sound! No one has ever properly appreciated or damned them — soft noises — crickets, brooks and rustling trees (O my! Where are they now? Gone

(*Continued on page 86*)

"I don't know whether the trouble is with you or with me, Miss Morton, but one of us has got to go"

An Idyl of Madison Square

By Rebecca Hooper Eastman

Illustrated by Douglas Ryan

EDITH Morton walked through a would-be palatial near-onyx corridor, up a mean and narrow flight of slate stairs, fitted her key into an inhospitable tin door and opened it into what looked like a living-room, but which actually was her bedroom, dining-room, reception-room, laundry and kitchen. Her bath-room had the distinction of being in a room by itself. The day-bed — yes, she slept on that, and yes, you are right again, the cooking outfit was concealed in the antique maple secretary. Just open its diamond-paned doors and there you are — electric toaster, chafing-dish, percolator, stove, flatiron, everything in fact, excepting a washing-machine. The beautifully grained maple drawers were her well-stocked pantry.

You are not to suppose that Edith intended to spend her life in a manner so compressed. Edith was in New York to make enough money to retire to the country where she could have her living-room, kitchen, bedroom, dining-room and laundry each in a separate apartment, with a lot of rooms to spare. A den or a nursery had not entered into her calculations until three weeks ago, when she became secretary for Lawrence Eliott.

Something had happened to Edith's level head when Eliott looked up over his desk at her, glared, asked three savage questions and hired her. The instant she set eyes on the man, she began to revel in his apparently villainous disposition. He might fool everyone else on earth, but she knew, gloriously, that he could never fool

her. Inside he was only a little boy having a grand time masquerading as a fierce pirate, deceiving himself and everyone else into the belief that he was formidable.

Ever since she had worked for him — until to-night, that is — it had been her habit to rush to the mirror the instant she reached home to see if she was letting her happiness shine through too much, and to observe whether or not she had looked her best when she left the office.

This evening, however, she avoided the long glass and subsided on the day-bed without removing either her washable chamois gloves or her hat. She didn't care how she looked. She was too angry and too hurt. For Edith, to speak in the vernacular of business, had just been "fired."

For fifteen minutes she sat there without moving a muscle. Hard times — no jobs — those things didn't matter. The only thing that mattered was that without any preliminaries Eliott suddenly had flown into a rage and said,

"I don't know whether the trouble is with you or with me, Miss Morton, but one of us has got to go. Obviously you are the one. If I was a man of tact, I'd break it to you gently. But I'm not, so I'll congratulate you, instead, because I know you'll get a better job with a better-tempered employer."

Because, for him, he had spoken mildly, she looked straight in his eyes and said,

"It might help me to be a better secretary if you told me wherein I have failed with you."

"I don't know and I can't argue. Too tired. Everything's an awful effort."

Though she saw that his small stock of patience was leaving him, she continued to look equably into his disturbed blue eyes with her cool grey ones, as she said,

"Is it against the law to sit here all night?"

"The reason you don't want me any more will hold true with anyone you get in my place. No secretary, no matter how wonderful, can do more than one thing at a time. I suppose I may have a week's notice?"

"Of course, of course! I expect you to hire your successor."

The fact that she was leaving gave her courage; she had nothing to lose and he needed to hear what she was going to say.

"Do you think, Mr. Eliott, that you are the first man who has been ordered to a hospital for a serious operation?"

"Please don't remind me of it!"

"I am not reminding you, because you think of nothing else. And I know that it always helps in a hard situation when one realizes that lots of other people have had to face just the same sort of thing. There is nothing that any of us has to suffer and endure that hasn't been suffered and endured ten thousand times before."

He glanced abruptly out the window over her head, up into the bright unfeeling blue. He looked so long at the sky that she thought he had forgotten her, and she started to slip out of the room. Her first movement brought him back like a flash.

"You might call up a few of the agencies, now, and tell 'em what kind of a secretary I want."

And she heard her voice reply quietly, "All the agencies are closed at this time, Mr. Eliott."

"Then call them up the first thing in the morning." He made a grab for his hat and stick and then lurched clumsily toward the door, usually he carried himself very well. She thought he wasn't going to say good night, and he didn't. But after he closed the door, he opened it again.

"I'm obliged to you, Miss Morton, for what you said about my operation." And then he was gone for the night.

"I don't care!" said Edith to herself, as she sat on her day-bed. "I don't *care!*"

But she did care — she cared tremendously.

Her salary was large, Eliott had explained when he hired her, because he was to be away at least a month, and she would have additional responsibilities. He had told her also that the doctors were trying to build him up so that he would be able to go through the operation. Instead of taking things easy, however, he seemed a very demon for business. Furthermore, she surmised that he had a feeling that he wouldn't survive the operation; that he would die under the ether. That absolutely *could* not be; it must not be! She wouldn't let it happen. She wouldn't, couldn't have it.

When the fifteen minutes on the day-bed were up, Edith did something which is supposed to be the prerogative of the love-sick members of the opposite sex. Still without a glance in the mirror and with never a thought of dinner, she went deliberately out to do something foolish and impractical. Eliott lived, she knew, in one of the few private houses left on Madison Square, and she was going down town to look at his house as long and as much as she liked.

"Sure it is. You've got a home, haven't you?"

In the fear that he might come out and discover her, she walked along the park side of the street as she stared at the brown stone flank of his home. There was a fascination in counting its stories — five and a basement — and of imagining how the rooms were arranged. The first floor, she guessed from her knowledge of that sort of house, would be drawing-room, dining-room, music-room or library. His mother, the only other member of his family, would naturally occupy the second floor, and he — of course his windows faced the park — he would have the third story. The fourth floor would be given over to the guest rooms and the fifth to the servants' quarters. She wondered if there was an elevator; she was so anxious to know whether or not there was an elevator that she almost rang his bell to ask.

The truth was that she wanted to think of anything but the fact that she wan't going to be allowed to stay and look after his work while he was in the hospital. And be it parenthetically stated that she was suffering far more than he because of that impending operation. The one who goes to the hospital faces the easier task; it is the ones who see the patient go, and wait in anguish for news, who bear the real strain.

Edith found a bench and sat staring at his house as if she could never gaze her fill. She knew that he had lived there always because he had the strangest way of every now and then blurting out an intimate personal bit about himself right in the midst of important business. Perhaps it was the thought of the coming operation which made him so boyish. Thirty-eight! He had told her how he hated the ceaseless march, march, march of the city uptown, how he disliked the instability of it. He was the only one of his set who still condescended to live in the house where he was born.

Hour after hour she sat before his house, not caring about the time, yet reminded constantly of the passing of the quarter hours by the chimes of the clock that commands the square. She told herself that she ought to eat, that she ought to go home to bed, and yet — she was powerless to stir.

At length — when she had all the time been supposing that he was in the house — she saw him come along the street slowly, weary and bent, with no energy even for anger. Thirty-eight! He dragged himself up the steps in a way that made her achingly wonder for the thousandth time how much pain he was suffering constantly. He let himself in — and now she fairly prayed that there was an elevator. There must have been an elevator, for almost immediately the lights came on in the third story front, and she could see him moving about, man-like, in no hurry to pull down his shades or draw his curtains.

His mother didn't know there was to be an operation; he wouldn't tell her because he feared that she would not be able to stand the worry of it. He wasn't going to tell her until the morning of the day he went. Another intimate bit! And after all these confidences, on top of them all, crowning all, he had told her that she wouldn't do.

Suddenly he pulled down his shades only to raise them half an hour later, throw his three windows wide and look out into the square. She knew he loved it, and she would have given much to see his face. Madison Square, he had told her, looked less changed at night. At night, those new intruding office buildings were not real, they were ephemeral, and the clock tower, which he liked, became a campanile.

No, he couldn't possibly get a secretary who would suit him half as well as she. Besides being a graduate of one of the best women's colleges, with honors in English, she had graduated from an excellent secretarial school, again with honors, thereby fitting herself for important posts with interesting men, little dreaming that the climax of it all would be "You're fired!"

He had disappeared from his window, now, and she wondered uneasily if he went straight to sleep in that great dark room above her.

It certainly was not very sensible to sit and keep watch of the windows of a man who, a short while ago, had discharged her. And yet that uncomfortable park bench was the only spot on earth where she could possibly be fairly at ease.

"Excuse me, Miss. Don't you think you had better be getting home?"

A not unfriendly policemen gazed down upon her.

"Oh!" She came back to the realities of a law-abiding world. *"Oh!* Is it against the law to sit here all night?"

"Sure it is. You've got a home, haven't you? Why don't you go to it?"

"Isn't there any way I could get permission to sit on this bench all night?"

"I guess not. Of course the Mayor, last summer in

the hot spell, told 'em they could sit out all night. But not now."

Edith studied the officer appraisingly and he stared down at her in all the dignity of his official capacity.

"Won't you *please* let me stay?"

"What's your reason for wanting to stay?"

She knew by his tone that he was one of those people who have enough common sense to recognize exceptions to rules.

"The man I am in love with lives near here," she said, quickly. "We've had a quarrel." That was true, every bit of it true. "He is going to have a major operation in a few days. I shan't see him much longer, so I just want to sit here and know that he's still alive up there in that room. It's foolish, but I've got to do it. There isn't any other way."

"There, there, Miss, you needn't beg so hard."

"I may stay?"

"From now on I won't know you're here. Stay right there as long as you want to. But I'll watch out that no guy gets fresh, see?"

Yes, it was anything but sensible, but it was strangely comforting. The hours came and went, she knew no fatigue, only a growing peace. It was nearly six o'clock when she finally rose, cramped, stiff and — satisfied. When she reached home she was brought back to practical affairs by discovering that she had left all her lights going. Well, a girl without a job can afford to sit up all night, for her soul's sake, but she must never waste electricity, because electricity costs money, and money was going to be scarcer and scarcer.

Her kind of job was always hard to find, and under present conditions, she would have to take anything and consider herself lucky to get it. Were there five million unemployed, or was it five million dollars that some government wouldn't pay another government? She pondered this idly, as she lay long in her warm refreshing bath.

After a brief restorative sleep of an hour, she rose and, disdaining the humble coffee, marmalade and toast of her own larder, put on her smartest frock and went to breakfast at the Biltmore. Afterwards, she leisurely wrote resignations to two of her clubs. That would save her a hundred and seventy-five a year in dues.

As Eliott liked to have his employees stay late at night, he never expected them down before ten in the morning. Edith, therefore, had time to make the rounds of the agencies and register as wanting a position. There were no jobs. It was the same story everywhere. More people were being turned out every day.

Precisely at ten, she was telephoning from Mr. Eliott's office to these same agencies for her successor. The change in tone at the agencies was something startling. Certainly, anything! They could surely suit Mr. Eliott that very morning.

At eleven he came. The man with him was his nearest friend and his lawyer. Edith's heart told her that it was something about the will. Though Eliott gave her only the briefest good morning, her keen eye detected a change in his manner. There was a spring in his step, his whole bearing was buoyant. She wondered what had happened.

About half-past eleven the applicants for her position began to file in, and Edith showed them into his office demurely. The first was a bedizened little creature with a protruding chin, the next a too-pretty chit of a girl reeking with sachet which lingered in the office the rest of the day, the next a mannish girl with plaid spats, the next a pathetic wilted blond in bedraggled mourning. There was a gum-chewer, a peppery spinster, a girl with something in the corner of her too-lovely eyes that spoke of easy virtue, a girl who was billows of fat and no voice, just a wheeze. Girls, girls, girls! The outer office swarmed with them. At last Eliott appeared with more than yesterday's fury in his eyes.

"Miss Morton, will you please do a little weeding out?" he inquired.

"How can I tell what you will like when all I know is that you don't want anyone like me?"

"Tell the office boy not to let in any more this afternoon. I want you to take some important letters and get them right out."

"How about yesterday's letters? You said I was to begin on those."

"You can take yesterday's letters home with you, to-night, can't you? At the rate you are paid for overtime, I should think you'd carry off a batch every night."

When she returned from lunch he was waiting for her impatiently, and began to dictate before she got through the door.

"Mr. Chester B. Jordan,
41 Broad Street,
New York.

Dear Mr. Jordan, —

How the deuce did you suppose your order was going through 'immediately' when you specified neither —"

Eliott stopped, leaned back in his chair and shot another intimate bit of information.

"The girl I once loved and who married somebody else, loves me, now."

"Indeed?"

"Yep. Funny, isn't it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it is. Deuced funny. Sat out on the bench in front of my house looking up at my window all night."

"Oh?"

"Yep. Cop told me this morning. He and I fought together overseas, y'know. He was my superior officer. Tells me everything. Said she sat there until six o'clock never taking her eyes off my windows. Funny, wasn't it?"

So this was the reason he had been so pleased with himself when he came in!

"How did you know who the girl was?" Edith thought it would be safe to hazard one question.

"I just knew. I'm funny about such things. I can always tell. But this didn't take any second sight, because she's the only person on earth that likes me well enough to do such a thing. Funny how she got wind of my operation, though. She told the cop about it. Of course I told him she had the wrong dope, and he believed me."

"Did he?"

"Yep. All quite funny, isn't it?"

"Mr. Eliott, if you aren't going to finish this letter, I'd better get to work on the others."

Eliott frowned and resumed his dictation.

"—the number of bales you wanted or your rock-bottom price. Kindly talk turkey in your next.

Very truly yours, —"

Edith left the office earlier than usual that night, because she wanted to make another round of the agencies. This time she secured two unpromising addresses which she planned to investigate the next morning. Under her arm she carried a big sheaf of letters which must be gotten out before she slept. There would be no Madison Square to-night or any other

night. She was too desperately tired, to begin with, but besides that, she was afraid that Eliott might come venturing forth and discover her.

Physical weariness dragged at her relentlessly long before she had doggedly finished the last letter. When she finally dropped into bed, she slept the sleep of exhaustion. The next morning she was still so tired that it was all she could do to obey the summons of her trusty alarm clock.

Clad to-day in her work-a-day clothes she found that the two openings for jobs were not worth looking into. The salaries were low and the employers unthinkable. The first told her she looked too lady-like to be a good business woman, that he wanted more of a "rough-neck;" and the second remarked with a leer that he needed somebody younger, thereby imputing that Edith, at twenty-seven, was out of the running. She went back to Eliott's office at ten greatly disheartened, to greet an army of impossible yet possible successors. She knew that not one of them would pass muster with Eliott, and she dismissed them as gently as she could. Each of them wanted her job so much!

"Why didn't you send a few of 'em in?" he asked, when he went out to lunch. "There must have been one or two good ones in all that crowd!"

"You told me to weed them out, and I did."

"Well, you're an efficient weeder, — I'll say that for you."

"There's no suiting him!" she thought. "It can't be done. I'll send in one out of every five unless she's too much of a freak."

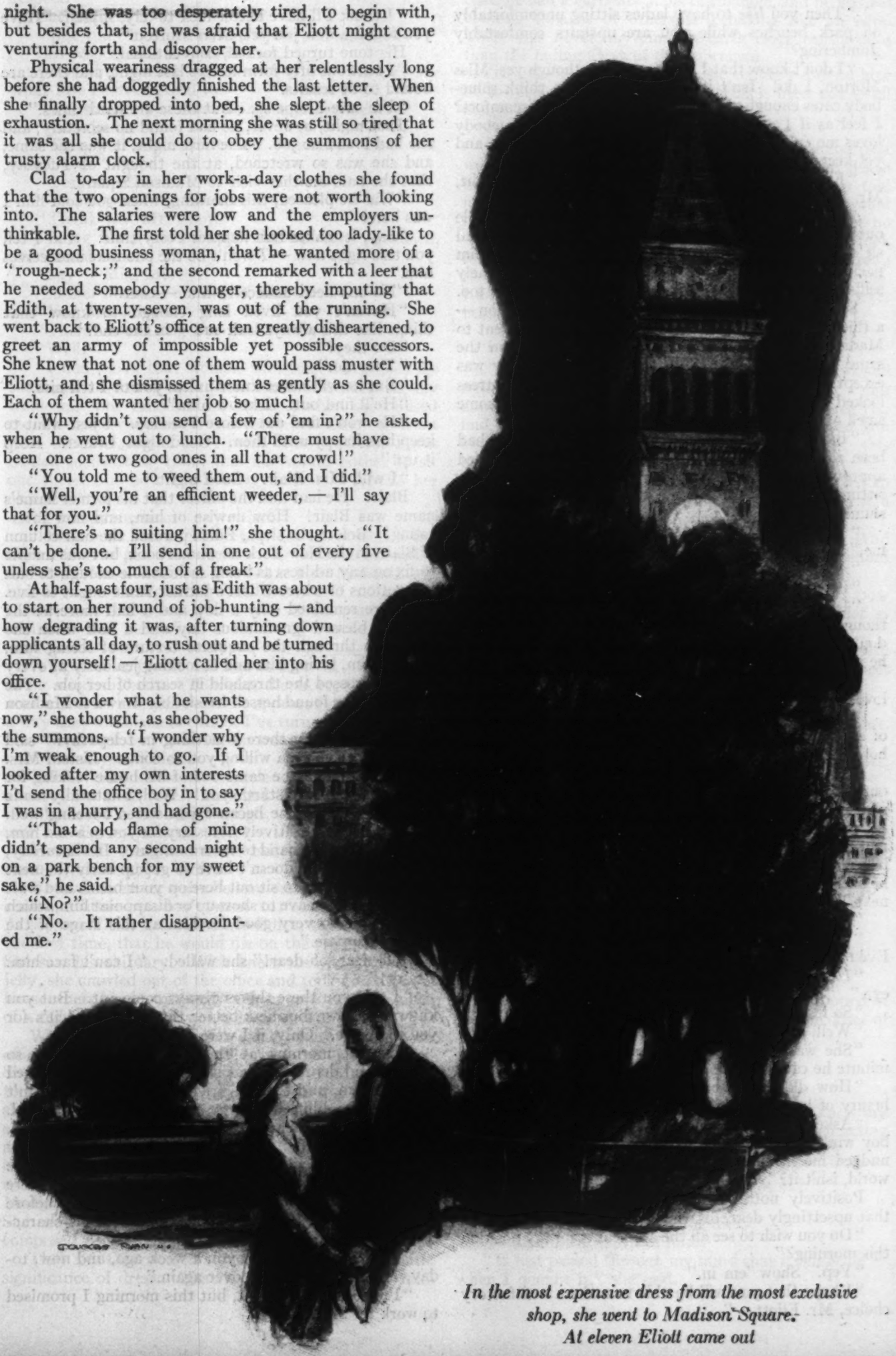
At half-past four, just as Edith was about to start on her round of job-hunting — and how degrading it was, after turning down applicants all day, to rush out and be turned down yourself! — Eliott called her into his office.

"I wonder what he wants now," she thought, as she obeyed the summons. "I wonder why I'm weak enough to go. If I looked after my own interests I'd send the office boy in to say I was in a hurry, and had gone."

"That old flame of mine didn't spend any second night on a park bench for my sweet sake," he said.

"No?"

"No. It rather disappointed me."



In the most expensive dress from the most exclusive shop, she went to Madison Square. At eleven Eliott came out

"Then you *like* to have ladies sitting uncomfortably on park benches while you are upstairs comfortably slumbering?"

"I don't know that I like it, exactly, though yes, Miss Morton, I do! Isn't it rather gorgeous to think somebody cares enough about you to go to all that discomfort? I feel as if I counted for something because somebody loves me enough to make a fool of herself about me and yet keeps out of my way daytimes."

"Er — did you want me for anything else to-night, Mr. Eliott?"

As he apparently didn't hear her question, she stole out filled with exultation. The fact that some one could sit out on a bench all night for his sake had given him back the lost glint of hope in his eyes. It was sublimely selfish of him, and yet — oh well, it was nice of him, too.

She wore a veil — an age-honored, silly precaution — a thick and noticeable veil that night when she went to Madison Square at ten o'clock and sank down on the same bench as before. The night air of the city was exceptionally sweet and clean, the struggling trees looked almost luxuriant, and there was a wholesome smell of earth.

"Back again, eh?" inquired the cop, after she had been alone ten minutes. And she thought she detected approval in his voice. Evidently he, too, liked ladies sitting out on benches while their lovers comfortably slumbered.

"There is just one way you can make amends to me," she said, severely.

"Amends for what?" he asked, too innocently.

"For telling."

"I only told him because he looked so glum that I thought it might jack up his spirits, and it did. *You* don't mind, or you wouldn't if you had seen how pleased he was."

"Well, then, since we both love him — I guess you love him, too, don't you, Officer?"

"You've said it. He wants to get me another kind of a job, but I discouraged that. I feel happy and at home in this business."

"This is what I want you to do, then. I can't stay out here, night after night, even if I do love him enough, which I do. I've got — well there are other things to be considered. But I want you to tell him, every morning, that I was here all night, as usual, because it helps him get through his day. It won't be for long, and he needs all the help he can get. The operation is set for next Tuesday."

"You're sure about that?"

"Yes. But he doesn't want to have people know. Even his mother doesn't know."

"I thought he didn't look me quite straight in the eye."

"So it won't do any harm to humor him, will it?"

"Well, I won't lie, but I won't undeceive him, see?"

"She was there *again* — all night!" said Eliott the minute he caught sight of Edith in the morning.

"How did you know?" She permitted herself the luxury of looking discreetly skeptical.

"Asked the cop. You ought to have seen the old boy wink at me. Say — I still feel the place where he nudged me in the ribs! Well — it's a great little old world, isn't it?"

Positively nothing must be allowed to happen to that upsettingly dear, disarming smile of his!

"Do you wish to see all the applicants for my position this morning?"

"Yep. Show 'em in."

"I hope that you will be able to make a satisfactory choice, Mr. Eliott —"

"I think I'll have better luck to-day, myself. Have you found a new job yet, Miss Morton?"

His tone turned formal, conventional.

"I sent out fifty form letters last night, and there are bound to be results."

"I'm sure I hope so. But these are hard times."

That night, however, he had found no secretary, and she had found no job. The next night, it was the same, and she was so wretched, at the thought of Tuesday, that she paid another visit to Madison Square.

"Was he pleased, this morning, when you told him I was here?"

"Say, it makes him happier every time. And I tell you this right now — *I* won't be the one that undeceives him."

"No one need undeceive him — ever."

"Haven't you lived long enough to know that things like this always leak out — in the end?"

"Do they?"

"They do."

"But he will never know unless you or I tell him."

"He'll find out. I know him."

"He won't find out before Tuesday. I just want to keep him happy until then. Good night, Officer. Keep it up!"

"I will, Mrs. Blair. Good night."

Blair! He had told the officer that his former flame's name was Blair! How unwise of him, and how interesting! Before she slept, Edith perused the half column of Blairs in the New York telephone book, but was unable to fix on any address as being fashionable enough to suit her notions of where Eliott's former flame ought to live.

There remained only a day and a half more at the office, a blessed ignominious day and a half when she would go through the exquisite torture of seeing him, hearing him, loving him and of looking jealously at every girl who crossed the threshold in search of her job. The fifth night she found herself irresistibly drawn to Madison Square.

"And they say there is nothing in telepathy?" said the cop. "I've been willing you to come. Listen, Mrs. Blair. Last night he came out of his house looking for you. I thought I'd startle you! Well, I naturally made out you'd gone home because you weren't feeling well. Now, unless it's positively necessary for you to avoid him, you'd better be on hand to-morrow night. It's Saturday, you know, and he doesn't have to get up early the next day, so he's going to sit out here on your bench and wait for you. You'll have to show up or disappoint him, which wouldn't be so very good for him at this stage of the game, I suppose."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" she wailed. "I can't face him. I can't!"

"I told you these things always come out. But you know your own business better than I do, and it's for you to decide. Only, if I were you, I'd *come!*"

The last morning at the office Eliott seemed so nervous and depressed that she guessed he had watched for her again, and that his friend the policeman hadn't been able to bluff him into a happy frame of mind. Eliott had set his heart on finding the lady on the bench, and he was miffed. Edith watched him, dazed, hardly knowing what she did, as she showed crowds of would-be secretaries into his office. Was it possible there were only five million out of employment? Shortly before closing time he called her in and spoke with his characteristic directness.

"Miss Morton, I fired you a week ago, and now, to-day, I've got to hire you over again."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Eliott, but this morning I promised to work for Mr. Pearce."

"Not S. B. Pearce?" The name commanded respect.

She nodded.

"But you can chuck it, can't you, and stay here?"

Self-respect now had its innings.

"I might, because you are ill, if you will pay me what Mr. Pearce agreed to."

"Did he offer you more than you're getting now?"

"Just double."

"Then you're worth it and you stay. You will, won't you?"

"Yes, Mr. Eliott."

"Thank you, Miss Morton."

"Thank *you*, Mr. Eliott."

Feeling like a life prisoner who has been pardoned, she started out.

"Say — Miss Morton!"

Another intimate one was coming.

"Yes, Mr. Eliott?"

"There's something I've got to tell you."

"Well?"

"I don't love that woman who sometimes does me the honor of sitting on a park bench and watching my windows. She thinks I do, because, when she refused me, I swore I would never care for anyone else. I meant it at the time, but I don't mean it now. First I was tickled to death to think that she would bother to sit out there, but now I'm getting nervous. What's her object?"

"Perhaps she hasn't any object."

"You don't know her. She's got an object. And she's going to get tired of this long-distance adoration and look for a little close work. Her husband will blame me for her sitting out there, and there'll be trouble and notoriety and stuff. She's got to stop sitting on that bench."

"Yes?"

"Yep! I've got to tell her to stop it. She would never mind anybody. To-night, therefore, I'm going to wait round for her, and when she appears I shall behave in a way that will make her think I've turned into an ogre."

"Good luck to you in the encounter!"

"Thank you, Edith."

Edith! She drew a tremulous breath that was almost a sob of relief, managed to turn it into the semblance of a bronchial cough, and left the office with her dignity intact.

Her rival, then, had never existed, that is, in any sense of real rivalry. Edith!

But we can never quite believe our happiness when it comes. Either we don't want to, or we don't dare. As soon as Eliott had called her Edith, she was sure, for the first time, that he would die on the operating table. She saw his obituary. With knees that had turned to jelly, she crawled out of the office and took a taxi to the house where his doctor lived. She must know how much of a fighting chance he would have on Tuesday.

When, an hour later, she came out of the doctor's office — she had to wait endlessly — her jaw was set. She had rather anticipated going into the nearest church to pray, but instead she went straight to an exclusive shop and bought the most becoming gown without asking its price, and filled in a check for the fabulous amount without a qualm. It was the first time she had ever done a thing like that, but she must look her best to-night. She had no longer any doubts about going to Madison Square to-night, no misgivings, no vacillations. She was going. At ten she bade the policeman a composed good evening. At eleven Eliott came out.

They say that women alone appreciate the dramatic significance of dress. That is why, perhaps, they take their clothes so seriously. Yet Eliott wore a dinner coat, he had a gardenia in his buttonhole, and he was *not* chewing tobacco or otherwise behaving like an ogre. There was never anything on earth more conspicuous than the fading away of the policeman.

"Edith!" In his surprise, he couldn't conceal how he thrilled at the sight of her. "Has it been you — all along?"

She withdrew her hand from his, coldly.

"I have been so insane with fear that for the past week I have seemed to see nothing but your death notice in cold print. This afternoon your doctor told me that he informed you in the beginning that it would be only a slight operation, and that there might be no operation at all if you followed his directions and took care of yourself. You have known ever since yesterday that you were virtually cured and you never told me. I am ready to hurl back at you every gruff word I ever heard you utter."

"I'd love to hear you, dear. Please begin."

"Why didn't you *tell* me you were well?"

"I don't know, except when he informed me I was all right, I forgot I'd ever been in any danger at all. You know how it is, when you dread something, and then you find out it isn't going to happen, you're so relieved you kind of forget how scared you were. Besides, this bench business had me worried so that —"

"Well, got together at last, have you?" remarked an apologetic voice. The officer couldn't keep out of it a second longer.

"You bet we have!" replied Lawrence Eliott. And his arm, which had been lying along the bench behind Edith, now went round her waist.

"Come, Edith, I must take you home," he said, possessively. Under his breath he asked, "You'd just as soon be my wife as my secretary, hadn't you?"

"I wouldn't walk along the streets of New York with my arm round her," advised the cop. "You might meet her husband."

"I have no husband," said Edith quickly.

"She's not the one I thought she was," added Eliott.

"How many have you, anyway?" asked the cop.

"I don't know's I've got any — yet," replied Eliott. "That's what I want to find out."

As they walked along Madison Square North toward Fifth Avenue, his arm still round her, he said:

"Keep up the bluff that we're in love. It pleases my friend the officer. Although it isn't so awfully difficult to pretend what's true, *is* it?"

She made no reply.

"Well — which is it to be — wife or secretary?"

"Wife, please."

"Why wife?"

"Because it won't be so easy for you to fire me."

"*Edith!*"

They were on the Avenue, now, and they stopped in the dark doorway of a glorified grocery on the corner of 26th Street.

"Yes?"

"I got a piece of news for you."

"Well?"

"The very first instant I set eyes on you, I knew my bachelor days were over. That's why I've been acting so. You never even gave me a chance. Edith."

"Yes."

"You know this new dress you've got on?"

"Yes."

"Well — that's your wedding dress."

She smoothed its silken folds.

"It just passed through my mind that it might be — when I bought it," she said.

My Life and Work*

By Henry Ford in Collaboration with Samuel Crowther

Chapter X

Money — Master or Servant?

In December, 1920, business the country over was marking time. More automobile plants were closed than were open, and quite a number of those which were closed were completely in the charge of the bankers. Rumors of bad financial condition were afloat concerning nearly every industrial company, and I became interested when the reports persisted that the Ford Motor Company not only needed money but could not get it. I have become accustomed to all kinds of rumors about our company — so much so that nowadays I rarely deny any sort of rumor. But these reports differed from all previous ones. They were so exact and circumstantial. I learned that I had overcome my prejudice against borrowing and that I might be found almost any day down in Wall Street, hat in hand, asking for money. And rumor went even further and said that no one would give me money and that I might have to break up and go out of business.

It is true that we did have a problem. In 1919 we had borrowed $70,000,000 on notes to buy the full stock interest in the Ford Motor Company. On this we had $33,000,000 left to pay. We had $18,000,000 in income taxes due or shortly to become due to the Government, and also we intended to pay our usual bonus for the year to the workmen, which amounted to $7,000,000. Altogether, between January 1st and April 18th, 1921, we had payments ahead totaling $58,000,000. We had only $20,000,000 in bank. Our balance sheet was more or less common knowledge and I suppose it was taken for granted that we could not raise the $38,000,000 needed without borrowing. For that is quite a large sum of money. Without the aid of Wall Street, such a sum could not easily and quickly be raised. We were perfectly good for the money. Two years before we had borrowed $70,000,000. And since our whole property was unincumbered and we had no commercial debts, the matter of lending a large sum to us would not ordinarily have been a matter of moment. In fact it would have been good banking business.

However, I began to see that our need for money was being industriously circulated as an evidence of impending failure. Then I began to suspect that, although the rumors came in news dispatches from all over the country, they might perhaps be traced to a single source. This belief was further strengthened when we were informed that a very fat financial editor was at Battle Creek sending out bulletins concerning the acuteness of our financial condition. Therefore, I took care not to deny a single rumor. We had made our financial plans and they did not include borrowing money.

I cannot too greatly emphasize that the very worst time to borrow money is when the banking people think that you need money.

Go back a bit and see what the conditions were. Along in the early part of 1920 came the first indications that the feverish speculative business engendered by the war was not going to continue. A few concerns that had sprung out of the war and had no real reason for existence failed. People slowed down in their buying. Our own sales kept right along, but we knew that sooner or later they would drop off. I thought seriously of cutting prices, but the costs of manufacturing everywhere were out of control. Labor gave less and less in return for high wages. The suppliers of raw material refused even to think of coming back to earth. The very plain warnings of the storm went quite unheeded.

We Cut the Price of the Car

In June our own sales began to be affected. They grew less and less each month from June on until September. We had to do something to bring our product within the purchasing power of the public, and not only that, we had to do something drastic enough to demonstrate to the public that we were actually playing the game and not just shamming. Therefore in September we reduced the price of the touring car from $575 to $440. We cut the price far below the cost of production, for we were still making from stock bought at boom prices. The cut created a considerable sensation. We received a deal of criticism. It was said that we were disturbing conditions. That is exactly what we were trying to do. We wanted to do our part in bringing prices from an artificial to a natural level. I am firmly of the opinion that if at this time, or earlier, manufacturers and distributors had all made drastic cuts in their prices and had put through thorough housecleanings we should not have had so long a business depression.

Hanging on in the hope of getting higher prices simply delayed adjustment. Nobody got the higher prices they hoped for and if the losses had been taken all at once, not only would the productive and the buying powers of the country have become harmonized, but we should have been saved this long period of general idleness. Hanging on in the hope of higher prices merely made the losses greater, because those who hung on had to pay interest on their high-priced stocks and also lost the profits they might have made by working on a sensible basis. Unemployment cut down wage distribution and thus the buyer and the seller became more and more separated. There was a lot of flurried talk of arranging to give vast credits to Europe — the idea being that thereby the high-priced stocks might be palmed off. Of course the proposals were not put in any such crude fashion, and I think that quite a lot of people sincerely believed that if large credits were extended abroad, even without a hope of the payment of either principal or interest, American business would somehow be benefited. It is true that if these credits were taken by American banks, those who had high-priced stocks might have gotten rid of them at a profit, but the banks would have acquired so much frozen credit that they would have more nearly resembled ice-houses than banks. I suppose it is natural to hang on to the possibility of profits until the very last moment, but it is not good business.

Our own sales, after the cut, increased, but soon they began to fall off again. We were not sufficiently within the purchasing power of the country to make buying easy. Retail prices generally had not touched bottom.

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The public distrusted all prices. We laid our plans for another cut and we kept our production around one hundred thousand cars a month. This production was not justified by our sales, but we wanted to have as much as possible of our raw material transformed into finished product before we shut down. We knew that we would have to shut down in order to take an inventory and clean house. We wanted to open with another big cut and to have cars on hand to supply the demand. Then the new cars could be built out of material bought at lower prices. We determined that we were going to get lower prices.

We shut down in December with the intention of opening again in about two weeks. We found so much to do that actually we did not open for nearly six weeks. The moment that we shut down the rumors concerning our financial condition became more and more active. I know that a great many people hoped that we should have to go out after money — for, were we seeking money, then we should have to come to terms. We did not ask for money. We did not want money. We had one offer of money. An officer of a New York bank called on me with a financial plan which included a large loan and in which also was an arrangement by which a representative of the bankers would act as treasurer and take charge of the finance of the company. Those people meant well enough, I am quite sure. We did not want to borrow money but it so happened that at the moment we were without a treasurer. To that extent the bankers had envisaged our condition correctly. I asked my son Edsel to be treasurer as well as president of the company. That fixed us up as to a treasurer so there was really nothing at all that the bankers could do for us.

Henry Ford on a summer vacation

Then we began our house-cleaning. During the war we had gone into many kinds of war work and had thus been forced to depart from our principle of a single product. This had caused many new departments to be added. The office force had expanded and much of the wastefulness of scattered production had crept in. War work is rush work and is wasteful work. We began throwing out everything that did not contribute to the production of cars.

The only immediate payment scheduled was the purely voluntary one of the seven million dollar bonus to our workmen. There was no obligation to pay but we wanted to pay it on the first of January. That we paid out of our cash on hand.

Throughout the country we have thirty-five branches. These are all assembling plants, but in twenty-two of them parts are also manufactured. They had stopped the making of parts but they went on assembling cars. At the time of shutting down, we had practically no cars in Detroit. We had shipped out all the parts, and during January the Detroit dealers actually had to go as far afield as Chicago and Columbus to get cars for local needs. The branches shipped to each dealer, under his yearly quota, enough cars to cover about a month's sales. The dealers worked hard. During the latter part of January we called in a skeleton organization of about ten thousand men, mostly foremen, sub-foremen, and straw bosses, and started Highland Park into production. We collected our foreign accounts and sold our by-products.

Making Full Production Pay

Then we were ready for full production. And gradually into full production we went — on a profitable basis. The house-cleaning swept out the waste that had both made the prices high and absorbed the profit. We sold off the useless stuff. Before we had employed fifteen men per car per day. Afterward we employed nine per car per day. We made that out by applying the rule that everything and everybody must produce or get out. None of the men who were taken out lost their jobs; they were all shifted into places where they were needed.

We cut our office forces in halves and those who were dropped from the office were offered better jobs in the shops. Most of them took the jobs.

We abolished every order blank and every form of statistics that did not directly aid in the production of a car. We had been collecting tons of statistics because they were interesting. But statistics will not construct automobiles — so out they went.

We took out 60 per cent of our telephone extensions. Only a comparatively few men in any organization need telephones. We formerly had a foreman for every five men; now we have a foreman for every twenty men. The other foremen are working on machines.

We cut the overhead charge from $146 a car to $93

a car, and when you realize what this means on more than four thousand cars a day you will have an idea how, not by economy, not by wage-cutting, but by the elimination of waste, it is possible to make an "impossible" price.

Most important of all, we found out how to use less money in our business by speeding up the turnover. And in increasing the turnover rate, one of the most important factors was the Detroit, Toledo and Ironton Railroad — which we purchased. The railroad took a large place in the scheme of economy. To the road itself I have given another chapter.

We discovered, after a little experimenting, that the freight service could be improved sufficiently to reduce our cycle of manufacture from twenty-two to fourteen days. That is, raw material could be bought, manufactured and the finished product put in the hands of the distributor in (roughly) 33 per cent less time than before. We had been carrying an inventory of around $60,000,000 to insure uninterrupted production. Cutting down the time one-third released $20,000,000, or $1,200,000 a year in interest. Counting the finished inventory, we saved approximately $8,000,000 more — that is, we were able to release $28,000,000 in capital and save the interest on that sum.

On January 1st we had $20,000,000. On April 1st we had $87,300,000 or $27,300,000 more than we needed to wipe out all our indebtedness. That is what boring into the business did for us! This amount came to us in these items:

Cash on hand, January	$20,000,000
Stock on hand turned into cash, January 1st to April 1st	24,700,000
Speeding up transit of goods released	28,000,000
Collected from agents in foreign countries	3,000,000
Sale of by-products	3,700,000
Sale of Liberty Bonds	7,900,000
TOTAL	$87,300,000

Now I have told about all this not in the way of an exploit, but to point out how a business may find resources within itself instead of borrowing, and also to start a little thinking as to whether the form of our money may not put a premium on borrowing and thus give far too great a place in life to the bankers.

We could have borrowed $40,000,000 — more had we wanted to. Suppose we had borrowed, what would have happened? Should we have been better fitted to go on with our business? Or worse fitted? If we had borrowed we should not have been under the necessity of finding methods to cheapen production. Had we been able to obtain the money at 6 per cent flat — and we should in commissions and the like have had to pay more than that — the interest charge alone on a yearly production of 500,000 cars would have amounted to about four dollars a car. Therefore we should now be without the benefit of better production and loaded with a heavy debt. Our cars would probably cost about one hundred dollars more than they do; hence we should have a smaller production, for we could not have so many buyers; we should employ fewer men, and, in short, should not be able to serve to the utmost. You will note that the bankers proposed to cure by lending money and not by bettering methods. They did not suggest putting in an engineer; they wanted to put in a treasurer.

And that is the fallacy of having bankers in business. They think solely in terms of money. They think of a factory as making money, not goods. They want to watch the money, not the efficiency of production. They cannot comprehend that a business never stands still, it must go forward or back. They regard a reduction in prices as a throwing away of profit instead of as a building of business.

Bankers play far too great a part in the conduct of industry. Most business men will privately admit that fact. They will seldom publicly admit it because they are afraid of their bankers. It requires less skill to make a fortune dealing in money than dealing in production. The average successful banker is by no means so intelligent and resourceful a man as is the average successful business man. Yet the banker, through his control of credit, practically controls the average business man.

There has been a great reaching out by bankers in the last fifteen or twenty years — and especially since the war and the Federal Reserve System for a time put into their hands an almost limitless supply of credit. The banker is, as I have noted, by training and because of his position, totally unsuited to conduct of industry. If therefore the controllers of credit have lately acquired this very large power, is it not to be taken as a sign that there is something wrong with the financial system that gives to finance instead of to service the predominant power in industry? It is not the industrial acumen of the bankers that brought them into the management of industry. Everyone will admit that. They are pushed there, willy-nilly, by the system itself. Therefore I personally want to discover whether we are operating under the best financial system.

Now, let me say at once that my objection to bankers has nothing to do with personalities. I am not against a man because he is a banker. We stand very much in need of thoughtful men, skilled in finance. The world cannot go on without banking facilities. We have to have money. We have to have credit. Otherwise the fruits of production could not be exchanged. We have to have capital. Without it there could be no production.

CHAPTER XI

WHY BE POOR?

Poverty springs from a number of causes, the more important of which are controllable. So does special privilege. I think it is entirely feasible to abolish both poverty and special privilege and there can be no question but that their abolition is desirable. Both are unnatural, but it is work, not law, to which we must look for results.

By poverty I mean the lack of reasonably sufficient food, housing, and clothing for an individual or a family. There will have to be differences in the grades of sustenance. Men are not equal in mentality or physique. Any plan which starts with the assumption that men are or ought to be equal is unnatural and therefore unworkable. There can be no feasible or desirable process of leveling down. Such a course only promotes poverty by making it universal instead of exceptional. Forcing the efficient producer to become inefficient does not make the inefficient producer more efficient. Poverty can be done away with only by plenty, and we have now gone far enough along in the science of production to be able to see, as a natural development, the day when production and distribution will be so scientific that all may have according to ability and industry.

The extreme socialists went wide of the mark in their reasoning that industry would inevitably crush the worker. Modern industry is gradually lifting the worker and the world. We only need to know more about planning and methods. The best results can and will be

A winding drive through the Ford estate at Dearborn

brought about by individual initiative and ingenuity — by intelligent, individual, leadership. The government, because it is essentially negative, cannot give positive aid to any really constructive programme. It can give negative aid — by removing obstructions to progress and by ceasing to be a burden upon the community.

The underlying causes of poverty, as I see them, are essentially due to the bad adjustment between production and distribution, both in industry and agriculture — between the source of power and its application. The wastes due to lack of adjustment are stupendous. All of these wastes must fall before intelligent leadership consecrated to service. So long as leadership thinks more of money than it does of service, the wastes will continue. Waste is prevented by far-sighted, not by short-sighted, men.

Short-sighted men think first of money. Therefore they cannot see waste. They think of service as altruistic instead of as the most practical thing in the world. They cannot get far enough away from the little thing to see the big things — to see the biggest thing of all, which is that opportunist production is, from a purely money standpoint, the least profitable.

Service can be based upon altruism, but that sort of service is not usually the best.

Utilization, Not Economy, Avoids Waste

It is not that the industrial enterprises are unable fairly to distribute a share of the wealth which they create. It is simply that the waste is so great that there is not a sufficient share for those engaged, notwithstanding the fact that the product is usually sold at so high a price as to restrict its fullest consumption. Take some of the wastes. Take the wastes of power. The Mississippi Valley is without coal. Through its center pour many millions of potential horse power — the Mississippi River. But if the people by its banks want power or heat they buy coal that has been hauled hundreds of miles and consequently has to be sold at far above its worth as heat or power. Or, if they cannot afford to buy this expensive coal, they go out and cut down trees, thereby depriving themselves of one of the great conservers of water power. Until recently they never thought of the power at hand. This power for a small charge beyond the initial cost of harnessing could heat, light, cook and work for the huge population the valley is destined to support.

The cure of poverty is not in personal economy, but in better production. The "thrift" and "economy" ideas have been overworked. The word "economy" represents a fear. The great and tragic fact of waste is impressed on a mind by some circumstance, usually of a most materialistic kind. There comes a violent reaction against extravagance — the mind catches hold of the idea of "economy." But it only flies from a greater to a lesser evil; it does not make the full journey from error to truth.

Economy is the rule of half-alive minds. There can be no doubt that it is better than waste, neither can there be any doubt that it is not as good as use. People who pride themselves on their economy take it as a virtue. But what is more pitiable than a poor, pinched

mind spending the rich days and years clutching a few bits of metal? What can be fine about paring the necessities of life to the very quick? We all know "economical people" who seem to be niggardly even about the amount of air they breathe and the amount of appreciation they will allow themselves to give to anything. They shrivel — body and soul. Economy is waste; it is waste of the juices of life, the sap of living. For there are two kinds of waste — that of the prodigal who throws his substance away in riotous living, and that of the sluggard who allows his substance to rot from non-use. The rigid economizer is in danger of being classed with the sluggard. Use obtains all the advantages of economy and at the same time gives healthy expression to the instincts of which wastefulness are diseased symptoms. Extravagance is usually a reaction from severe suppression of expenditure. Economy is likely to be a reaction from extravagance.

Everything was given us to use. There is no evil from which we suffer that did not come about through misuse. The worst sin we can commit against the things of our common life is to misuse them. "Misuse" is the wider term. We like to say "waste," but waste is only one phase of misuse. All waste is misuse; all misuse is waste.

Better to Invest Than Save

It is possible even to over-emphasize the savings habit. It is proper and desirable that every one have a margin; it is really wasteful not to have one — if you can have one. But it can be overdone. We teach children to save their money. As an attempt to counteract thoughtless and selfish expenditure, that has a value. But it is not positive; it does not lead the child out into the safe and useful avenues of self-expression or self-expenditure. To teach a child to invest and use is better than to teach him to save. Most men who are laboriously saving a few dollars would do better to invest those few dollars — first in themselves, and then in some useful work. Eventually they would have more to save. Young men ought to invest rather than save. They ought to invest in themselves to increase creative value; after they have taken themselves to the peak of usefulness — then will be time enough to think of laying aside, as a fixed policy, a certain substantial share of income. You are not "saving" when you prevent yourself from becoming more productive. You are really taking away from your ultimate capital; you are reducing the value of one of nature's investments. The principle of use is the true guide. Use is positive, active, life-giving. Use is alive. Use adds to the sum of good.

Personal want may be avoided without changing the general condition. Wage increases, price increases, profit increases, other kinds of increases designed to bring more money here or money there, are only attempts of this or that class to get out of the fire — regardless of what may happen to everyone else. There is a foolish belief that if only the money can be gotten, somehow the storm can be weathered. Labor believes that if it can get more wages, it can weather the storm. Capital thinks that if it can get more profits, it can weather the storm. There is a pathetic faith in what money can do. Money is very useful in normal times, but money has no more value than the people put into it by production, and it can be so misused, it can be so superstitiously worshiped as a substitute for real wealth as to destroy its value altogether.

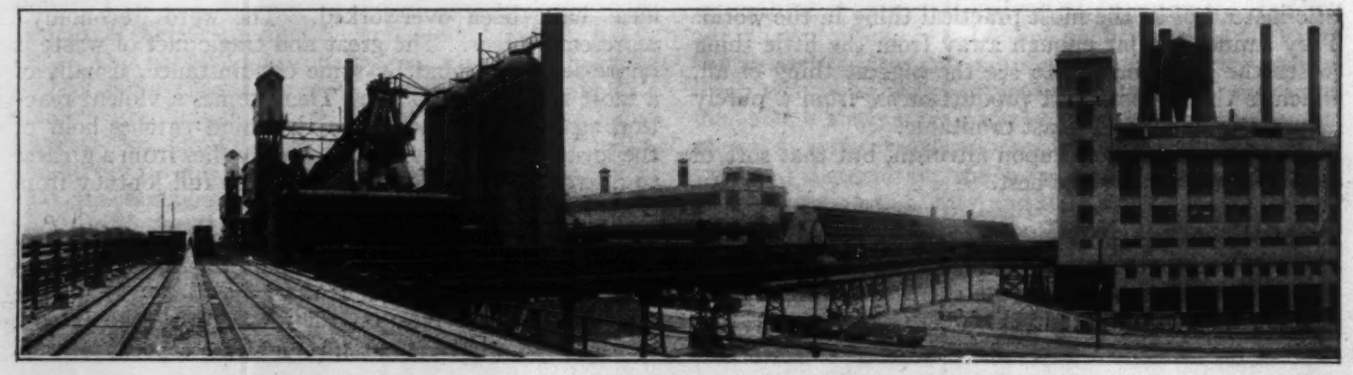
Muscle Shoals Great Unused Power

No, the important thing is not penuriously to save that which we have — to bury our talents. The important thing is to use to the fullest what has been given to us. That is the reason why I became interested in the development of the Muscle Shoals water-power project — because there we find, in the heart of the South, in a region that has not been developed, six hundred thousand potential horse power. There we have a great, unused power. We must use it!

The idea persists that there exists an essential conflict between industry and the farm. There is no such conflict. It is nonsense to say that because the cities are overcrowded everybody ought to go back to the farm. If everybody did so farming would soon decline as a satisfactory occupation. It is not more sensible for everyone to flock to the manufacturing towns. If the farms be deserted, of what use are manufactures? A reciprocity can exist between farming and manufacturing. The manufacturer can give the farmer what he needs to be a good farmer, and the farmer and other producers of raw materials can give the manufacturer what he needs to be a good manufacturer. Then with transportation as a messenger, we shall have a stable and sound system built on service. If we live in smaller communities where the tension of living is not so high, and where the products of the fields and gardens can be had without the interference of so many profiteers, there will be little poverty or unrest.

Look at this whole matter of seasonal work. Take building as an example of a seasonal trade. What a waste of power it is to allow builders to hibernate through the winter, waiting for the building season to come around! And what an equal waste of skill it is to force experienced artisans who have gone into factories to escape the loss of the winter season to stay in the factory jobs through the building season because they are afraid they may not get their factory places back in the winter. What a waste this all-year system has been! If the farmer could get away from the shop to till his farm in the planting, growing and harvesting seasons (it is only a small part of the year, after all), and if the builder could get away from the shop to ply his useful trade in its season, how much better they would be, and how much smoother the world would proceed!

A panorama of the Ford plant at Highland Park, Detroit, Mich.



Suppose we all moved outdoors every spring and summer and lived the wholesome life of the outdoors for three or four months! And what an increase of consumption such a programme would stimulate! We could not have "slack times."

The farm has its dull season. That is the time for the farmer to come into the factory and help produce the things he needs to till the farm. The factory also has its dull season. That is the time for the workmen to go out to the land to help produce food. Thus, we might take the slack out of work and restore the balance between the artificial and the natural.

But not the least benefit would be the more balanced view of life we should thus obtain. The mixing of the arts is not only beneficial in a material way, but also it makes for breadth of mind and fairness of judgment. A great deal of our unrest today is the result of narrow, prejudiced judgment. If our work were more diversified, if we saw more sides of life, if we saw how necessary was one factor to another, we should be more balanced. Every man is better for a period of work under the open sky.

It is not at all impossible. What is desirable and right is never impossible. It would only mean a little team-work — a little less attention to greedy ambition and a little more attention to life.

Those who are rich find it desirable to go away for three or four months a year and dawdle in idleness around some fancy winter or summer resort. The rank and file of the American people would not waste their time that way even if they could. But they would provide the team-work necessary for an outdoor, seasonal employment.

It is hardly possible to doubt that much of the unrest we see about us is the result of unnatural modes of life. Men who do the same thing continuously the year around and are shut away from the health of the sun and the spaciousness of the great out-of-doors, are hardly to be blamed if they see matters in a distorted light. And that applies equally to the capitalist and the worker.

What is there in life that should hamper normal and wholesome modes of living? And what is there in industry incompatible with all the arts receiving in their turn the attention of those qualified to serve in them? It may be objected that if the forces of industry were withdrawn from the shops every summer it would impede production. But we must look at the matter from a universal point of view. We must consider the increased energy of the industrial forces after three or four months in outdoor work. We must also consider the effect on the cost of living which would result from a general return to the fields.

We have, as I indicated in a previous chapter, been working toward this combination of farm and factory and with entirely satisfactory results. At Northville, not far from Detroit, we have a little factory making valves. It is a little factory but it makes a great many valves. Both the management and the mechanism of the plant are comparatively simple because it makes but one thing. We do not have to search for skilled employees. The skill is in the machine. The people of the countryside can work in the plant part of the time and on the farm part of the time, for mechanical farming is not very laborious. The plant power is derived from water.

Another plant on a somewhat larger scale is in building at Flat Rock, about fifteen miles from Detroit. We have dammed the river. The dam also serves as a bridge for the Detroit, Toledo & Ironton Railway, and as a public highway bridge. There was need for a new bridge at that point. We are going to make our glass at this plant. The damming of the river gives sufficient water for the floating to us of most of our raw material. It also gives us our power through a hydro-electric plant. And, being well out in the midst of the farming country, there can be no possibility of crowding or any of the ills incident to too great a concentration of population. The men will have plots of ground or farms, as well as their jobs in the factory, and these can be scattered over fifteen or twenty miles surrounding — for of course nowadays the working man can come to the shop in an automobile. There we shall have the combination of agriculture and industrialism and the entire absence of all the evils of concentration.

The belief that an industrial country has to concentrate its industries is not, in my opinion, well founded. That is only a stage in industrial development. As we learn more about manufacturing and learn to make articles with interchangeable parts, then those parts can be made under the best possible conditions. And these best possible conditions, as far as the employees are concerned, are also the best possible conditions from the manufacturing standpoint. One could not put a great plant on a little stream. One can put a small plant on a little stream, and the combination of little plants, each making a single part, will make the whole cheaper than a vast factory would. There are exceptions, as where casting has to be done. In such case, as at River Rouge, we want to combine the making of the metal and the casting of it and also we want to use all of the waste power. This requires a large investment and a considerable force of men in one place. But such combinations are the exception, rather than the rule, and there would not be enough of them seriously to interfere with the process of breaking down the concentration of industry.

Industry will decentralize. There is no city that would be rebuilt as it is, were it destroyed — which fact is in itself a confession of our real estate of our cities. The city had a place to fill, a work to do. Doubtless the country places would not have approximated their liv-

Another view of the Ford plant at Highland Park, showing the extensive trackage

ableness had it not been for the cities. By crowding together, men have learned some secrets. They would never have learned them alone in the country. Sanitation, lighting, social organization — all these are products of men's experience in the city. But also every social ailment from which we today suffer originated and centers in the big cities. You will find the smaller communities living along in unison with the seasons, having neither extreme poverty nor wealth — none of the violent plagues of upheaval and unrest which afflict our great populations. There is something about a city of a million people which is untamed and threatening. Thirty miles away, happy and contented villages read of the ravings of the city! A great city is really a helpless mass. Everything it uses is carried to it. Stop transport and the city stops. It lives off the shelves of stores. The shelves produce nothing. The city cannot feed, clothe, warm, nor house itself. City conditions of work and living are so artificial that instincts sometimes rebel against their unnaturalness.

And, finally, the overhead expense of living or doing business in the great cities is becoming so large as to be unbearable. It places so great a tax upon life that there is no surplus over to live on. The politicians have found it easy to borrow money and they have borrowed to the limit. Within the last decade the expense of running every city in the country has tremendously increased. A good part of that expense is for interest upon money borrowed; the money has gone either into non-productive brick, stone and mortar, or into necessities of city life, such as water supplies and sewage systems at far above a reasonable cost. The cost of maintaining these works, the cost of keeping in order great masses of people and traffic is greater than the advantages derived from community life. The modern city has been prodigal, it is today bankrupt, and tomorrow it will cease to be.

The provision of a great amount of cheap and convenient power — not all at once, but as it may be used — will do more than anything else to bring about the balancing of life and the cutting out of that waste which breeds poverty. There is no single source of power. It may be that generating electricity by a steam plant at the mine mouth will be the most economical method for one community. Hydro-electric power may be best for another community. But certainly in every community there ought to be a central station to furnish cheap power — it ought to be held as essential as a railway depot or a water supply. And we could have every great source of power harnessed and working for the common good were it not that the expense of obtaining capital stands in the way. I think that we shall have to revise some of our notions about capital.

Capital that a business makes for itself, that is employed to expand the workman's opportunity and increase his comfort and prosperity, and that is used to give more and more men work, at the same time reducing the cost of service to the public — that sort of capital, even though it be under single control, is not a menace to humanity. It is a working surplus held in trust and daily use for the benefit of all. The holder of such a capital can scarcely regard it as a personal reward. No man can view such a surplus as his own, for he did not alone create it. It is the joint product of his whole organization. The owner's idea may have released all the energy and direction, but certainly it did not supply all the energy and direction. Every workman was a partner in the creation. No business can possibly be considered only with reference to today and to the individuals engaged in it. It must have the means to carry on. The best wages ought to be paid. A proper living ought to be assured every participant in the business — no matter what his part. But, for the sake of that business ability to support those who work in it, a surplus has to be held somewhere. The truly honest manufacturer holds his surplus profits in that trust. Ultimately it does not matter where this surplus be held nor who controls it; it is its use that matters.

Capital that is not constantly creating more and better jobs is more useless than sand. Capital that is not constantly making conditions of daily labor better and the reward of daily labor more just, is not fulfilling its highest function. The highest use of capital is not to make more money, but to make money do more service for the betterment of life. Unless we in our industries are helping to solve the social problem, we are not doing our principal work. We are not fully serving.

CHAPTER XII

The Tractor and Power Farming

It is not generally known that our tractor, which we call the "Fordson," was put into production about a year before we had intended, because of the Allies' war-time food emergency, and that all of our early production, aside, of course, from the trial and experimental machines, went directly to England. We sent in all five thousand tractors across the seas in the critical 1917–18 period when the submarines were busiest. Every one of them arrived safely, and officers of the British Government have been good enough to say that without their aid England would scarcely have met its food crisis.

It was these tractors, run mostly by women, that plowed up the old estates and golf courses and let all England be planted and cultivated without taking away from the fighting man power or crippling the forces in the munition factories.

It came about in this way. The English food administration, about the time that we entered the war in 1917, saw that with the German submarine torpedoing a freighter almost every day, the already low supply of shipping was going to be totally inadequate to carry the American troops across the seas, to carry the essential munitions for these troops and the Allies, to carry the food for the fighting forces, and at the same time carry enough food for the home population of England. It was then that they began shipping out of England the wives and families of the colonials and made plans for the growing of crops at home. The situation was a grave one. There were not enough draft animals in all England to plow and cultivate land to raise crops in sufficient volume to make even a dent in the food imports. Power farming was scarcely known, for the English farms were not, before the war, big enough to warrant the purchase of heavy, expensive farm machinery, and especially with agricultural labor so cheap and plentiful. Various concerns in England made tractors, but they were all heavy affairs and mostly run by steam. There were not enough of them to go around. More could not easily be made, for all the factories were working on munitions, and even if they had been made they were too big and clumsy for the average field and in addition required the management of engineers.

We had put together several tractors at our Manchester plant for demonstration purposes. They had been made in the United States and merely assembled in England. The Board of Agriculture requested the Royal Agricultural Society to make a test of these tractors and report. This is what they reported:

"At the request of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, we have examined two Ford tractors, rated at 25 h. p., at work ploughing:

"First, cross-ploughing a fallow of strong land in a dirty condition, and subsequently in a field of lighter land which had seeded itself down into rough grass, and which afforded every opportunity of testing the motor on the level and on a steep hill.

"In the first trial, a 2-furrow Oliver plough was used, ploughing on an average 5 inches deep with a 16-inch wide furrow; a 3-furrow Cockshutt plough was also used at the same depth with the breast pitched 10 inches.

"In the second trial, the 3-furrow plough was used, ploughing an average of 6 inches deep.

"In both cases the motor did its work with ease, and on a measured acre the time occupied was 1 hour 30 minutes, with a consumption of 2⅛ gallons of paraffin per acre.

"These results we consider very satisfactory.

"The ploughs were not quite suitable to the land, and the tractors, consequently, were working at some disadvantage.

"The total weight of the tractor fully loaded with fuel and water, as weighed by us, was 23¼ cwts.

"The tractor is light for its power, and, consequently, light on the land, is easily handled, turns in a small circle, and leaves a very narrow headland.

"The motor is quickly started up from cold on a small supply of petrol.

"After these trials we proceeded to Messrs. Ford's works at Trafford Park, Manchester, where one of the motors had been sent to be dismantled and inspected in detail.

"We find the design of ample strength, and the work of first-rate quality. We consider the driving-wheels rather light, and we understand that a new and stronger pattern is to be supplied in future.

"The tractor is designed purely for working on the land, and the wheels, which are fitted with spuds, should be provided with some protection to enable them to travel on the road when moving from farm to farm.

"Bearing the above points in mind, we recommend, under existing circumstances, that steps be taken to construct immediately as many of these tractors as possible."

The report was signed by Prof. W. E. Dalby and F. S. Courtney, engineering; R. M. Greaves, engineering and agriculture; Robert W. Hobbs and Henry Overman, agriculture; Gilbert Greenall, honorary directors. and John E. Cross, steward.

Almost immediately after the filing of that report we received the following wire:

"Have not received anything definite concerning shipment necessary steel and plant for Cork factory, Stop. Under best circumstances however Cork factory production could not be available before next spring, Stop. The need for food production in England is imperative and large quantity of tractors must be available at earliest possible date for purpose breaking up existing grass land and plowing for fall wheat, Stop. Am requested by High Authorities to appeal to Mr. Ford for help, Stop. Would you be willing to send Sorensen and others with drawings of everything necessary loaning them to British Government so that parts can be manufactured over here and assembled in Government factories under Sorensen's guidance, Stop. Can assure you positively this suggestion is made in national interest and if carried out will be done by the Government for the people with no manufacturing or capitalist interest invested and no profit being made by any interests whatever, Stop. The matter is very urgent, Stop. Impossible to ship anything adequate from America because many thousand tractors must be provided, Stop. Ford Tractor considered best and only suitable design, Stop. Consequently national necessity entirely dependent Mr. Ford's design, Stop. My work prevents me coming America to present proposal personally, Stop. Urge favourable consideration and immediate decision because every day is of vital importance, Stop. You may rely on manufacturing facility for production here under strictest impartial Government control, Stop. Would welcome Sorensen and any and every other assistance and guidance you can furnish from America, Stop. Cable reply, Perry, Care of Harding "Podrome," London.

"Podrome."

I understand that its sending was directed by the British Cabinet. We at once cabled our entire willingness to lend the drawings, the benefit of what experience we had to date, and whatever men might be necessary to get production under way, and on the next ship sent Charles E. Sorensen with full drawings. Mr. Sorensen had opened the Manchester plant and was familiar with English conditions. He was in charge of the manufacture of tractors in this country.

We Make Tractors for England

Mr. Sorensen started at work with the British officials to the end of having the parts made and assembled in England. Many of the materials which we used were special and could not be obtained in England. All of their factories equipped for doing casting and machine work were filled with munition orders. It proved to be exceedingly difficult for the Ministry to get tenders of any kind. Then came June and a series of destructive air raids on London. There was a crisis. Something had to be done, and finally, after passing to and fro among half the factories of England, our men succeeded in getting the tenders lodged with the Ministry.

Lord Milner exhibited these tenders to Mr. Sorensen. Taking the best of them the price per tractor came to about $1,500 without any guarantee of delivery.

"That price is out of all reason," said Mr. Sorensen. "These should not cost more than $700 apiece."

Left to right: Mr. and Mrs. Edsel Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison

"Can you make five thousand at that price?" asked Lord Milner.

"Yes," answered Mr. Sorensen.

"How long will it take you to deliver them?"

"We will start shipping within sixty days."

They signed a contract on the spot, which, among other things, provided for an advance payment of twenty-five per cent of the total sum. Mr. Sorensen cabled us what he had done and took the next boat home. The twenty-five per cent payment was, by the way, not touched by us until after the entire contract was completed: we deposited it in a kind of trust fund.

The tractor works was not ready to go into production. The Highland Park plant might have been adapted, but every machine in it was going day and night on essential war work. There was only one thing to do. We ran up an emergency extension to our plant at Dearborn, equipped it with machinery that was ordered by telegraph and mostly came by express, and in less than sixty days the first tractors were on the docks in New York in the hands of the British authorities. They delayed in getting cargo space, but on December 6th, 1917, we received this cable:

"London, December 5th, 1917.

Sorensen,

Fordson, F. R. Dearborn

First tractors arrived, when will Smith and others leave. Cable.

Perry."

The entire shipment of five thousand tractors went through within three months, and that is why the tractors were being used in England long before they were more than barely known in the United States.

The planning of the tractor really antedated that of the motor car. Out on the farm my first experiments were with tractors, and it will be remembered that I was employed for some time by a manufacturer of steam tractors — the big, heavy road and thresher engines. But I did not see any future for the large tractors. They were too expensive for the small farm, required too much skill to operate, and were much too heavy as compared with the pull they exerted. And anyway the public was more interested in being carried than in being pulled; the horseless carriage made a greater appeal to the imagination. And so it was that I practically dropped work upon a tractor until the automobile was in production. With the automobile on the farms, the tractor became a necessity. For then the farmers had been introduced to power.

The farmer does not stand so much in need of new tools as of power to run the tools that he has. I have followed many a weary mile behind a plow and I know all the drudgery of it. What a waste it is for a human being to spend hours and days behind a slow-moving team of horses when in the same time a tractor could do six times as much work. It is no wonder that doing everything slowly and by hand the average farmer has not been able to earn more than a bare living while farm products are never as plentiful and cheap as they ought to be.

As in the automobile, we wanted power — not weight. The weight idea was firmly fixed in the minds of tractor makers. It was thought that excess weight meant excess pulling power — that the machine could not grip unless it were heavy. And this in spite of the fact that a cat has not much weight and is a pretty good puller. I have already set out my ideas on weight. The only kind of tractor that I thought worth working on was one that would be light, strong and so simple that any one could run it. Also it had to be so cheap that any one could buy it.

With these ends in view, we worked for nearly fifteen years on a design and spent some millions of dollars in experiments. We followed exactly the same course as with the automobile. Each part had to be as strong as it was possible to make it, the parts had to be few in number, and the whole had to admit of quantity production. We had some thought that perhaps the automobile engine might be used and conducted a few experiments with it. But finally we became convinced that the kind of tractor we wanted and the automobile had practically nothing in common. It was the intention from the beginning that the tractor should be made as a separate undertaking from the automobile and in a distinct plant. No plant is big enough to make two articles.

The automobile is designed to carry; the tractor is designed to pull. And that difference in function made all the difference in the world in construction. The hard problem was to get bearings that would stand up against the heavy pull. We finally got them and a construction which seems to give the best average performance under all conditions. We fixed upon a four-cylinder engine that is started by gasoline but runs thereafter on kerosene. The lightest weight that we could attain with strength was 2,425 pounds. The grip is in the lugs on the driving wheels — in the claws of the cat.

In addition to its strictly pulling functions, the tractor to be of the greatest service had also to be designed for work as a stationary engine so that when it was not out on the road or in the fields it might be hitched up with a belt to run machinery. In short, it had to be a compact, versatile power plant. And that it has been. It has not only plowed, harrowed, cultivated and reaped, but it has also threshed, run grist mills, saw mills, and various other sorts of mills, pulled stumps, plowed snow, and done about everything that a plant of moderate power could do, from sheep shearing to printing a newspaper. It has been fitted with heavy tires to haul on roads, with sledge runners for the woods and ice and with rimmed wheels to run on rails. Its use in ninety-five distinct lines of service has been called to our attention and probably we know only a fraction of the uses.

We have used the tractor ourselves in no end of ways. During the coal shortage when the shops at Dearborn were shut down we printed the *Dearborn Independent* with a tractor. We sent a tractor down to the electrotyping factory, stationed it in an alley, ran a belt up four stories and set the electro plant going.

The mechanism of the tractor is even more simple than that of the automobile, and it is manufactured in exactly the same fashion. Up until the present year, the production has been held back by the lack of a suitable factory. The first tractors had been made in the plant at Dearborn which is now used as an experimental station. That was not large enough to effect the economies of large scale production, and it could not well be enlarged because the design was to make the tractors at the River Rouge plant and that, until this year, was not in full operation. Now that plant is completed for the making of tractors. The work flows exactly as with the automobile. Each part is a separate departmental undertaking and each part as it is finished joins the conveyor system which leads it to its proper initial assembly and eventually into the final assembly. Everything moves and there is no skilled work. The capacity of the present plant is one million tractors a year. That is the number we expect to make — for the world needs inexpensive, general-utility power plants more now than ever before — and also it now knows enough about machinery to want such plants.

The first tractors, as I have said, went to England. They were first offered in the United States in 1918 at $750. In the next year, with the higher costs, the price had to be made $885; in the middle of the year it was possible again to make the introductory price of $750. In 1920 we charged $790; in the next year we were sufficiently familiar with the production to begin cutting. The price came down to $625, and then in 1922, with the River Rouge plant functioning, we were able to cut to $395. All of which shows what getting into scientific production will do to a price. Just as I have no idea how cheaply the Ford automobile can eventually be made, I have no idea how cheaply the tractor can eventually be made.

It is important that it shall be cheap. Otherwise power will not go to all the farms. And they must all of them have power. Within a few years a farm depending solely on horse and hand power will be as much of a curiosity as a factory run by a treadmill. The farmer either must take up power or go out of business. The cost figures make this inevitable. During the war the Government made a test of a Fordson tractor to see how its costs compared with doing the work with horses. The figures on the tractor were taken at the high price plus freight. The depreciation and repair items are not so great as the report sets them forth, and even if they were the prices are cut in halves — which would therefore cut the depreciation and repair charges in halves. These are the figures:

COST, FORDSON, $880. WEARING LIFE, 4,800 HOURS AT 4/5 ACRES PER HOUR, 3,840 ACRES	
3,840 acres at $880; depreciation per acre	$0.221
Repairs for 3,840 acres, $100; per acre	.026
Fuel cost, kerosene at 19c.; 2 gals. per acre	.38
¾ gal. oil per 8 acres; per acre	.075
Driver, $2 per day, 8 acres; per acre	.25
Cost of plowing with Fordson; per acre	$0.95

8 HORSES, COST, $1,200. WORKING LIFE, 5,000 HOURS AT 4/5 ACRES PER HOUR, 4,000 ACRES	
4,000 acres at $1,200, depreciation of horses, per acre	$0.30
Feed per horse, 40c. (100 working days) per acre	.40
Feed per horse, 10c. a day (265 idle days) per acre	.265
Two drivers, two gang plows, at $2 each per day, per acre	.50
Cost of plowing with horses; per acre	$1.465

Taking the prices which prevail at the time of writing, the cost per acre would be about 40c instead of 95c and the cost of depreciation and repairs would be only 10c. This does not take into account the time saved by the human beings concerned. The tractor plowing takes about one quarter of the time needed by horse plowing and requires only the strength and skill necessary to start the motor. Plowing is now just a matter of motoring across a field!

Farming in the old style is rapidly fading into a picturesque memory. This does not mean that work is going to be removed from the farm. Work cannot be removed from any life that is productive. But power-farming does mean this — drudgery is going to be removed from the farm. Power-farming is simply taking the burden from flesh and blood and putting it on steel. We are in the opening years of power-farming. The motor car wrought a revolution in modern farm life, not because it was a vehicle, but because it had power. Farming ought to be something more than a rural occupation. It ought to be the business of raising food. And when it does become a business the actual work of farming the average sort of farm can be done in twenty-one days a year. The other days can be given over to other kinds of business. Farming is too seasonal an occupation to engage all of a man's time.

As a food business farming will justify itself as a business if it raises food in sufficient quantity and distributes it under such conditions as will enable every family to have enough food for its reasonable needs. There could not be a food trust if we raised such overwhelming quantities of all kinds of food as to make manipulation and exploitation impossible. The farmer who limits his planting plays into the hands of the speculators.

And then, perhaps, we shall witness a revival of the small flour-milling business. It was an evil day when the village flour mill disappeared. Co-operative farming will become so developed that we shall see associations of farmers with their own packing houses in which their own hogs will be turned into ham and bacon and with their own flour mills in which their grain will be turned into commercial foodstuffs.

Why a steer raised in Texas should be brought to Chicago and then served in Boston is a question that cannot be answered as long as all the steers the city needs could be raised near Boston. The centralization of food-manufacturing industries, entailing enormous costs for transportation and organization, is too wasteful long to continue in a developed community.

We shall have as great a development in farming during the next twenty years as we have had in manufacturing during the last twenty.

The concluding instalment of this series will be published in the October McCLURE'S *and will deal at length with Mr. Ford's views on the Railroad question, with notable personalities such as Mr. Edison and John Burroughs, and, above all, "What we may expect in coming years."*

The Wedding Gift

An explorer's tale of the head-hunters of South America

By Wolcott Le Cléar Beard

Illustrated by J. D. Gleason

THE narrator's name does not matter. He was one of the many civil engineers who prefer to work and wander in the earth's more remote corners. To him, as to Balzac, life even in its tragic aspects presented itself as a grim but amusing comedy. He regaled us with the following account of an act in that comedy, apropos of something that was said, one languorous, moonlit night on the deck of a dirty little inter-island steamer in the China Sea.

Tennyson was pulling old stuff when he remarked in "Locksley Hall" that he'd like to go *fanti,* become a squaw-man and thenceforward lead the untrammeled life. Most of us have felt that way at times, but very few of us really would like it, as Lord Alfred realized himself a few verses farther on. And anyway it isn't practical any more, so far as the United States is concerned, because the Indians have given over the untrammeled life and are getting all fussed up with trousers and telephones and unearned increment and things. But if one goes south, around Latitude Zero — well, that's different.

Those Greenwich Village nuts that one reads about, who are always talking about self-expression, and living their own lives, and all that, ought to emigrate to Ecuador, and try to hitch up with the Jivero Indians. Not that they'd be likely to succeed. The Jiveros are an exclusive lot. Very.

But the points I was trying to make are these. No man really wants to marry a savage woman, unless he's a savage himself. What he's normally after is a girl of his own sort, who'll want much the same things that he does. And when he gets her, the queer thing is that though they both will still want the same things, the things will be quite different from those that they wanted before.

That's what put me in mind of the Jiveros.

I don't think there ever were more than three white people who had much first-hand knowledge of the Jiveros. Four, maybe, in a manner of speaking. But one of them is in the past tense, so we'll call it three.

Old Professor Samson and his daughter were two of those three people. The other was Jimmy Steele. The man who didn't count was Von Adelberg. Carl Von Adelberg. Baron Carl Von Adelberg. All of them made a business of hunting bugs, or orchids, or both. How it was that the professor and Nanny Samson ever gained the standing that they had with those Jiveros was something of a mystery. There was none concerning the standing of Von Adelberg; he never had any. And when Jimmy Steele won their friendship it so happened that I was with him.

It was like this. The Jiveros, as I suppose you know, range through a considerable stretch of country, but their range centers on the valley of the Rio Napo, and its edge is only two or three days' ride down the mountains from Quito, the capital. It's quite safe to go that far — to the edge, I mean. I was down that way on my own, prospecting and doing a little trading with the savages on the side. They bring out coarse, placer gold, and will swap a condor quill full of it — about ten dollars' worth — for a machete. . . . I came across Jimmy, who was hunting those orchids of his, and we camped together.

Our camp was at the toe of some foothills, beside a brook. It wasn't a wide brook, but it was nearly bank-full just then, on account of the warm weather having melted the snow on a lot of the Andean peaks. We were just breakfasting, I remember, when two of the Jiveros, coming to trade with us, reached the farther bank.

I never had seen either of them before. One was elderly, one young and both were fine looking, as Jiveros frequently are. The older one made no attempt to reach us, but stopped when he came to the stream, gave some quills of gold to the younger one and sat down to rest. The young fellow took a run and leaped.

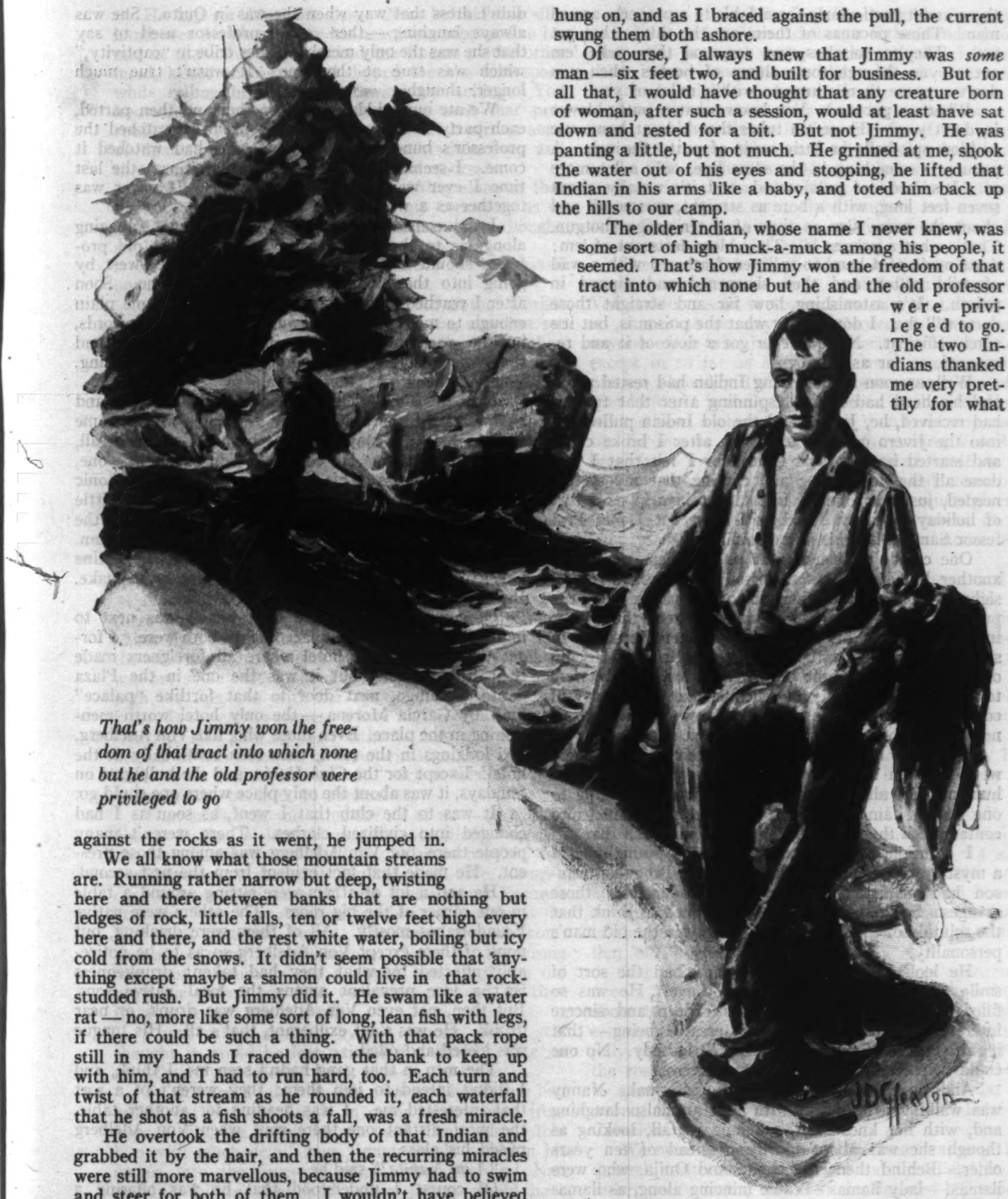
It was a beautiful leap. I held a broad jump record myself, back in my college days, but I'm sure this fellow beat it. And it was so graceful. Like the grace of a greyhound, united with the deftness of an apothecary's cat, when jumping into a windowful of bottles without ever touching one of them. Have you ever seen a cat do that? Then you know what I mean.

I let out a whoop of applause, but I don't think that made the trouble. The young fellow lighted, fair and square, on the particular boulder he had picked out of that mess of boulders. He made an unlucky selection, that's all. For the stone turned under his feet. He tried to right it, and regain his balance. For an instant it looked as though he might succeed. But he didn't. He fell — and fell wrong.

You know how it is when you fall, if you expect to get away with it and not get hurt. You have to let yourself go more or less limp, and of course have to look out for your landing, if you can. This young chap did neither of those things, because he was trying to claw back to his balance. So his head struck another rock, and he was swept down that current as though he had been one of its bubbles.

The place where he had made his leap was a little above me. I grabbed a pack rope, and ran to the bank, coiling the line as I ran, but it was no good. The young fellow was stunned, and anyway I probably would have been too late; he was swept by me before I got close enough for a throw.

Then it was that Jimmy Steele got busy — but no, that isn't quite right. He started before I did, but I hadn't seen him till then. He sprinted down the bank, and as that senseless body floated past, grinding



That's how Jimmy won the freedom of that tract into which none but he and the old professor were privileged to go

against the rocks as it went, he jumped in.

We all know what those mountain streams are. Running rather narrow but deep, twisting here and there between banks that are nothing but ledges of rock, little falls, ten or twelve feet high every here and there, and the rest white water, boiling but icy cold from the snows. It didn't seem possible that anything except maybe a salmon could live in that rock-studded rush. But Jimmy did it. He swam like a water rat — no, more like some sort of long, lean fish with legs, if there could be such a thing. With that pack rope still in my hands I raced down the bank to keep up with him, and I had to run hard, too. Each turn and twist of that stream as he rounded it, each waterfall that he shot as a fish shoots a fall, was a fresh miracle.

He overtook the drifting body of that Indian and grabbed it by the hair, and then the recurring miracles were still more marvellous, because Jimmy had to swim and steer for both of them. I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen. A hundred times I thought they were gone; thought that the way the rocks set in connection with their course, couldn't mean anything but certain death; and yet, after Jimmy took hold of that Jivero boy, I don't think he got a bruise.

Then, just ahead of them, there appeared a sort of eddy — a place, that is, where the water wasn't quite so fierce. I saw it in time, and by legging it the very best I knew, managed to reach it an instant before they did. I flung the rope. Jimmy grabbed it, hung on, and as I braced against the pull, the current swung them both ashore.

Of course, I always knew that Jimmy was *some* man — six feet two, and built for business. But for all that, I would have thought that any creature born of woman, after such a session, would at least have sat down and rested for a bit. But not Jimmy. He was panting a little, but not much. He grinned at me, shook the water out of his eyes and stooping, he lifted that Indian in his arms like a baby, and toted him back up the hills to our camp.

The older Indian, whose name I never knew, was some sort of high muck-a-muck among his people, it seemed. That's how Jimmy won the freedom of that tract into which none but he and the old professor were privileged to go. The two Indians thanked me very prettily for what little I had done; the Jivero is a gentlemen, in his own way. But my part in the rescue wasn't, of course, important enough — not anywhere near — to win for me a privilege such as was extended to Jimmy. So I never went into the Jivero country. And one doesn't go into that region without an invitation. Not if one expects to come out all in one piece.

They have spears, of course, stabbing spears with a point at each end and also throwing spears. But

those aren't particularly formidable to a properly armed man. Those pocunas of theirs are the things that get you. They're noiseless, you see, and they poke 'em out at you through some clump of bushes when you don't suppose there's anyone within miles of you.

What's a pocuna? You know what a putty-blower is, don't you? Those tin tubes that kids at home use to blow spit-balls or little wads of putty through. A pocuna is something in the same line, only a lot more so. It's made of palm wood, and it's usually about seven feet long, with a bore as straight, as smooth and about the same size as that of a ten-gauge shotgun. That's what a pocuna is. They blow darts out of 'em; darts made of a bamboo splinter, feathered with a wad of wild cotton and then sharpened and dipped in poison. It's astonishing how far and straight those darts will fly. I don't know what the poison is, but it's surely efficient. Nobody ever got a dose of it and recovered, so far as I know.

Well, as soon as the young Indian had rested a bit, and his head had stopped spinning after that tunk it had received, he, Jimmy and the old Indian pulled out into the Jivero country, and soon after I broke camp and started back toward Quito, for I felt that I had done all the prospecting and trading that my system needed, just then, and I had taken the trip as a sort of holiday, anyhow. And as I went out I met Professor Samson and his party coming in.

One couldn't mistake that party; there never was another like it. I was surprised when I first caught sight of them, on the other side of the valley. For the professor's trips, and the intervals between them, during which he got his notes and specimens in shape to send back to the Smithsonian, or the British Museum or wherever they might be intended for, usually were taken with a regularity of schedule like that of a well conducted steamship line, and I knew that it wasn't nearly time for him to start on the next one.

They saw me also, and waved their hands. There were seven in the party, all told, but only three were human. Yet all had somehow the air of belonging to one happy family. Every creature that came into contact with the old professor seemed to catch that air.

I mentioned before that there was something of a mystery concerning the way in which Professor Samson had managed to gain the confidence of those savages. So there was. But I'm inclined to think that the solution of that mystery lay simply in the old man's personality.

He looked like Santa Claus, and had the sort of smile that Santa Claus ought to have. He was so filled with human kindness — with deep and sincere interest in the welfare of every created being — that it fairly radiated from his punchy little body. No one could help feeling it. Not even a Jivero.

And there he came, laughing — as usual. Nanny was walking arm-in-arm with him and also laughing and, with her knee skirt and long pigtail, looking as though she was about fourteen instead of ten years older. Behind them Planchette and Ouija, who were llamas — lady llamas — came mincing along, as llamas do, together with Raguel and Edna, the two burros. Last of all walked Felai, laughing and swapping chaff with the professor and Nanny.

Felai was an important member of that group. She was a Jivero — or a Jivera, I suppose one ought to say, since she was a girl. A nice looking girl, too, with her big eyes and her skin like *café au lait*. She was a sort of combination maid-companion of Nanny's. Now, going into the jungles, she wore the costume of her tribe, and a very limited costume it was, but she didn't dress that way when she was in Quito. She was always laughing — then. The professor used to say that she was the only member of her tribe in "captivity," which was true at the time. It wasn't true much longer, though.

We ate our midday meal together and then parted, each party to retrace the other's path. I watched the professor's bunch when it went as I had watched it come. I seemed to have a hunch that it was the last time I ever would see it, as a whole. It never was together as a whole, after that journey.

I did considerable wondering, as I went plugging along, as to the reason why the methodical old professor should knock his usual schedule galley-west by going into the jungle country ahead of time. Soon after I reached Quito, though, the reason became plain enough to me. Not that I was told in so many words, but no one who knew the professor, and who had the sense God gave a mosquito, could help knowing. Von Adelberg was the reason.

Now this Von Adelberg wasn't at all the coarse and burly creature that one usually associates with a name such as his. He may not have been a German at all, for aught I know. He certainly didn't look like one, and the rottenness of his character wasn't the Teutonic sort of rottenness. He was small and dapper, with little hands and feet. In all ways he was far more like the worst sort of Frenchman or Italian than like a German. Most of all like the least desirable kind of Levantine Greek; and that is the strongest statement I can make. But it's a good description, and a true one.

Of course, I didn't like him, but it was next to impossible to avoid him, placed as we both were. I forget the name of the hotel where all foreigners made their headquarters, but it was the one in the Plaza Santo Domingo, next door to that fortlike "palace" built by Garcia Morena — the only hotel worth mentioning in the place. Even those who, like Von Adelberg, had lodgings in the town, were seen continually at the hotel. Except for the *Club Unión*, and the bullfights on Sundays, it was about the only place where one could go.

It was to the club that I went, as soon as I had changed into civilized clothes. There weren't many people there, but Von Adelberg was among those present. He made that fact evident from the first second.

He and a lot of others were sitting around a table in one corner of the big room. The others were native Ecuadorianos mostly. All of them were drinking, but none of them except Von Adelberg so as to be noticeably affected by what they had taken; drunkenness isn't a vice prevalent among the local native sons. But then, not even Von Adelberg was drunk, or near drunk. He was a bit exuberant, that's all. His tongue was loosed and oiled.

The men in that gang hadn't seen me, I think, and I didn't intend to join them; they weren't of a sort that interested me. I was heading for another table, the most distant one there was, when Von Adelberg raised his glass.

"*A mi Nanita!*" said he.

Of course I understood that he was offering a toast, in Spanish, "To my Nanny," but I don't think it would have occurred to me that the great ass meant Nanny Samson if it hadn't been for the conversation that followed.

"Has the lady, then, proved less unkind, and at last consented?" asked one of the chaps at Von Adelberg's table.

"With her lips — no!" answered Von Adelberg. "She has had no chance to tell me anything with her lips. But with her eyes — ah-h!"

He had set down his glass. Now he laid one silly hand over the place where his heart was supposed to be, and at the same time bunched the fingers of the other hand, kissed their tips and flipped the kiss into space while rolling his own eyes toward the ceiling. You know how he did it; everybody has seen that proceeding. It's the regular manner in which certain sorts of Spanish-speaking people express ecstatic joy; and that conversation was in Spanish, of course.

I had changed my mind about sitting alone at that distant table. Instead I changed my course so as to bear down on that bunch. Not hurrying though; strolling.

"How about that young man James Steele?" asked one of Von Adelberg's companions.

"Bah! A blind! In order that old Father Christmas of a professor, who does not like me, may not see that she has given me her heart," was the reply; then the little ass lifted his glass again, and gave another toast.

"To the future Baroness Von Adelberg!"

Now, one isn't supposed to talk of such things in a club, of course, and in Spanish America this rule of conduct is lived up to with especial strictness, usually. But even so, when one came to consider who the principal speaker was, no great harm had been done. Absolutely no disrespect was intended. Such was his colossal conceit that the little rotter actually believed what he said; and I could readily understand how that conceit of his had deceived him.

Nanny wasn't by any means a raving beauty; yet there was something much more than mere prettiness about that countenance of hers, which was rather like the one that Du Maurier gave to Trilby. I think it was her smile that counted most. She smiled not only with her lips, but with her eyes, and the rest of her face. It seemed to express a love and good will for all creation like that of her father's, but yet different because it was adjusted to the meridian of a wholesome girl's mind that is clean, as all such minds are, with a cleanliness peculiar to themselves.

That smile was the same for all of us — except for Jimmy Steele. Neither he nor she ever tried to conceal the fact that they were dead spoons on each other, and wouldn't have succeeded if they had tried. We, Nanny's countrymen, were never in any doubt as to Nanny's attitude, but Von Adelberg couldn't comprehend it. Not in a thousand years. The seeds of such comprehension weren't in his nature. So he got the wrong idea, and presumed, and annoyed Nan until the old professor pulled out into the interior ahead of time in order to get rid of it all.

I was rather amused by his conceit, but I still thought it would be less painful if deflated. Like an air blister, you know. So I tried to puncture it.

To this end I told him that Nan and her father had pulled out into the jungle in order to get away from him; a thing he hadn't known until then. Also I told him with much detail, how Jimmy Steele had won his entrée into the Jivero country, where he and Nan couldn't fail to meet, and where Jimmy would have an uninterrupted field.

Can you imagine the "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness" that this news aroused in the Adelbergian breast? Try! For the moment even leave the girl entirely out of the question, and think what it meant to Von Adelberg when his rival was admitted to that bug-and-orchid hunter's Promised Land, while to Von Adelberg it was if anything rather more unattainable than that other Promised Land featured by Christian preachers.

Anyway, I fear I made rather a mistake in speaking as I did — before Von Adelberg's little friends, and all that. His wounded vanity was so sore that I honestly think it may have thrown him a bit off what mental balance he might ever have had.

I hardly saw him after that day, except at a distance, and then always in the company of men, largely natives, of a cut below that which would be admitted to the Club in the Plaza Mayór. But very soon there were stories, attributed to him, which filtered through intervening strata until they reached us — me, and other English speaking men, a handful of whom happened to be loafing in Quito at that time.

They were lies, all of them. Malicious lies of the meanest sort, because they coupled Nan's name with Von Adelberg's in so vague a manner that it left one no chance to do anything. Moreover, there wasn't anyone of us who had the authority to do anything, except in so far as any decent man is authorized to protect a good girl's name. There wasn't one of us who wouldn't joyfully have gone to the bat for Nan if we had seen a chance. But we didn't see any, so all we did was to wait for one, while cursing Von Adelberg from every angle that presented itself to our minds, and wishing that Jimmy Steele would come back. For Jimmy was a simple-minded sort, much given to direct action. We hoped he might be moved to take Von Adelberg to pieces, in order to see what made his wheels go 'round.

Then Jimmy, together with the professor, and the professor's party did come out of the jungle, and with them who should appear but the young Jivero whom Jimmy had rescued! Cainalón was his name. I don't think it had anything to do with "Cain," or with any other word not in his native language; it was just his name. Cainalón had attached himself — nominally — to Jimmy even as Felai was attached to Nan.

I say "nominally" because anybody who saw Felai and Cainalón together never would be troubled by any doubt as to where the real attachment lay. They had been sweethearts from childhood, I understand; and when she had come back after her contact with civilization, she fairly bowled him over, I fancy. In short, affairs between that pair of young savages were pretty much the same as those between Jimmy and Nan.

But — well — we all have heard about the bumps in the course of true love. There's a lot of truth in that old wheeze.

Not that the bumps made themselves apparent at once. They didn't. As usual, the professor's house, about two miles out of the city proper, was our social center, and for a time things went on in the same jolly old way. Then the first faint crimp appeared in the rose leaf of our common life. Nan's face began to grow anxious, and when we asked her what was wrong, she told us frankly. It was Felai. Felai and Cainalón.

We none of us then knew the exact cause of their quarrel. Afterwards we understood that Felai became rather cocky in the way that she flaunted her superior knowledge of the ways of civilization in the face of Cainalón. But that doesn't matter; the important point lies in the facts that they did quarrel, which gave Von Adelberg a chance to get in his fine work. And he did get it in — for fair!

Those vague slanders we formerly had heard, sank back, out of earshot, after Jimmy got back, and for a time no new ones developed. When they did develop, though, they came in a form far more deadly than the former ones had worn.

She smiled not only with her lips, but with her eyes and the rest of her face

These new slanders weren't to be traced to any loose talk of Von Adelberg's. Quite the contrary. They came from men — perfectly decent and truthful men, among many others — who regretfully told of having seen Nan in Von Adelberg's company, and in any number of places. There were women, also, some of them former friends of hers who said they had seen her always from a distance and always going into or coming out of native *tambos, chicherias* or the like. That is, places where food and drink, especially drink, were to be had, and where even men, of the sort we knew, wouldn't willingly be seen, and where no decent white girl in her senses would ever for an instant dream of going under any circumstances.

Of course, these stories weren't true, and we, who were Nan's closest friends, knew that they weren't. By this I mean not only were we morally sure, but were absolutely so. Sure in the sense that we could have given legal evidence to that effect. There were times, for example, when she had been so reported when in fact she was talking with a lot of us in her father's house.

Didn't we make this knowledge public? Of course we did. Good and plenty. But what good did it do? We were credited with trying to shield Nan, that was all. One chap — another engineer — got hold of Von Adelberg, and questioned him, with generous offers of bodily injury if he didn't answer the questions, but the only result was that Von Adelberg solemnly denied ever originating such tales — and neither he had, as far as we knew. So that line of endeavor was of no more use than our talk had been.

They were no joke, those days, while the scandal grew and grew like that beanstalk in the old fairy tale. You see, we few, bound together by common racial blood in a land of strangers, were like a single family, and Nan was really like a sister to us all, except her father and Jimmy Steele. Her troubles were ours, and those troubles were greater than a girl ought to be called upon to bear. It's not overstating the case to say that she became a social outcast. It's easy enough to say that one ought to disregard scandal of that sort, but it's not a thing that can be disregarded.

At all events Nanny couldn't disregard it. It preyed on her mind so that she became ill, and so morbid that she broke her engagement with Jimmy, on the ground that she loved him too well to allow him to tie himself up with a girl whose reputation was lost.

Tommyrot? Sure! But Nan meant what she said, and having said it, she shut herself up in her own rooms and wouldn't see or receive word

from Jimmy, or us, or anyone else. Then Von Adelberg departed on one of his orchid hunts, which we looked upon as very bad news because, as we figured it, his absence reduced our chance of tracing those scandals to the vanishing point. So we were good and miserable, every last one of us.

This included Cainalón and Felai, the two Jiveros, which was, in my opinion, quite the best thing that could have occurred. It caused them to get together, and make up their quarrel. Then things began to happen. The first thing, so far as the rest of us knew, happened the very next morning, at daybreak. It was this way.

I hadn't slept much, for I was worrying. Waking at dawn, I got up and dressed, after a fashion, because, though Quito is only eight miles from the equator, it also is more than eleven thousand feet above the sea, and therefore the morning air is cold. Then I sat down at the open window, to smoke a pipe and straighten out my thoughts if I could, while the sun rose over the Plaza Santo Domingo.

As first my eyes ranged over the quaint little park, I saw something that gave me a start at first. I thought it was Nanny Samson, sitting on one of the benches to my left, over against the Sucre statue. It was just the color of a frock I had seen her wear. But it wasn't Nan. Her face was not to be seen — nor, for that matter, was any other face. That thing on the bench began to trouble me, because I couldn't make out what it was.

Then an Indian woman — an ordinary Quichua Indian, of course — came swinging across the park on her way to early mass in the church on one side of the Square. I watched her as she approached that puzzling object. I saw her stop, look, hesitate and move closer. Then, with the wildest shriek of abject terror I ever heard, she threw her arms over her eyes and ran, stumbling blindly and still shrieking, for the shelter and protection of the church.

Those yells woke up everybody, even the police. I was among the first to rush out and reach that object that had so frightened the Quichua woman. No wonder it had! It was Nanny's frock, right enough. But in it was a corpse — a headless corpse and not an Indian's corpse, either, with two bare joints of its cervical vertebræ sticking up through the ruching that once had encircled Nanny's neck, propped in a sitting position on that bench.

Was I puzzled? Yes; but not much and not for long. I left that to the police. I knew instantly that it wasn't Nanny's body; the hands told me. By the time the authorities discovered that it was the body of a man, I had a pretty strong hunch that the man was Von Adelberg. When it transpired that Felai and Cainalón had been missing since the day before, I felt that I could reconstruct the whole series of occurrences almost as though I had been present at every scene.

What blazing idiots we had been! It was all so simple. We had known that Nan had given clothes to Felai; and Felai wasn't the first maid, and wouldn't be the last, to borrow other clothes without permission in order to make an impression.

Yet in some way it wasn't so strange that we — and everyone else — were deceived. Who would suppose that a man, of the position that Von Adelberg claimed, could descend so far as to make love to a jungle woman simply in order to blacken the name of the girl whom he had hoped to marry? And who would have supposed that such a woman, a member of one of the most savage tribes on earth, would ever adopt such a plan for arousing the jealousy of her equally savage lover? For that is all there was to Felai's conduct. Women of the Jiveros run straight, or else they're killed. And Felai wasn't killed.

I don't suppose that Von Adelberg ever was allowed to reach the city limits when he started on his orchid hunt. But that characteristically Jivero joke, disposing of his body in such a way, gave the refutation of the scandals exactly the publicity that was needed. The warm-hearted Quiteños tumbled over each other, and literally with tears tried to make amends. Nothing would serve but that Nan and Jimmy should be married in the old cathedral, with enough "pomp and ancientry" for a national hero.

But a final manifestation of the Jivero sense of humor, which is peculiar but effective, was yet to come.

It was the day before the wedding. Jimmy and I were sitting in his room when a waiter came bearing a letter and a little package which, he said, had been brought by a strange Indian who beat it as soon as he delivered them. Jimmy read the letter, laughed, swore and tossed it to me. I've kept it ever since; it's so funny. Here it is. I'll translate.

> Most Esteemed Sir:-
>
> It is not well that women of our tribe should clothe themselves after the manner of your radiant lady. It tempts wicked men to make fools of them. We send, for a wedding gift, a souvenir of such a man, which may adorn your house, and serve as an object lesson for your children, of which we hope you will have many.
>
> For we love you deeply,
> Cainalón and Felai,
> By the hand of P. Valdez,
> Clerk of City Court, Ybarra, Ecuador.

The town of Ybarra, you know, is on the way to the Jivero country. The souvenir? Oh, yes; I forgot. It was Von Adelberg's head, beautifully cured by that secret process of the Jiveros. Shrunk, you know, so that it was about the size of a baked apple, and looked something like one, but with the features so preserved that anyone who knew Von Adelberg in life couldn't fail to recognize him instantly. But Nan didn't want to adorn her house with it, so Jimmy gave it to me. I have it among my traps, down in the hold. I'll show it to you, when we get ashore.

But the point that I'm making is this. I've told you something of the life which those people led. It was as interesting and adventurous a life as there could be, and they loved it, then. But now all three are living in a little Connecticut town. The professor writes articles for scientific journals. Jimmy helps to run his father's hosiery mills. Nan keeps house. They're happy as clams, and have about as exciting a time.

Can you understand it? Of course you can't. But it's true — so there you are!

Doings at Scotland Yard

By Sir Basil Thomson

The British Criminal Investigation Department, the official title of the organization better known as Scotland Yard, was never busier than in the period—embracing the World War—from 1913 to 1921. Sir Basil Thomson, head of Scotland Yard during those eight years, tells in the following article and in one to appear in the October issue of McClure's, of the work of the "Yard" in dealing with espionage and plots of wartime, in checking the movements of more than 1100 known criminals who enlisted in the British army and in combatting German intrigue throughout its possessions.

Women do not make good spies, Sir Basil declares, and in reviewing the histories of some of the most celebrated cases, reveals the characteristics that unfit them for this work. Sabotage, espionage in diplomatic services and intrigue in widely scattered parts of the world, figure in the many cases Scotland Yard was compelled to solve, while Sir Basil was chief, to aid the cause of the Allies.

IN a century after we, with our war weariness, are dead and gone the Great War will be a quarry for tales of adventure, of high endeavour and of splendid achievement. When that time comes even some of the humbler actors who play their part in these pages may be seen through a haze of romance. The list of those to whom my thanks are due is too long to set out in a preface. It would include the names of my admirable staff, of sailors, soldiers and civilians of many countries besides our own in almost every walk of life and even of a few of our late enemies. No drama, no film story yet written has been so enthralling as our daily repertory on the dimly-lighted stage set in a corner of the granite building in Westminster.

In 1915 eleven hundred habitual criminals were known to be fighting; more than seventy had been killed. One of these had stood his trial for murder and had been condemned to death but his sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life and in due course he had been set at liberty on license. He was one of the first to answer the call. In one case an ex-warder serving as a private recognised in his sergeant a former prisoner who had been in his ward but, like a wise man, he held his tongue. One "old lag" did give a comrade away. The Colonel of a certain battalion had chosen as his sergeant-major an old soldier who had rejoined, who feared nobody and was a strict disciplinarian. All went well until one day a corporal asked for a private interview with the Colonel and imparted to him the news that the sergeant-major was an ex-convict. It turned out that he had attempted to trade upon this knowledge with the sergeant-major himself but had failed and now he was having his revenge. Having made his revelation the corporal deserted, knowing that his sergeant-major was no less redoubtable with his fists than he was with his tongue.

Watching the Soldier-Convicts

The police who had the duty of supervision over ex-convicts drew the line only at the Royal Army Medical Corps. It was their duty to prevent crime wherever possible and it was not considered fair to men of these antecedents to place them in the way of temptation in the shape of the kit and valuables of the dead and wounded. There were, of course, a few back-sliders. Many of the men gravitated to the Lines of Communication rather than to the trenches and there were cases of the purloining of stores and rations and comrades' property. Generally, however, the punishment awarded by Court Martial was suspended and the men were given another chance in the trenches.

In one case a man who had been convicted for burglary won the Victoria Cross. He volunteered on a night of heavy rain to crawl to the enemy's trenches alone and silence a machine gun post. He told the officer before he left that if he did not return in half an hour the company was free to open fire, "and never mind me." Just before the interval expired he dropped back into his own trench, plastered with mud from head to foot. Returning again to the front after the award of the V. C., he was killed in action. I knew the man — a rough, silent, Lancashire lad, who had come to grief, I believe, through a love of adventure, and who was as free from egotism, pose and self-consciousness as any of the men I knew. When the Great Book is opened his crimes, such as they were, will, I think, be found erased on the debit side of his account and the Recording Angel will have set down virtues which had but a tardy recognition while he walked this earth.

The Criminal Investigation Department was called upon to provide trained men for the personnel of the Intelligence Corps in France. They were the nucleus of what afterwards became an important body — the Intelligence Police, who took control of the passenger traffic at the ports and of *contre espionage* on the lines of communication. Several of them who obtained commissions reverted quite cheerfully to the rank of sergeant of police after the Armistice. One of them whose work in London had been the detection of white slave traffickers was detailed to protect the Commander-in-Chief, Lord French. In the street of G. H. Q. he recognised a Swiss whose deportation from England had been due to his investigations. He followed the man, who went straight to Lord French's quarters. He stopped him on the door-step and taxed him with his identity. There, at least, one would have said that the capture was important, but no! It turned out that the man had been engaged by someone who knew nothing of his unsavoury character as an assistant to the chef.

Elliott The Forger

One of the great dangers at the beginning of the war was the form of the first Treasury Notes. It was recognised that if these were forged in any quantities, public confidence in the currency would be shaken and people might refuse to accept our paper money as legal tender. In 1915 the expected forgeries began to appear. It was reported that a considerable quantity of the "G" series of £1 and 10s. Od Treasury Notes was being circulated in London. The method was that a man would go down a street calling at small shops, buying some inexpensive trifle and tendering a note, for which he

took the change in silver. Specimens of the notes showed the forgery to be remarkably good. No one but an expert could have detected the imposition, especially at dusk, which was the time of day usually chosen for passing the notes. We felt that we were on our metal. After a week or two information reached us, no matter how, that an ex-convict named Elliott was the distributor, though not the printer, of the notes, for which his price was half the face value. At this price he was prepared to sell any number to persons whom he could trust. It was his practice to make the sales on Saturdays, for on Fridays he disappeared to some mysterious rendezvous whence he obtained the notes. Now, Elliott could have been arrested at any moment, but it was no good arresting him while the printer remained undiscovered, for a man who could reproduce a watermark that would almost pass muster by daylight would most certainly not discontinue his operations because a minor confederate had been arrested. All our efforts, therefore, were turned towards the discovery of the printer. One of our own men bought some of the counterfeits and, in order to convince the forgers of his good faith, it was necessary that he should pass them. It was impossible, of course, that he should pass counterfeits, and therefore the counterfeits had to be exchanged for genuine notes, a very expensive proceeding when it extended over several weeks. But the matter was growing serious. It was computed that at least sixty thousand pounds worth of false Treasury Notes had been put into circulation, and it was necessary to spend a considerable sum in unearthing the conspiracy. A free hand was given to me and then events began to go a little quicker. It was found that Elliott used to meet a few other choice spirits for card-playing at a little office in Jermyn Street. He had been traced one Friday to a paper merchant, where he bought the very best kind of typewriting paper, and the samples we obtained showed that such paper had been used in the forgeries after the false watermark had been impressed upon it. We knew also when he had left his flat in a taxi with the paper, but further enquiries showed that this taxi did not carry him to any particular destination: it was stopped in mid-street and paid off and from that moment all trace of Elliott was lost. But that evening there he was at the card party and there, too, was our man. As the evening wore on a few friends dropped in and among them a young man who lost his stakes and always paid in little sums that suggested change for a 10s. 0d note; it was also noticed when he was staking his money that his fingers were stained with printer's ink. When he had left the place in disgust our man drew a bow at a venture. "I used to know that young fellow," he said: "he used to be a clerk in your old registry office in Leicester Square." "No, he was not," replied Elliott, shortly, "you are mistaken." But our man persisted. "I remember him quite well now; his name was Brown." "You are mistaken. He was never a clerk. He is a printer and his name is Williams."

With this slender clue the police proceeded to scour London for a printer named Williams and at last, on a wooden gate in an unpretentious street in North London they discovered the almost obliterated inscription, "Williams, Printer." The gateway led into a yard and from it ran a little carriage road through a tunnel under the house to a stable and coach-house in the rear. But this gate seemed permanently to be locked. The police now rented a window on the other side of the street and sat down to wait. Three days passed; Friday approached and as dusk fell the watchers saw Elliott come down the street and kick on the door. A few seconds later it was opened from inside and Elliott disappeared. Then Chief Inspector Fowler, who was in charge of the case, marshalled his men about the door and waited until it should open again. The delay seemed interminable, but at last, long after dark, the door did open and Elliott was in their midst.

The Chancellor "Turns Forger"

Never in its history had that quiet street been startled by such an uproar. Elliott was wheeling 'round, spouting streams of £1 notes from his pockets like some sort of centrifugal machine and emitting wild beast howls which were intenden to alarm his partner in the stable. The whole neighborhood was raised. The street was carpeted with notes like autumn leaves and Elliott's resistance had resulted only in a modification of his features, that would have puzzled his nearest friends. The police, too, had not gone unscathed. When Elliott had been secured they vaulted the gate, went through the tunnel and knocked on the stable door. It was opened by a young man in his shirt-sleeves who, on seeing the police, fell flat on the floor in a faint. The place was crammed with machinery; notes still damp were lying on the press and it was observed that the forger had gone one better than the legitimate printer by introducing into his die a numbering device. You had only to turn the handle of the press to forge £1 notes until your arms tired. There was, besides, a very ingenious device for water marking, which must not be divulged. Nor was this all. When this forger's den came to be searched there were found lithographic stones on which had been printed certain forged postage stamps that had formed the subject of a criminal action some years before. In fact, this expert printer had been making a fine art of forgery for some years. The next morning I visited the place with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Sir John Bradbury, whose signature was on every Treasury Note, and then and there, while Sir John fed in the paper, the Chancellor of the Exchequer turned the handle. It was the first instance in history in which the Chancellor has been guilty of forging currency. The notes were so good that when they took specimens from the press they thought it well to write "Forged" in large letters across each note for fear they should get mixed up with genuine notes. Steps were at once taken to issue a new note which would be proof against fabrication.

The Indian Committee in Berlin

In the middle of October, 1915, very definite evidence reached us of the extent of the German-Indian conspiracy and the length the conspirators were preparing to go. The Indian Committee in Berlin was established quite early in the war. After his expulsion from the United States, Har Dayal, who had been conducting the "Ghadr" ("Mutiny") newspaper in California, went to Switzerland and, on the outbreak of war, he, Chattopadhya, and some other Indian revolutionaries who were living in Switzerland, accompanied him to Berlin. At first the Germans, feeling that they had them quite in their power, treated them with some contempt, but this attitude changed when one or two Germans, who posed as Indian experts, persuaded the Government to found an Indian Committee to concert measures for starting a revolution in India under a German President. They had a Press Bureau and a regular working scheme for corrupting the loyalty of Indian prisoners-of-war. Still, though tons of paper and lakes of ink were consumed, no headway was being made until March, 1915, when an Indian land-owner named Pertabr conceived the plan of going over to the Germans in the character of an Indian Prince. He

had some slight claim to this self-assumed title since he was the son of a deposed ruler of a small native State. Having obtained a passport from the Indian Government on the backing of a man whose loyalty was unquestioned, he arrived in Switzerland from Marseilles and lost no time in communicating with Har Dayal, who took him to see the German Consul. Now it does not take much to deceive a German official about Oriental matters. Pertabr wore native dress and was aloof and condescending. In fact, his haughtiness was exactly what the German Consul would have expected from a Rajah. When pressed to enter the Fatherland, Pertabr declared firmly that he would not cross the German frontier until he had a promise that the Kaiser would receive him in person. This arrangement suited Har Dayal admirably, for he would become the intermediary between the two potentates and the springs of money would begin again to flow. After several journeys to and from Berlin an audience was arranged. It was characteristic of the German Consul that he besought Pertabr in all humility to say a good word for him to the All Highest when he should enter the Presence.

No doubt Pertabr had day-dreams of himself mounted on a fiery white steed at the head of conquering bands as the new liberator of India. At Delhi he would receive the homage of the native Princes. He may have imbued the Kaiser with some of these ideas, though one cannot imagine that the Imperial mind had any day-dreams of Oriental conquests in which some other man was to prance on a white horse; but, however this may be, a mission did start for Kabul, headed by "Prince" Pertabr with three German officers and several released Indian prisoners of war, to raise the Amir against India. They passed through Constantinople during the first week of September and then they disappeared into space. It was learned afterwards that they got no further than Afghanistan and that the fragments of the mission were reported many months later to be wandering as homeless outcasts about Central Asia.

The Kaiser's Message to India

That was not the end of the German attempts upon India. Some few months later there came into our hands an autograph letter addressed by the Kaiser to the ruling Princes in India, which had been photographed down to a size little exceeding that of a postage stamp and enclosed in a tiny tube to be concealed about the body. The belief in German circles was that Persia was about to rise on the side of Germany and that that would be the signal for the invasion of India by the Afghans.

The headquarters of the Indian conspirators who were being manipulated by the Germans in America were at Berkeley, California. It was there that the "Ghadr" ("Mutiny") newspaper was printed in the vernacular and arrangements were made for shipping arms to India at German expense. It took many months to convince the California Police Authorities that there were ample grounds for taking action under the neutrality laws, but when they did move they moved to some purpose. The two Indian leaders were arrested. When they were brought to trial one of them, convinced from the intimate knowledge of his secret activities disclosed by the prosecution that the other had turned informer, slipped a pistol from his pocket and shot his companion in open court. But in the Western States such incidents do not disturb the presence of mind of Assize Court officials: the deputy-sheriff whipped an automatic from his pocket and from his elevated place at the back of the Court, aiming above and between the intervening heads, shot the murderer dead. And so, in less than ten seconds the sentence which the Judge was about to pronounce was more than executed.

The Germans are not naturally fitted to acquire an influence over Orientals, though they have tried hard to do it. The Kaiser, who was a master of pantomimic display rode into Jerusalem properly clad as a New Crusader. He conformed to such Oriental customs as were considered compatible with his dignity and he was getting on quite well until some vulgar-minded non-German Europeans set the natives laughing at him. Ridicule kills more surely than the assassin's knife.

I remember a rather pompous Proconsul who was determined to impress the natives of the Pacific Island by stage-management. He happened to be a D. C. L. of Cambridge and, in addition to his gilded Civil Service uniform he arrayed himself in the scarlet robe of a D. C. L., and stalked solemnly under the palm trees with two little native boys carrying his train. The natives had never seen anything quite so gorgeous and all went well until the procession had to pass a store kept by a certain ribald Englishman with an extensive knowledge of the vernacular. It was enough for him to utter one phrase in the native language to scatter all the official pomp to the four winds. The comment ran down the whispering gallery to the furthest recesses of the Island and, instead of the awed hush on which the Proconsul had counted, he was received with broad and rather pitying smiles. That finished any prestige that he might have had in this particular group.

It was so once with a French Naval Post Captain who determined to overawe the natives with a display of Naval force. To this end he landed a considerable force of bluejackets and began to drill them on shore. He had a peculiar strut in his walk which fired the imagination of a small native boy who had been born lacking in a sense of reverence. As the Captain marched proudly at the head of his men he became conscious that there was something about him which was provoking roars of merriment among the spectators. He began furtively to pat various parts of his anatomy to see whether there had been a mishap to his clothing and it was not for some time that he realized that just behind him was a small boy caricaturing his every movement. That little episode settled the French question.

Partial Success in Tripoli

But I am wandering far from my subject, which was German intrigues in the Orient. Some little time before the War, German agents had made great play with the tribes in the hinterland of Tripoli, and when War was declared they did succeed in producing in the Seanssi a hostile spirit against the Allies. In 1916 an English ship of war was sunk by a submarine off the North African coast. As usual, the German Commander made no attempt to save the crew, but officers and men to the number of about 100 did succeed in getting ashore. They found themselves in an inhospitable sandy desert, with nothing but what they stood up in and with no means of communicating with the outside world. For all that was known, the ship had been sunk with all hands.

The first step, of course, was to get something to eat and drink. A little way inland they found a well, but there was a dead camel in it. At first they thought that the death of the camel might have been recent and they hauled him up with the idea of eating him, but the first cut with a knife was enough and they left him where he was, and yet forty-eight hours later some of

them were glad to eat of this loathsome food, or go under.

Very soon after their landing they fell into the hands of Senussi Arabs, who gave them almost nothing to eat and insisted upon their marching inland under the pitiless sun half dead with hunger and thirst. At last they reached a little village presided over by what they took to be a Mohammedan Priest, but the bluejackets nicknamed him "Holy Joe." "Holy Joe" was a holy terror. He drove these wretched men out in the morning under the lash to till his fields and he gave them next to nothing to eat. Fortunately, the desert in these parts grew snails — great grey-shelled monsters — in prodigious numbers, and it was part of the routine to bring in from the fields a quota of these snails for the evening meal. The cook became quite expert in the management of snails. There was no lid to the pot and there was not enough fuel to bring the water to the boil before putting in your snails, so you put them in cold and poured water upon them, or what passed for water in these parts, and lighted the fire. As the pot warmed up, the snails, not unnaturally, tried to get out, and the cook had to spend his time in heading them back again. When the evening meal was ready the snails had left their shells and lay a muddy and unappetising mass at the bottom of the soup. That is what our wretched men had to live upon for months, and as time wore on the hunting grounds were further afield. They had eaten all the snails for furlongs 'round the plantations.

Once the Commander made an attempt to escape in order to report the existence of the prisoners to someone who would communicate with Egypt, but he failed. He had, however, written appeals to the Turkish Authorities for more food and it was through one of these appeals that deliverance came.

Everyone remembers the fine exploit of the Duke of Westminster with his fleet of armoured cars — how he scattered a Turkish Army and how he carried terror into the hearts of the Tribesmen. Now it chanced that on the evening of the action some of his men discovered a derelict motor-car and searched it and that, in the course of the search, they lighted upon a dirty piece of paper and brought it in to the Duke. It was actually one of the Commander's appeals, and it gave the name of the village. Thus, for the first time certain rumours that British prisoners were detained by the Senussi were confirmed. But now came a fresh difficulty. No one knew where the viliage was. It was not marked in any of the maps and one could not scour the desert in every direction to find what might be a mythical village. Enquiries were made of the Turkish prisoners and at last one was found who had heard of the village. In fact, his father had once taken him there when he was a little boy, but all he remembered of it was that on the hill above it there was a single date tree and under the date tree an ancient stone well. He thought that it lay in the direction to which he pointed.

The Duke Would Not Turn Back

This prisoner was taken up on one of the light cars as a guide. For many hours they ploughed the sand and then there was a council of war. They had petrol not much more than sufficient for the return journey. If they went any further they might have to leave the car behind them, but the Duke would not turn back. Whatever happened he meant to find this village and to rescue the prisoners, and so they went on, and a very few minutes later the guide uttered a loud cry, sprang from the car and lay grovelling in the sand. "An ambush!" everyone said, and they covered him with their rifles in order that, if any had to die, he should be the first, but it was no ambush. With keener sight than theirs he had spied the single date palm. They took him up again and drove to the palm. He jumped down and dug at the sand like a dog, until he disclosed the coping of an ancient well, and a few yards further they came in sight of the village.

The company of prisoners were just sitting down to discuss their evening snails when a bluejacket came in breathless to say that he had seen a "blinking motor-car." Either he was pulling their legs or he had a touch of the sun, and in either case the best treatment was to throw stones at him, which they did, but he persisted and at last a few of them broke away from the circle to reconnoitre. There, sure enough, in the slanting rays of the sun *was* a motor-car. They ran towards it hailing it as loudly as they could, and they in the car itself, seeing a party of gaunt and vociferous natives almost naked in their rags, were for keeping them at a safe distance. It was not until they recognized the English language that they knew they were fellow countrymen.

Normally, the story stops there, but a bluejacket who was one of the party added a little postscript of his own. Before they left the village there was a little account to settle — a little matter of account with "Holy Joe," who had wielded the whip over them all these months. He winked and he nodded and he would say no more, but it was gathered that "Holy Joe" did not go out of this world with a smile upon his face.

Women Spies

It is no disparagement of the sex to say that women do not make good spies. Generally they are lacking in technical knowledge and therefore are apt to send misleading reports through misunderstanding what they hear. Their apologists have urged that one of their most amiable qualities, compunction, often steps in at the moment when they are in a position to be most useful; just when they have won the intimacy of a man who can really tell them something important they cannot bring themselves to betray his confidence.

Throughout the war, though women spies were convicted, no woman was executed in England. In France there were one or two executions apart from any that may have taken place near the Front, where espionage was highly dangerous. The case of Margaret Gertrud Zeller, better known as Matahari ("Eye of the Morning") has overshadowed all the other cases. Her father was a Dutchman who, while in the Dutch East Indies, married a Javanese woman. He brought her home to Holland and there the daughter became known as an exponent of a form of voluptuous Oriental dancing that was new to Europe at that time. She was tall and sinuous, with glowing black eyes and a dusky complexion, vivacious in manner, intelligent and quick in repartee. She was, besides, a linguist. When she was about twenty she married a Dutch Naval Officer of Scottish extraction named MacLeod, who divorced her. She was well known in Paris and until the outbreak of war she was believed to be earning considerable sums of money by her professional engagements. She had a reputation in Holland, where people were proud of her success and, so cynics said, of her graceful carriage which was rare in that country.

In July, 1915, she was fulfilling a dancing engagement in Madrid, when information reached England that she was consorting with members of the German Secret Service and might be expected before long to be on her way back to Germany *via* Holland. This actually happened early in 1916. The ship put into

Falmouth and she was brought ashore, together with her very large professional wardrobe, and escorted to London. I expected to see a lady who would bring the whole battery of her charms to bear upon the officers who were to question her. There walked into the room a severely practical person who was prepared to answer any question with a kind of reserved courtesy, who felt so sure of herself and of her innocence that all that remained in her was a desire to help her interrogators. The only thing graceful about her was her walk and the carriage of her head. She made no gestures and, to say truth, time had a little dimmed the charms of which we had heard so much, for at this time the lady must have been at least forty.

I have said that she was openness itself. She was ready with an answer to every question and of all the people that I examined during the course of the war she was the "quickest in the uptake." If I quoted to her the name of some person in Spain with whom it was compromising to be seen in conversation she was astounded. He a suspect? Surely we must be mistaken.

"I see how it is," she said at last, "you suspect me. Can I speak to you alone?" The room was cleared of all but one officer and myself. She looked at him interrogatively.

"I said, 'Alone.'"

"Yes," I replied, "This gentleman and I may be regarded as one person."

"Very well," she said, "then I am going to make a confession to you. I am a spy, but not, as you think, for the Germans, but for one of your Allies — the French."

I do not know to this moment whether she thought we would believe her, but she plunged then into a sea of reminiscence, telling us of the adventures she had undergone in pursuit of the objects of her employers. I wondered how many of them were true.

We had altogether two long interviews with Mata-hari and I am sure that she thought she had had the best of it. We were convinced now that she was acting for the Germans and that she was then on her way to Germany with information which she had committed to memory. On the other hand, she had no intention of landing on British soil or of committing any act of espionage in British jurisdiction, and with nothing to support our view we could not very well detain her in England; so at the end of the second interview I said to her, "Madame," (she spoke no English) "we are going to send you back to Spain and if you will take the advice of someone nearly twice your age, give up what you have been doing." She said, "Sir, I thank you from my heart. I shall not forget your advice. What I have been doing I will do no more. You may trust me implicitly," and within a month of her return to Spain she was at it again.

This time she was captured on the French side of the frontier and, as I heard at the time, with compromising documents upon her. I should have thought that so astute a lady would have avoided documents at all hazards. They carried her to Paris, put her on her trial and on July 25th, 1916, condemned her to death, but there was, as there is usually in such cases, an interminable delay, and it was not until October 15th that she was taken from Saint Lazare Prison to Vincennes for execution. A French officer who was present described to me what happened. She was awakened at 5 o'clock in the morning and she dressed herself in a dark dress trimmed with fur, with a large felt hat and lavender kid gloves. With an escort of two soldiers, her counsel and a padre, she was driven to Vincennes. When she came into sight of the troops she gently put aside the ministrations of the padre and waved a salute to the soldiers. She refused to be blindfolded and she was in the act of smiling and greeting the firing party when the volley sent her pagan spirit on its journey.

Fräulein Blume and Her Trunks

Another lady who was taken off a ship in transit from Rotterdam to Barcelona was the cause of diplomatic remonstrances. She was a German named Lisa Blume and she was accompanied by an aged German duenna who had been a governess in her earlier years. Attention was first called to Fräulein Blume by the enormous quantity of baggage she was carrying. She had no fewer than seventeen trunks filled, for the most part, with expensive clothes, which hardly seemed to fit in with her story that she was housekeeper to a member of the German Embassy in Madrid. She was most indignant at her treatment and she refused to answer any questions at all. Her duenna, however, was more communicative. Fräulein Blume, she said, was the daughter of a railway official in Germany, and though undoubtedly housekeeper, she was also in confidential relations with the Counsellor of the Embassy. When we came to search her baggage we discovered a ration of nine Iron Crosses, which she appeared to be conveying to the personnel of the German Embassy. There was reason to believe, moreover, that she was the bearer of messages, probably committed to memory, from the German Government to their representatives. Under these circumstances we interned her and retained the decorations, but the duenna was allowed to proceed upon her journey. We thought it likely that the incident would not be allowed to pass without comment and in due course representations were received from two neutral Powers who, when the true relations of Fräulein Blume with her employer were explained, appear to have dropped the question rather hurriedly.

Towards the end of 1915 some very remarkable telegrams were handed in at Malta. They were a meaningless jumble of words and evidently a code, and it was decided that the sender was a woman who called herself Madame Marie Edvige de Popowitch, a Serb who had come to Malta for the state of her health. She looked astonishingly well for an invalid. Her flow of eloquence was reported to be extraordinary. Among her effects was found a Dutch dictionary in which certain words were underscored, and some of these words occurred in the telegrams. On probing the possibility of this dictionary providing a code, it was found that the messages that were to have been despatched to a certain port in the Mediterranean detailed the sailing of steamers from Malta. It was decided to send her to England to be dealt with and she was put on board H. M. S. "Terrible," together with two canaries from which she refused to be separated. The voyage was stormy in more than one sense and the Captain did his best to placate his prisoner, but it was whispered that on one occasion when he went to listen to her complaints about her rations she flung a beef-steak full in his face.

It was with this reputation that she came before us. On that occasion three officers were present besides myself. The lady entered my room calm but determined. She was one of the shortest women I have ever seen and certainly the broadest. Sitting in the low armchair her head scarcely reached to the top of the table, but it would have been a mistake, I saw at once, to treat her as negligible in any other respect.

She spoke French. In the earlier stages of our interview I was "ce Monsieur," at a later stage I was "ce maudit policeman." It was my rather searching enquiry into her reasons for possessing an ancient Dutch dictionary that provoked the change.

Out-Talking Scotland Yard

The difficulty was that when any question was put to her she never stopped talking even to take breath. Her voice rose and rose until the very walls reverberated with it. I do not know what a welkin is, but I am quite sure that if we had had one over our heads that morning it would have rung. Her excitement rose with her voice and, finding herself at the usual disadvantage in sitting in a low chair, she got up from it and came nearer and nearer until her gesticulations began narrowly to miss our faces. There was a point at which one of the officers with me began unostentatiously to remove the paper-knives, pens, rulers and other lethal weapons that lay at my right hand and to push them out of her reach, but she became at last so violent and her hands were so nearly at the level of our faces that we rose too and as she advanced upon us, still talking, we gave way, until she was at the table and we were half way to the door. As nothing would stem the torrent of her eloquence it was suggested in a whisper that we should all bow gravely to her and leave the room, sending in the proper people to get her into a taxi. I do not suppose that those silent and dignified vaulted corridors have ever re-echoed to such language as the lady used on her way to the taxi. I was told afterwards that the storm would have been far more severe if it had not occurred to the wily inspector who had to deal with her to talk to her soothingly about her canaries.

Madame Popowitch was medically examined as to the state of her mind and we were advised that it would not be wise to try her on the capital charge. It was therefore decided to keep her in internment until the end of the war. She was removed to Aylesbury, where she bombarded the Authorities with a myriad of complaints. Nobody seemed to have pleased her except the captain of H. M. S. "Terrible," who she said never failed to enquire after the health of her canaries. All this time these canaries were being looked after by the police, but at the suggestion of the prison authorities they were sent to Aylesbury, where it was reported they had a calming effect upon their mistress. In the end Madame Popowitch was certified insane and removed to an asylum.

Germany's Worst Woman Spy

Eva de Bournonville was probably the most incompetent woman spy ever recruited by the Germans. She was a Swede, of French extraction, well-educated and a linguist. Life had not prospered with her. She had been a governess in the Baltic Provinces, an actress (I should think, a very bad one), and a secretary and typist employed occasionally at foreign legations. In the autumn of 1915 she was out of work, when she was approached by one of the spy recruiting agents in Scandinavia. It chanced that she had an acquaintance in Scotland whom she had met in Sweden. To this lady she wrote that she was coming to England for the sake of her health and proposed to pay her a visit. Provided with a Swedish passport, she had no difficulty in entering the country; she was moreover, a lady by birth and her manners were perfect.

On her arrival in London she put up at a cheap hotel in Bloomsbury and wrote to her friend in Dumbartonshire, saying that after a good rest she proposed to apply for a post in the Censorship, for which her friend might give her a recommendation. The Scottish lady sent her the address of some acquaintances in Hackney and advised her to call upon them. She did so and, finding that they were not at home, she left a card on which she had given the Danish Legation at Pont Street, W., as her address, for it appears that she had made arrangements to have remittances sent to her through the Danish Legation. On this she received an invitation to Hackney where, however, she soon began to excite uneasiness in the minds of her new acquaintances. With all her education, she was remarkably stupid at the business of espionage. She called again and again and went out walking with the family. There were a good many Zeppelin raids in those days and she was continually plying her host with questions about the anti-aircraft defences. Could she be taken to see the nearest gun? How many guns were there in London? How far could they shoot up in the air? And once, when she accompanied the family to Finsbury Park, she said, "Oh, this is Finsbury Park. Where are the Zeppelin guns placed here?" At last she asked her host to recommend her to the Postal Censorship, and here he put down his foot and said, "You see, if anything went wrong we should get into serious trouble." On this she dropped the family in Hackney, who remembered afterwards that she said on one occasion, "The Germans know everything that passes here. You cannot hide anything from them."

She failed in her application to join the Censorship, chiefly on account of the lack of satisfactory English references. She told the lady who interviewed her how her father had been a general in the Danish Army and her grandfather a music-teacher to Queen Alexandra, while an aunt was still acting in that capacity to the Danish Royal Family.

She left Bloomsbury for lodgings in South Kensington, and later for a certain Ladies' Club. Then she returned to Bloomsbury and put up at a private hotel in Upper Bedford Place, where army officers were wont to spend their leave. She was unremitting in her questions to subalterns.

For some time letters, afterwards proved to be in her handwriting, containing information that would not have been of much use to the enemy had he received it, had been intercepted, but beyond the handwriting there was nothing that would give the identity of the writer. At last certain observations in one of the letters pointed to a particular hotel in Upper Bedford Place, but in that hotel there were more than thirty guests, and it was impossible to determine which of them was the spy.

Eva Falls Into Simple Trap

A certain officer who was employed on the case determined to test the matter in the simplest possible way. He selected one or two of the most likely of the guests and whispered to them incredible stories about secret engines of war that were in preparation. The most incredible of all was told to Eva de Bournonville and on the following day a letter was intercepted containing this very information which, if it had reached the German Spy Agent, ought to have caused his remaining hairs to rise in their places. De Bournonville was arrested on the 15th of November, 1915. She expressed great surprise and made no admissions. In my room on the following day she made a brave show of innocence until I produced her letter and showed it to her, with the messages in secret ink between the lines developed. She opened her eyes very wide and said. "Yes, it is my handwriting, but, how did *you* get

it?" I told her that I had got a good deal more. She then asked to be allowed to see me alone, and the room was cleared of all but a military officer.

"You may think it curious," she said "but I always wanted to work for you and not for the Germans. I am very fond of the English and the Belgians and I do not like the Germans at all. Never have I forgotten their behavior to Denmark in 1864. My idea was to make the Germans believe I was working for them until I was fully in their confidence and then offer my services to you. I only did this for adventure."

It then appeared that the German Military Attaché in Sweden, acting with an agent of the Secret Service, had induced this wretched woman to imperil her life for £30 a month. A cheque for that amount was actually found in her possession on her arrest, and she claimed to be allowed to keep it. She was tried before Mr. Justice Darling at the Old Bailey on January 12th, 1916, and was sentenced to death by hanging. Following our universal practice of not executing women, the King commuted the sentence to one of penal servitude for life. She was sent to Aylesbury to serve her sentence and was repatriated in February, 1922. It transpired in the course of this case that the Germans were instructing their spies to address their letters to non-existent Belgian prisoners-of-war.

In April, 1916, there arrived in California a Mrs. Gertrude Evelin, a woman of German birth married to a very respectable American, accompanied by her young child. She had been employed in the San Francisco offices of the Hamburg-Amerika Steamship Company. Her story was that she was going back to Germany for a holiday, but we had already received information that her passage money was being paid by the Hamburg-Amerika Company itself. When we pointed out to her that it is unusual to undertake holiday excursions without any money and that she was destitute she said, "Oh, but I shall have £30 waiting for me when I arrive in Hamburg." I do not know why the Germans should have fixed upon the fatal number thirty for the amount of their remittances unless it was a sub-conscious remininscence of a certain spy who accepted just that number of pieces of silver and came and cast them at the feet of his employers. We came to learn afterwards that Mrs. Evelin was a message carrier in the employment of certain German-Americans acting as German consuls who were afterwards put upon their trial. It was clear that she must be detained, but there was the complication of the child. It was boarded out at Government expense in Aylesbury to be near its mother, who was allowed to see it two or three times a week. She wrote many hysterical letters threatening suicide, but though she gave the officials as much trouble as she possibly could we detained her until April 11th, 1919, when she was sent back to America.

On Submarines and Airplanes

Towards the end of 1917 the Germans had ceased to employ agents in England for obtaining naval and military information. What they were then concerned about was the public morale, I suppose because their own was given premonitory symptoms of crumbling. We first became aware of this through the letters written by a Mrs. Smith to her relations in Germany. Mrs. Smith proved to be a working housekeeper. Originally she had been a German nurse in Switzerland, where she had married one of her patients, an English doctor, not long before his death. Having thus acquired British nationality, she came to England, where she found herself obliged to eke out the slender provision her husband had made for her by taking work as a housekeeper. Her letters, written in German, contained gems like the following:

"Tell Uncle Franz that Fritz is perturbed at seeing so many of the trout in his fish-pond eaten by the pike. If more pike get into the pond there will soon be none of his trout left. It makes him very angry and frightened."

and in another letter she writes:

"On Sunday I went out to see the place where the big birds roost. It was full of birds and some of them are very big indeed. It is said that they will soon take longer flights. I do not think that the great eagles that fly over us are frightening these birds; they only make them angry."

Mrs. Smith made a brave attempt to explain these letters away. She had, she said, an uncle named Franz who bred trout in a fish-pond and who had written to her about the depredations of pike. And about the great birds she ventured the suggestion that they were herons, but when we put before her our own interpretation of this simple code she became silent and resigned, and she retired into internment at Aylesbury with a philosophic heart.

On January 6th, 1916, a Dutch liner called in territorial waters at Falmouth and was boarded by Naval Officers. On the steamer were Colonel von Papen and Captain Boy-Ed, the German Military and Naval Attachés from Washington. The Boarding Officer was quite polite, but he declared his intention of looking through their papers. On this von Papen protested vigorously that his papers were covered by the "safe-conduct" that had been given by the British Government. It was pointed out to him that the "safe-conduct" applied to his personal liberty but not to his baggage or papers, and without further ado the officer took possession of these and, among them, of all his used checks, check-books and paying-in slips, which proved to be a mine of information. There were payments to a man who was known in the United States as a wrecker of bridges and to others who were known to have been guilty of sabotage. There were payments to Kuppferle, who committed suicide in Brixton Prison and to Bridgeman Taylor alias Von der Goltz, as well as to other suspects. It is said to be the fashion in Germany to lay much of the blame for defeat upon the inaptitude of the German diplomatic agents abroad, and certainly Colonel von Papen, either by bad luck or bad management, had helped us not a little, for not long before this date Bernstorff had made a solemn declaration that no member of the Embassy had had anything to do with sabotage or with espionage.

Bernstorff was not the first to use the diplomatic machinery for espionage. The foreign ambassadors at the Tudor and Stuart Courts made considerable use of secret agents. In 1745 Monsieur Tiquet, the French diplomatic agent at Brussels, obtained from Grieling, a Brussels shop-keeper, plans of the fortresses of Nieuport and Dunkirk, in which, following German methods in our own day, he had worked as a labourer.

In the War of the Austrian Succession, Count de Tilley, the French Minister at Mannheim, got from an Italian named Pasetti, who was actually serving as an officer in the Austrian Army, information that determined the choice between the Rhenish and Flemish theatres of war. Belgium and Holland were then, as they have been in our own time, hotbeds of espionage

against England, but one may read between the lines that even during the Seven Years' War the British Intelligence Service was more than a match for the French, and that Louis XV spent very large sums to little purpose. In those days the *agent double* seems to have been as common as he is now.

The Scruples of Louis XV

Louis XV had scruples that would have seemed curious to the German General Staff in the late War. He would not listen to a scheme for causing a run upon the Bank of England by means of forged notes, or to employing Ivan Golofskin, the friend of the secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, who was exceptionally placed for obtaining information, but he was not above using duplicates of the Russian Ambassador's despatches addressed to his own Government or to arranging with the Czarina Elizabeth to pay her new Ambassador a hundred thousand pounds a year to send to the French Government information about military plans of the British, and especially the plans of the projected invasion of the low countries.

Spies in those days were treated with remarkable leniency. Robinson, a French spy arrested in London, was imprisoned for six months in the Tower in 1757, and was then released. Dr. Hensey was arrested in London in June, 1758, and sentenced to be hanged, but it is not certain that the sentence was carried out. This unusual severity was sufficient to frighten the other agents out of the business.

It must not be supposed that no German spies in England went undetected. We learned of the operations of two or three after they had left the country, and they were wise enough to attempt no second visit, but if one may judge from the character of the information supplied by those who were arrested, the intelligence they gave to the Germans cannot have been of great value. Probably the spy who brought them the most useful information was a certain American journali.

As the activities of German agents in America were gradually unfolded the American Government began to take more drastic action. They opened the safe of von Igel and found there documents of extraordinary interest. To me the most interesting was a letter from the German Consul General at Shanghai to the Foreign Office in Berlin, in which he deplored his ill-fortune and gave an accurate account of the German Secret Service activities in the Far East, for there was nothing in the document that we did not know before; it might have served for a précis of German activities written in any British Intelligence Office.

The Germans made great use of sabotage in America. Unquestionably, they would have done the same in England if they could, but it would not be safe to say that none of the accidents that took place during the war was caused by sabotage. The difficulty was to know how much was due to criminal carelessness, how much to fanatical pacifism among our own people, and how much to German agents or to Sinn Fein. I remember one case where matches were picked up in the mixing machine of a high-explosive factory. If even one of them had gone down into the mixer many hundreds of people would have lost their lives. The man who found the matches brought them to the foreman and received the thanks of the manager, but the police inspector who was sent down to investigate was a sceptical kind of person and insisted upon the finder of the matches reconstituting the crime by placing matches in the exact position in which he found them. The extreme uneasiness of the workman confirmed the inspector's suspicions, and after a prolonged interview the man confessed that he had put the matches there himself and had taken them to the foreman in order to win credit and promotion from his employers.

From time to time bolts and hammer-heads were found in the crank cases of aeroplane engines, where they had evidently been placed by design. It is hard to believe that the man who put them there intended deliberately to send an airman to his death; perhaps all he aimed at was to wreck the machine during its bench test. The criminal in this case may have been a discontented workman or a fanatical pacifist of the "Stop the War Committee" type.

It must certainly have been a man of this type who dropped a hammer-head into the gearing of a new tunnelling machine which was designed to bore tunnels 5 feet in diameter far underground. Fortunately, the obstruction was found before it had time to do any damage.

Propaganda Among the Workmen

The propaganda carried on by the opponents to conscription during 1916 and 1917, particularly among the engineers and electricians, was certainly disturbing. Some of the electricians in one of our filling factories had been heard to enunciate violent revolutionary sentiments, and their technical knowledge was such that they could at any time have contrived an accident which, while destroying the factory, might have caused no loss of life if it were so timed as to take place when the hands were at home.

In October, 1917, there was a fire and explosion at a large factory in Lancashire which caused the death of ten people and enormous devastations. Sabotage was suspected, particularly as the factory was situated in a part of the country where Sinn Fein influences were strong, but nothing was ever proved.

At five minutes to seven on the evening of January 19th, 1917, I was at a house in Kensington when the Silvertown explosion shook the house to foundations. Our first thought was that a bomb had fallen quite near; our second that a gasometer had exploded. People in the street suggested an explosion at Woolwich Arsenal. The telephone cables had been cut by the explosion and it was some time before we knew what had happened. I visited Silvertown, the scene of the explosion, on the following afternoon. The devastation was extraordinary. For quite a mile before we reached the spot we drove through streets of broken windows and where the explosive had shown its usual caprice for many panes of glass much nearer to the scene were intact. The firemen located the buried mains and coupled their hose up with wonderful rapidity, and they soon had the fire under control. Meanwhile, the Guards had carried out the very dangerous duty of searching for bodies. Forty-five persons were known to have been in the works at the time of the explosion, but practically no traces of them were to be found.

The fire had broken out in an upper story, where a man and a woman were employed in feeding trinitrotoluol (T.N.T.) into a hopper. Two women on the ground floor called up to ask whether they had sufficient explosive for the next twenty minutes, and on hearing that they had they left the building for about a minute. As they came out the whole floor burst into roaring flame.

Now, it is known that a piece of a certain chemical substance no larger than a Brazil nut introduced into T.N.T. will lie in it innocuous for months, but that on the application of heat it ignites the whole mass. The T.N.T. was falling from the hopper into a temperature

of 130 Centigrade; a small piece of the chemical would not have been noticed by the people feeding the hopper. This particular batch of explosive had been brought by train from the North of England and at any stage of its journey it would have been possible to introduce the chemical into one of the bags. But while the facts were consistent with sabotage there was no proof and the case of Silvertown must remain among the mysteries of the war. If it was sabotage surely eternal justice demands that some special place of chastisement be reserved hereafter for the fiend who caused it.

The explosion at Arklow during the previous September, in which a number of people lost their lives, was almost certainly due to sabotage, for threatening letters had been received by the management, but in that case it is probable that the Germans were not concerned.

Dramatic and Amusing Incidents

There were many dramatic and a few amusing incidents during the examinations of suspected persons. The Germans had been using as spies people belonging to travelling circuses and shows, as being less likely to invite suspicion than the pseudo-commercial travellers, on whom we had taken a heavy toll. Consequently, a sharp look-out had been kept for messages from such people. One day a telegram to a world-famous American showman announced that the sender was ready to book his passage to New York. He was invited to call, the stage was set, the chair was ready — and there walked into the room a blue man! His face was a sort of light indigo set off with a bristling red moustache. He was a really terrifying spectacle. If we were surprised we did not show it. All we dreaded was what would happen to the stenographer when she would steal a glance at the object sitting beside her. Then the moment came. She leaped a foot from her chair with a little sob. He turned out to be an ex-cavalry sergeant who had turned blue after his discharge and now got his living honourably as a blue man. The stenographer was accustomed to men of colour, but never of that particular shade.

Among the curious persons who drifted into my room was a Dutch Socialist Member of Parliament who had been admitted to the country on May 19th, 1916, on condition that he give an account of his intentions at Scotland Yard. As it turned out, he had been sent over to study food legislation in England, for the Dutch were in the uncomfortable position of having to contend with high food prices without a corresponding rise in wages, and the government was attempting to regulate the maximum retail prices for all commodities, without much chance of success. He was astonished to hear that the only controlled commodities in England were sugar and coal. He was very indignant with the "Amsterdam Telegraaf," in which Mr. Raemakers' cartoons were being published. He said that the paper was trying to force Holland into war. "We are a tiny country crushed between two giants." He was very contemptuous of the official socialists in Germany, who he said did not represent their party. They were elected over and over again as a matter of routine, and when the government squared them, as it always did, the party itself remained unaffected. In his opinion, Liebknecht had a very large following even in the Army itself. He said that the food riots reported from Germany were more serious than was generally supposed.

A mysterious person calling himself Colonel Dr. Krumm-Heller was taken off a Danish steamer at Kirkwall. He must have expected that this would happen because he had been sending anticipatory protests by wireless all the way over. He claimed to be the Mexican Military Attaché in Berlin and to be well known in Mexico for his scientific, literary and philosophical works. His mission, he said, was to study schools in Scandinavia and not to become military attaché until he entered Germany; his real mission, we felt sure, was propaganda. When I told him that he might have to go back to Mexico he began to cry and said that Carranza would most certainly dismiss him. It became known to me a little later that he was carrying a letter from Bernstorff to the German Government, but that when he found that he was to leave the steamer he had passed it to a Russian for delivery. The next day Colonel Dr. Krumm-Heller offered to make a bargain with me. If I would not send him back he would reveal a new German plan and would thus save the Allies thousands of lives. But when it came to the point he had nothing at all to tell, and back he went. In due course a demand was made upon the government for £10,000 at which he assessed his "moral and intellectual" damages.

All this time England was seething with excitement about the Battle of Jutland. The editor of a certain daily newspaper called on an officer of the Admiralty and said, "We are not satisfied with Admirals Jellicoe and Beatty."

"Who is 'we'?" asked the officer.

"The public."

"Oh," said the naval officer, "then you are one of those people who, if you had lived a hundred years ago, would have said, 'Who's that one-eyed, one-armed beggar in charge of our fleet? Have him out!' Now, look here, supposing you and I had a row in this room and you knocked my teeth out and I kicked you out that door and you stood cursing in the passage, not daring to come in, would you say you had won a victory?"

The same officer, when questioned by a pressman as to why the German Fleet had come out, replied, "They came out to get a mutton chop for the Kaiser. I believe there were some other reasons, but these I am not at liberty to tell you."

We were busy talking about the end of the war as early as October, 1916, so busy that some satirist circulated the following rhyme:

"Accurate evidence have I none,
But my aunt's charwoman's sister's son
Heard a Policeman on his beat
Say to a nurse-maid down our street
That he knew a man who had a friend
Who said *he* knew when the war would end."

The Sidewinder's Mouth

By Margaret Adelaide Wilson

Illustrated by Theodore Van Soelen

CLAYTON trudged up the narrow canyon in a mood of profound discontent. Today was his birthday. Fifty-one, he reminded himself with a secret wincing at the figures; fifty-one, and celebrating the occasion by a tramp over this dreary desert homestead in search of oil prospects. What did he want with more oil land? His income had already reached the point where it was useless except for purposes of taxation; and he was tired of hearing about shales and gas pockets and all the tiresome jargon of his trade.

"How much further do we have to go?" he asked as he paused to mop his hot face.

"The bits I showed ye came from around the next turn," wheezed old man Murphy, his faded blue eyes narrowing to an anxious, childlike cunning.

"All right, lead on, Macbeth."

"Hey?" demanded Murphy, putting his hand behind his ear.

"I said, go on!" roared Clayton. He tugged at his collar and loosened it. The relief was tremendous.

Around the turn the canyon ended in a gray-green cliff with a stagnant pool at its foot. At sight of the cliff Clayton became the alert man of business again.

"That's where I got the samples, on that ledge," said Murphy. "Whether they're any good or not I couldn't say."

He finished on a note of despondency and sitting down on a gravelly bank above the trail looked about him as if his interest in the expedition had evaporated. "My sakes, but it's hot," he sighed. "I wish I'd moved that box of queen-bees into the cabin. This sun's likely to cook 'em."

"Want to go back?" asked Clayton. "I'll look this over while you're gone."

"Well, maybe I'd better. I paid fifteen dollars for them three queens, and I don't know where I'd get the money for more if they died. Keep your eye out for snakes. There's a bunch of sidewinders in here."

"What are sidewinders?" Clayton asked absently, his eye busy picking up indications on the cliff.

"Rattlers," hissed Murphy, who in speaking alternated between a piercing whisper and sudden terrifying shouts. "Look!"

Clayton jumped back involuntarily, but there was nothing visible in the ooze of white sand at his feet except some tracings like a broken letter S, such as a child might have made with a stick.

"Sidewinder's track," said Murphy. "A sneaking ornery sort of rattler that don't have an honest rattle. You'd better watch your step." With this caution he turned and stumped down the trail.

The prospect looked promising beyond Clayton's expectation. The sense that had never failed him through years of venturing in oil told him that here was a chance to swell his fortune tremendously at a stroke.

"I'll have Tennant look over the land, just to be sure," he said to himself as he climbed along the narrow ledge, "but I'd better get an option on it today. Too good to let slip. No doubt about the oil here."

And then he frowned as for a second time that morning an inner voice put the question: "But what will you do with the money when you get it?" He paused on the ledge and moodily considered the answer.

He recalled well enough the original motive for his money-making. That motive—Anastasia Long when he had known her, now the beautiful Lady Rydal—had long since vanished from his life. In the days when Anastasia was his goal he had not dared take time for friendship or recreation. When she finally jilted him to marry another man, his youth was almost gone and he found himself without other resources in life except to go on making more money.

What other man of fifty-one was so friendless he asked himself gloomily. Acquaintances he had in plenty, of course; but except for his cousin Henry there was not a soul with whom he shared interests outside of business, who looked forward to his coming or parted from him with a regret into which personal gain did not enter.

"Even Henry wouldn't think a second time about me if I weren't all the family he has," thought Clayton. "He's made a name for himself, and his books bring him in all the income he wants. He puts up with me just because he's naturally clannish."

He sighed, shook his broad shoulders and turned again to the streaked wall. He chipped off some pieces with his pocket knife, crumbled them in his fingers, and was starting to retrace his steps when a sharp rasping sound caught his ear. It came from a shallow niche between him and the trail. The niche was just on a level with his waist, and as he took a step toward it two ugly triangular heads rose menacingly from what he had taken to be a bunch of dried leaves. As he looked closer the leaves took the shape of two loosely coiled bodies. The flat heads seemed encased in a scaly armor, and there was a bony peak over each evil eye.

"Some of those sidewinders Murphy warned me about," thought Clayton. "I suppose they hadn't waked up when I passed them. Ugh!"

He glanced back; no prospect of escape that way, for the ledge ended just beyond him. He looked down. It was a good twenty feet to the pool, and to jump on that loose shale meant disaster. He must go back along the ledge, past the niche.

CLAYTON had been in automobile accidents and train wrecks, and had proved resourceful in both emergencies; but the menace of living things was a new experience. He wished he had asked Murphy about the habits of sidewinders. Would they begin the attack, and if so, how far could they jump? He stepped back a little and looked about for a weapon. The knife in his hand was useless, of course.

"It's a case of finding a long spoon to sup with the devil," he said to himself. "How about that stick?"

A stout, knobby root stuck out of the cliff just at

the end of the ledge. Clayton made his way to it cautiously and leaning out twisted and pulled at it until it came away in his hand. Grasping his prize he returned to within striking distance of the foe. The scraping sound took on a sharp crescendo, and the heads rose.

"Those fellows certainly have me on the hip," muttered Clayton. "I don't know a darned thing about them, but they look as if they knew all about me. . . . I wonder what those tents over their eyes are. Poison cellars, perhaps."

He made a pass at the nearest snake with his stick. Both heads played like lightning for a moment, then settled back to watchful waiting. Clayton began to feel half hypnotized by the lidless eyes. He noted the dull brown patterns of the bodies, beautifully calculated to deceive the eye, the swift vibration of the tails at every fresh alarm.

Time was passing and there was no sign of Murphy. Clayton had business in Los Angeles next morning, and he must catch the Overland in exactly three hours and a half, with ten miles of desert road to cover behind a mule team. There was no time to waste.

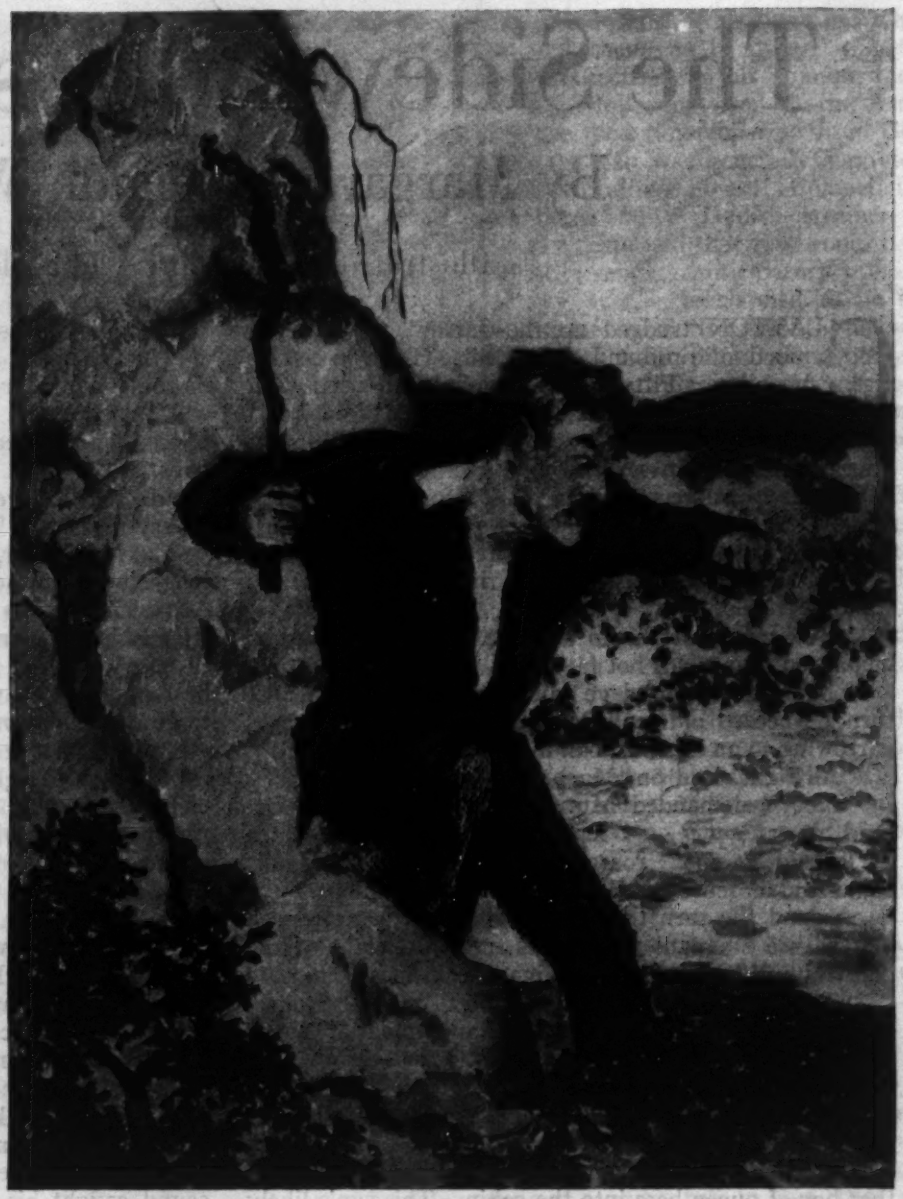
"And no room for experiments," he said to himself. He gauged the distance through narrowed eyelids, then brought the stick down with a resounding thwack.

The first blow seemed to transform the snakes into hundred-headed hydras. They struck and coiled and struck again until, completely confused, he could take no aim at all, but could only go on hammering at the niche. Now and again he felt the sharp impact of their fangs on the stick, and after a little he noticed that one of the snakes seemed badly crippled.

He managed to send another blow home, and the wounded snake straightened out and was still. The remaining sidewinder fought madly, as if to avenge the death of its mate. Its mouth opened wide at every blow and Clayton saw the black throat with two pale, repulsive swellings sagging from the upper jaw. He became aware of a nauseating fungus odor. His arm was growing tired, and he drew a breath of relief when at last a well-aimed blow laid out his second enemy.

"Great Scott, what a morning," Clayton panted, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand. "I never dreamed soft things would be so hard to kill."

He rested a moment, then gave the snakes a cautious prod with his stick and finding them quite lifeless lifted them one at a time and tossed them to the stones below. He knelt on the ledge to look at them. What brutes they were, even in death! One lay on its back with bruised mouth wide, still showing the repulsive swellings on the upper jaw. Clayton studied them with interest. Marvelously made they were; he wished he had examined them more closely before he tossed them down. He turned his back on them reluctantly, as on an unpleasant but fascinating book he had just begun to read.



He made a pass at the nearest snake.

HE started to tell Murphy of his adventure, but the bee-man had found two of his queens dead of heat and could think of nothing else. His querulous complaints brought Clayton to a quick decision. He named a price for the homestead that startled even himself. To his surprise Murphy hesitated, and finally muttered something about not wanting to move his bees to a strange place.

"Stay here then," said Clayton. "Maybe you can get rid of the snakes for me. My men won't fancy working up that canyon with sidewinders staring them out of countenance from every cranny."

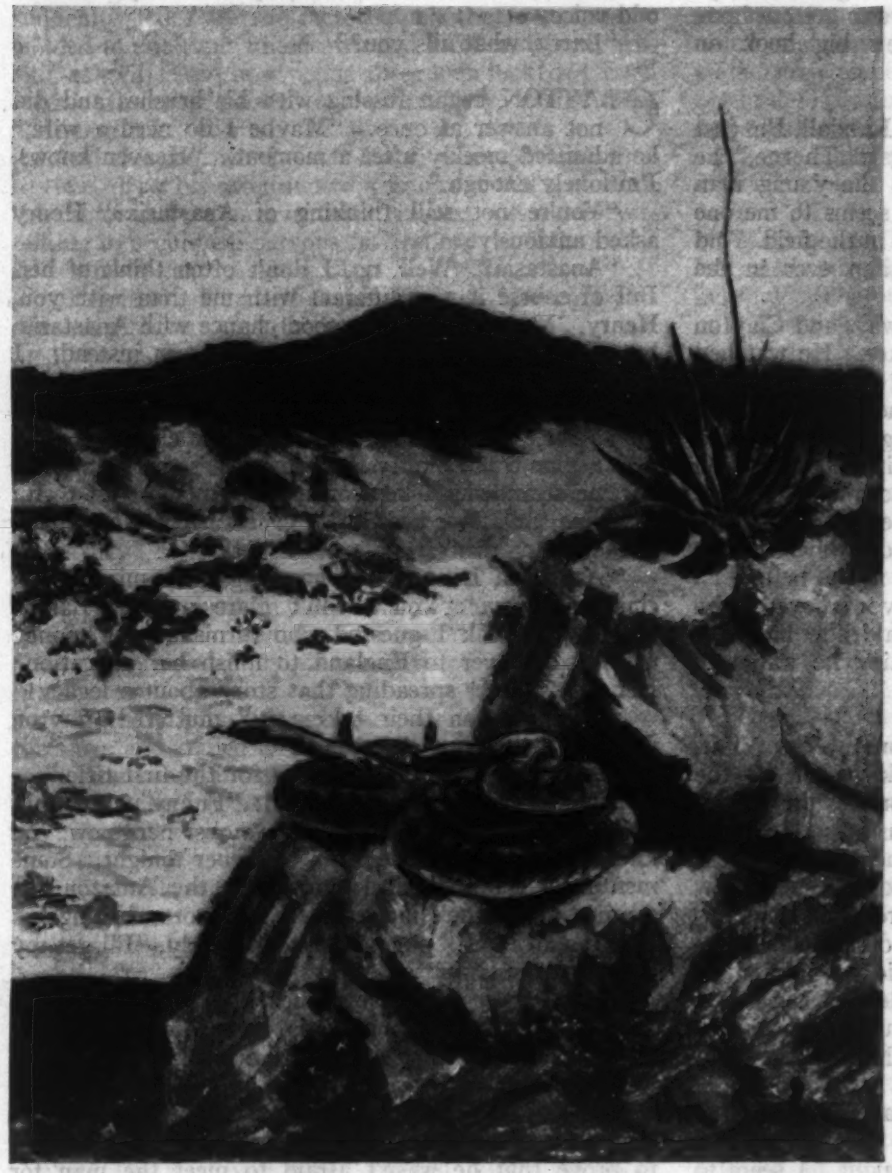
"Hogs!" Murphy exploded the word like a bomb.

"Hogs?" repeated Clayton in bewilderment.

"Uh-huh. They'll eat 'em for ye. Hogs don't mind a rattler's bite any more'n they do the peck of a chicken."

"Oh, I see. Not a pretty idea—kind of takes away my appetite for bacon. But if hogs will do the work, you get them and I'll foot the bill."

Murphy agreed, and Clayton drove back to Hesperia in a mood of chastened content. He rather wished Henry had been with him. Henry was probably well informed on sidewinders and could have done battle expertly. He himself had not come off badly, but his victory had been chiefly luck.



Both heads played like lightning for a moment

He barely made the train and had to board it with the morning's grime still upon him. As he paused by the magazine rack at the end of the observation car he was horrified at the sight of his untidy reflection in the mirror. His collar hung rakishly by the back button, his tie was gone and his face was crimson with an overlay of desert dust. Moreover he was still clutching the clay-stained stick with which he had killed the sidewinders. He snatched up the first periodical that came to his hand and fled to the smoker.

The smoker was empty, except for a man in the corner reading. The stranger's cool good looks made Clayton feel grimier than ever, and as that casual glance rested upon him a moment it appeared to be taking in every detail of his dishevelment. Clayton noticed that the keen brown eyes rested longest, however, on the periodical in his hand. He looked down and discovered that he was holding a bulky unillustrated review, the sort of magazine that his cousin Henry subscribed to and that he himself generally shunned. He studied the contents without enthusiasm until he came to an article entitled, "Venomous Snakes of Brazil."

"Right in my line," thought Clayton with a little smile, and lighting a cigar, began to read.

It was the first time he had ever read a scientific article that had no bearing on his own business, and found it stimulating literature, even though in spots it was exasperatingly technical. When, however, the writer described the capture of his first *fer-de-lance* he became direct and very human, and Clayton read of the battle with every nerve taut with sympathy. The author had also been taken unawares and had done battle with a stick. He concluded with an account of his narrow escape from death by poisoning through subsequent careless handling of the stick where the fangs had struck.

Clayton dropped the magazine and looked anxiously at his own hands. There were a few scratches on them, and he could not for the life of him remember whether he had touched the lower end of the stick or not. He sat very still trying to discover if he felt any of the symptoms described in the article. But his pulse was beating normally and even his head had lost the slight fulness that had bothered him as he drove across the scorching desert to the train.

"All right so far," he thought with relief. He opened his bag and taking out an old newspaper proceeded to swathe the stick in it. He was so intent on making a thorough job of it that he forgot he was not alone until he met the stranger's amused and curious gaze.

"I—I had a brush with some sidewinders back there in the buttes," stammered Clayton. "I used this stick to kill them, and it just occurred to me there might be poison on it."

"I see," said the stranger. He glanced toward the open journal on the seat beside Clayton. "You've been reading that article of Thorne's too," he said, and his tone betrayed unmistakable interest. "I wonder if you've really managed to preserve some venom on that stick."

HE spoke as if the preservation of venom had been Clayton's one object in keeping the stick. Clayton felt suddenly expansive. "Would you like to look at it?" he asked.

"Rather! I've been four months in California, and haven't had the luck to find a rattlesnake of any description. I was particularly anxious to make an analysis of the venom."

Clayton unwrapped the stick and they bent over it.

"There," said the stranger quickly, "the fangs have penetrated here. Those whitish crystals must be venom. By Jove, you were at close quarters with the brutes!"

"Pretty close," Clayton admitted, and exhilarated by the frank envy in the stranger's brown eyes he was about to tell of his battle on the ledge when the train began to slacken speed and an anxious looking young man appeared in the doorway.

"San Bernardino, Doctor," he said. "My car's here, and we can run right up to the hospital."

"That's good," said the other with professional

alacrity; but he still lingered, his regretful gaze on Clayton and his stick. "I wish I didn't have to get out here. By the way, do you know Thorne's big book on Brazilian snakes?"

"No."

"Get it then, you'll enjoy it — yes, Randall, I'm just coming — I don't know how you regard Thorne," he added earnestly over his shoulder as the young man steered him toward the door, "but he seems to me one of the most accurate observers we have in the field. And field work is going to count more than ever in the future."

And then the young man had his way, and Clayton was left in full possession of the smoker. He watched his new friend climb into the chugging car by the curb, and then he rewrapped his stick and leaning back looked thoughtfully out on the receding town. A mood of quiet elation possessed him. His birthday had been an eventful one after all; first the morning adventure with the sidewinders, then this unexpected community of interest with the type of man he had always secretly admired, but had never found much to say to before.

"Sort of man Henry would have enjoyed," he thought proudly. "Funny, how easy a fellow like that is to talk to when you have something he wants to know."

FROM Los Angeles Clayton went on to New York. He took his train carrying a thick volume by the writer of the article on venomous snakes in Brazil. Between the petty annoyances of business telegrams, sprung on him from stations along the way, he spent hours on the observation platform absorbed in the new and thrilling world of serpents. He renewed acquaintance with the *fer-de-lance* already described in the magazine article, and his interest quickened when he found that it was kin to the sidewinders of the desert canyon. He took an intense pleasure in recalling various points of likeness to their South American kinsman.

"Wonderful that a snake should have such a lot of features," he thought with a chuckle. "I guess I must have examined them closer than I thought. I seem to remember them pretty well."

Clayton made his cousin Henry's house his home during his brief visits to New York. Henry Clayton was also a bachelor and lived in a comfortable old house out near the University at which he lectured.

Once in the rooms Henry always kept ready for him, Clayton felt the prison-house of his identity close in on him again. The maid brought him a tray of telegrams and messages, and he was running over them impatiently when Henry appeared.

"That's what it is to be an oil king," Henry laughed, looking at the clutter of envelopes on the table. "How are you, Barry? How are the gushers?"

"Why do you ask about the gushers?" demanded Clayton irritably. "You're not interested in them."

"I'm interested in yours," said Henry with a look of surprise. Barrett Clayton was rarely irritable.

"Well, I'm not," said Clayton, throwing down a telegram. "I'm tired of the whole business."

"Anything gone wrong?" asked Henry with quick concern.

"Oh, no." Clayton was already beginning to be ashamed of his peevishness. "I guess I've just turned stale. I've heard of nothing but oil and money, oil and money, till I'm sick to death of it."

"You ought to get married," said Henry after a little pause. "What you need is a nice cheerful little wife —"

"With not too much brains," put in Clayton in an odd voice.

"Barry, what ails you?"

CLAYTON began fussing with his brushes and did not answer at once. "Maybe I do need a wife," he admitted meekly after a moment. "Heaven knows, I'm lonely enough."

"You're not still thinking of Anastasia?" Henry asked anxiously.

"Anastasia? Well, no, I don't often think of her. But of course it was different with me than with you, Henry. You'd have had a good chance with Anastasia, but you chose an education and a career instead. I made Anastasia my career, and I knew she wouldn't look at me unless I could offer her money. I don't blame her," he added hastily. "She was entitled to the best a man could offer. But when I lost her — well, it left me stranded. I kept on making money just to fill the time, and I've been at it ever since. Now that's gone back on me."

"Anastasia Long was a grasping little miser!" exclaimed Henry. "You needn't glare at me, Barrie. Don't you think I guessed who furnished the money to send her over to England to finish her education? Her silly mother spreading that story about a legacy!"

"I insisted on their taking it," muttered Clayton flushing.

"And then to throw you over for the first title," — Henry checked himself and added: "Funny part is, her husband's a very decent chap. He's over here now, you know. Fact is, I'd asked him to dinner tonight. Some men from the biological station up the Amazon are coming, and as he's interested in that sort of thing —"

"It's all right," put in Clayton quickly, "I'll get my dinner at the club."

"You'll stay and have dinner with us," said Henry firmly. "These are men who have done something worth while, and they ought to be interesting. As for Lord Rydal —"

"I wasn't refusing on his account," interrupted Clayton, and he decided to join Henry's dinner party, if only to prove that he wasn't afraid to meet the man for whom Anastasia had jilted him.

HE dressed with unusual care and was almost the last person to come to the library. Henry introduced him to a group of men nearest the door, among whom was Lord Rydal. By all rules he should have hated him on sight, but the youngish looking Englishman shook his hand with such diffident cordiality that Clayton warmed toward him at once. He was wondering whether he should mention having known Lady Rydal as a girl, when dinner was announced and they drifted apart.

At dinner he found himself at Henry's end of the table with a sun-browned young man beside him, and Lord Rydal sitting opposite. The young man, whose name was Dudley, went on with a conversation evidently begun in the library.

"We were talking about borers," he tossed off in explanatory parenthesis to Clayton. "Not your sort, Mr. Clayton, but fruit tree borers, you know."

The rather awkward pleasantry seemed to push Clayton outside the talk, and he sat mute and uncomfortable listening to the highly technical phrases with which young Dudley was describing the pest. Clayton envied Lord Rydal for having made the acquaintances of fruit tree borers on his estate in Surrey, and being able to stimulate the conversation now and again by a quiet question. He himself was merely serving as an insulator between Henry and his other guests.

His glance wandered down the table and he was suddenly struck by the fact that all the faces seemed molded to one type, fine-drawn and intellectual, yet athletic as well. And how young these men looked! Even Rydal, who must be well on toward forty, looked fresh and youthful.

And then the word *fer-de-lance*, repeated from time to time, drew his attention to a group at the bottom of the table where a man in thick rimmed eye-glasses was talking in a clipped, nervous fashion.

"Who is that?" asked Clayton.

"Reginald Thorne," said Henry, following his cousin's glance. "Just back from Santarem."

"Venomous snakes in Brazil!" exclaimed Clayton brightening. Oblivious to Henry's look of astonishment he bent forward eagerly to hear what Thorne was saying.

"Hideous mouths," he heard Thorne announce. "But you must have seen those horned rattlesnakes they have out in California, Mackie — sidewinders, they call 'em, don't they? Crotalus cerastes, I mean. I believe they have that same dirty whitish mouth."

"I had no luck in California," said the man addressed. Clayton started at the sound of that smooth, pleasant voice. It was his acqaintance of the smoking car.

The recognition was mutual. Mackie caught Clayton's eye and smiled as at a long-lost friend. There was something expectant and encouraging in the smile, and suddenly Clayton found himself speaking.

"The sidewinder's mouth is black," he said.

IT was the first time he had spoken during the dinner, and the attention he received from both ends of the table was embarrassing.

"Black?" repeated Thorne in a challenging tone. Clayton nodded, blushing at his own assurance, but determined to stick to his guns. He qualified the assertion with, "at least those I saw were black."

"Where did your specimens come from?"

"From the Mojave desert," replied Clayton, secretly enjoying the flavor of the term "specimens."

"By the way, you never finished telling me about that battle," put in Mackie. "I could have wrung young Watt's neck for hurrying me off that way."

"There wasn't much to tell," mumbled Clayton; nevertheless he found himself launched on the story. Because he did not want to speak of oil he omitted all mention of the object of his visit to the canyon, thereby innocently creating the impression that the Crotalus cerastes had been his goal. And because the adventure had etched itself vividly on his memory he told the story well, and answered without hesitation the questions hurled at him by Thorne and Mackie and even young Dudley at his elbow.

"How about the stick?" demanded Mackie at last. "Did you make anything of it?"

"It's still wrapped up in my trunk," Clayton replied. "Would you care to have it?"

"Care to have it!" Mackie exclaimed. "My dear fellow! But why don't you bring it over to my laboratory and let us work it out together? You can come in on this too, Thorne, if you'll promise not to boss the job. You need to learn something about pit-vipers beyond those Brazilian pets of yours."

Thorne accepted with alacrity, and Clayton promised rather shyly to bring the precious stick. "Only I can't be of any real use," he added, determined not to sail under false colors. "I don't know anything about laboratory work. I — I'm not a scientist."

"It's field work that counts," said Dudley, youthfully didactic. "By Jove, Mr. Clayton, what an advantage you have over fellows like us who are on a salary and have to stick to the job we're set!" The young man looked at Clayton with an envy that was not in the least for the rich oil man, but for the foot-free investigator with the oil man's millions behind him. It exhilarated him as the brief meeting with Mackie had exhilarated him the day he traveled down from Hesperia.

Mackie and Thorne left early, but not before they had made an appointment with Clayton for the next morning. The other guests said goodnight one by one, and Henry went to the hall with the last group and stayed chatting. Clayton sank into an easy chair, still full of a strange excitement. Dudley's careless speech had opened up a new and enchanting vista before him. Field work — there was no reason why he shouldn't be at it with the best of them. His success in business had been partly due to the keenness of his eye for minutiae; and he had surprised himself with the accuracy of his memory for details when the men had asked him all those questions about sidewinders at the dinner table. Endless streams of knowledge waiting to be tapped — why, even a specialist like Thorne had a lot yet to learn about his subject!

HE was startled out of his reverie by Lord Rydal's pleasant, diffident voice.

"I think I left my gloves in here," he said. Clayton sprang up and helped him find them, but still Lord Rydal lingered.

"I suppose you've had a lot of experience with rattlers in California," he said at last. His tone was wistful.

"Not much," said Clayton, and then he leaned forward confidentially. "I'll tell you a secret, Lord Rydal! Those two sidewinders are the only two I've ever laid eyes on."

"Not really! I thought ——"

"That I had the last word on sidewinders?" Clayton chuckled. "Not a bit of it. But I'm going to have. I'm going back to California next week, and I mean to find out all there is to be known about sidewinders, all about their domestic arrangements and what they eat and wear and talk about and why they carry those tents over their eyes."

"You're jolly lucky," said Lord Rydal enviously. "I meant to specialize on reptiles myself after I left Oxford. I — I really fancied at one time I would do something worth while at it. But my wife wasn't keen about having me go in for that sort of thing. She's a ripping business woman, and hunting snakes would seem an awful waste of money to her. And then — then of course a woman who's never roughed it can't understand a man enjoying it, you know."

He pulled himself up with an ingenuous flush, as if he feared having said too much. Clayton thought of Anastasia as he had first seen her, feeding pigs on a nipping winter morning, and almost chuckled. But as he looked at Lord Rydal's fine, wistful face he suddenly felt sorry for him.

"How long are you staying?" he asked.

"I'm booked to go back on the Olympic next week. Just over on a bit of business."

"Exchange for a later passage and come west with me," said Clayton impulsively. "I'll take you up to the Mojave and we can look around. You're to be my guest, you understand. I was just wishing for a companion."

"You really mean it?" demanded Lord Rydal eagerly. "It's ripping of you, and I'll come like a shot if you really want me."

"We'll shake hands on it, then," said Clayton gravely, and Anastasia's husband and Anastasia's jilted lover clasped hands over the arm of the library chair.

HENRY CLAYTON returned just in time to see the hand clasp, and he could scarcely restrain his curiosity until Lord Rydal was gone.

"What on earth are you up to, Barry?" he demanded, planting himself in front of his cousin with an accusing air. "Were you and Rydal arranging a duel?"

"Not much," Clayton grinned sheepishly. "We were planning a trip to California. Rydal wants to explore the Mojave — where I found the sidewinders, you know."

"My word!" exclaimed Henry, surveying his cousin with smiling astonishment. "And you're going to take him."

Clayton nodded. "I'd like company, and I — I think his wife discourages such trips when she's along."

"She would," commented Henry drily. He half expected Clayton to take up the cudgels for Anastasia, but Clayton's gaze was upon the fire.

"Did you enjoy the dinner?" Henry asked after a moment.

"Fine," said Clayton heartily.

"You'd have been an ungrateful dog if you hadn't. You were the lion of the occasion. Look here," he went on seeing Clayton's gaze still upon the coals, "what are you mooning over, Barry? Are you thinking over my advice about getting married?"

Clayton's look lost its dreaminess and a little twinkle came into his eyes, belying the solemnity of his tone. "Not while I have my wits, Henry," he said. The twinkle deepened. "I was just thinking about wiring Murphy to call off his hogs. I don't want my preserves spoiled."

"What preserves? What hogs?" demanded Henry, his voice weak with mystification. "I hope your success this evening hasn't gone to your brain, old chap."

"Never was saner in my life," laughed Clayton. He stretched his arms above his head with a free, boyish gesture.

Funny, he thought, how young one could feel at fifty-one.

Living and Play-Acting

(*Continued from page* 48)

like 'the pale hands beside the Shalimar'?) make you visualize a gentle, beatific God with outstretched hands, flowing white robes, and a great tenderness in his heart for even *the toughest of His makings*.

"Singing sound changes Him to a more illuminating, electrical God. A Greek God who can run and leap, who is ever young and alert, who can understand the passionate mistakes of some natures and make allowances for the deliberate ones of others.

"But the shunting of trains, the clang of street-cars, the scream of engines — all the man-made noises of the business world, transform Him — for me — into a large, evil face that grins and waits for the ugly rhythm to get you. I once had nervous prostration and when nature readjusted my mental balance she forgot the sound-proof center. I am afraid of the *thunder*, not of the lightning!"

But our ears weren't made to torture us with. We use them too little as a guide for the sounds we make ourselves. We Americans enunciate so carelessly, slur our syllables, leave out letters. In fact I never learned how to speak the English language until my British husband taught me. I used to pronounce the word "months" as if it were spelled m-u-n-s-e!

Play-acting like the rest of living means learning and growing all the time. That is why I don't like to do one piece too long, or to keep doing the same kind of plays and parts.

Once David Warfield and I were talking about long runs like those of "The Music Master" and "Peg o' My Heart." He said that by appearing often in a favorite rôle one gained not only fortune but also the hearts of the people. And he added:

"It is better to be loved than to be admired."

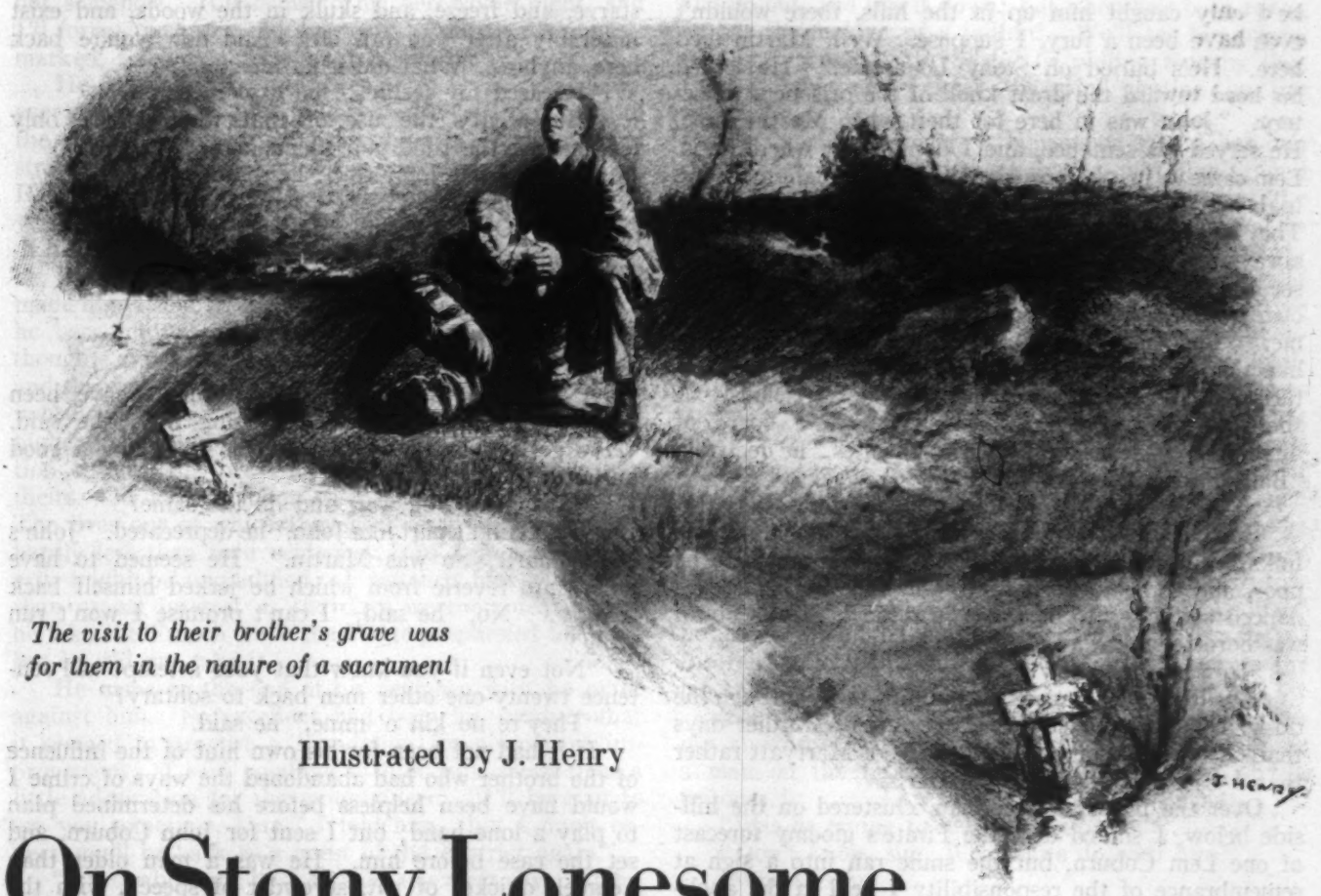
It seems to me better to play rôle after rôle, each in a different key, till the public learns to count on your unexpectedness. Then people will never tire of you and never leave you as you grow older.

ITASCA

A Midland Madrigal

The salt sea called to the land,
"Come love, come life to me.
"Deaf is my fate; dumb is my fate,
"Fixed is my fate by the ocean strand
"And ever more must be."
The river heard from the hill
In her source on the inland height.
Down filtering silt and rill,
Her step ran still and light:
Her step ran light and still;
And faster now, and free
Down the currents of day and night
To the ways of the calling sea.
Whirl around swift world, around,
Wave-crest, and green-tossed tree!
This is the way you have been,
This is the way you will be.
"Come love, come life to me!"
The sea will call to the land:
And a river afar on an inland hill
Will answer and understand.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT



The visit to their brother's grave was for them in the nature of a sacrament

Illustrated by J. Henry

On Stony Lonesome

By Charles C. Foster

THE Pirate, working in the rose garden through a long summer evening, fell into talk of the prison behind him as if it were a port he had quitted. To him the Richmond Road ran a line of demarcation between the fields where he had worked as a prisoner and the garden where he earned a freeman's wage. Always with a toss of his head and a lift of his elbow he spoke of "back there," scornfully interested in the life through which he had moved a striking and alien figure. Caught in the act of running a freighter, loaded with coal, out to a French battleship while we were yet a neutral nation, he had been tried and convicted of piracy.

A trick of fate had sent him to Lorton instead of Atlanta, and in the Reformatory, among men of meaner crimes, he loomed with the nobility of adventure. He had chosen for himself the hewing of wood, a task which had given him solitude. Then he had asked for work in the garden; and because the work was not done with the ending of his sentence he had chosen to linger until he could finish it. "I never did hold with half-done jobs," he told me, "even in prison." His eyes twinkled with the amusement his incarceration always seemed to afford him. "By the way," he said, "I hear that Lem Coburn has come back to finish his job."

"Coburn?" I puzzled over the name, vaguely placing it on the records but unable to associate it with any of the prisoners. I was the warden.

"You don't know him yet," the Pirate said, "but you will. He ran away just before you came here. They brought him back today."

"Oh, he's the one," I remembered. "Big, raw-boned chap who looks like a mountaineer."

"He is," said the Pirate, frowning at slugs. "I told Lem he was a fool to try escape, but you can't teach those boys anything. They wouldn't be here if they knew better," he announced with his magnificent detachment. "I knew Lem would be due for a session in solitary."

"I've abolished solitary," I told him.

The Pirate put down his nicotine sprayer and surveyed me with undisguised disapproval. "Now why did you do that?" he demanded. "How are you going to hold those fellows who are always running away? Here's a prison without walls, and it's a good thing for the boys who want to play the game straight, but how are you going to keep those fools like Lem Coburn who think that all they have to do is jump off the reservation? It won't work."

"Let's give it a trial."

"No, sir," he insisted with that Yankee twang which trailed reminiscence of spicy-smelling merchantmen beside Massachusetts docks, "it won't work. The only way you can handle some men is to put them in irons. I know."

"But we've never had irons, anyhow."

"More's the pity," grumbled the Pirate. "I've met some here I'd have flung down in the fo'castle. Lem Coburn's one of them."

"What did he do?"

"There were three of them — brothers," the Pirate said, tinkering with the nozzle of the sprayer, "Martin, and John, and Lem. They've all been here. Martin killed a man in Washington, followed him down from the mountains of western Virginia to do the deed. If

he'd only caught him up in the hills, there wouldn't even have been a jury, I suppose. Well, Martin died here. He's buried on Stony Lonesome." He jerked his head toward the drear knoll of the prisoners' cemetery. "John was in here for theft when Martin came. He served his sentence, and I don't know where he is. Lem came in just before John went out, caught at trying to bring a feud down into the District of Columbia. They're a clannish family, I'd say, from the way they always try to be together. Lem must have wanted to see John when he cut out. You're going to have your own troubles with him now that he's back," he warned me. "But then there's always trouble with a system like this!" In splendid disdain he dismissed humanitarianism in penal institutions, jabbing as viciously at the root of a rose bush as if it were a board of directors. "I never did hold with theories," he declared. "Ball and chain's safer."

"Safer for me," I told him, "but not for society."

He shook his shaggy grey head dissentingly. "Some folks are born to be rich," he said, "and others to be poor, and some to be hanged, and some—" his eyes danced again—"to be taken in piracy. Lem Coburn was born to run away."

"How can we know that?"

"We'll see," he warned me, limping away through the dusk, a queerly anachronistic survival of sturdier days than our own, a man out of Kingsley or Marryatt rather than a case from the Federal courts.

Over the lights of Occoquan, clustered on the hillside below, I smiled over the Pirate's gloomy forecast of one Lem Coburn, but the smile ran into a sigh at remembrance of the responsibility I held in the abolition of the punishment for attempted escape. I had lined up that afternoon the twenty-one men guilty of the added offense, and told them that I would put them on honor. "I'll give back to you," I told them, "the freedom of the institution, and you know that there is no other place in the country where prisoners have the same degree of freedom. You may go back to work, to eat, to have recreation with the other prisoners. You may sleep in the dormitories. There'll be no more solitary confinement here unless one of you runs away. Then every one of the twenty others goes back into it. Of course, you may all go. If you do, then the whole system's wrong, and we'll change the system. It's up to you," I told them. When they stared at me, some in stupidity, some in amusement, some in hostility, and some in scorn, I trembled in soul over the outcome, but not until the Pirate voiced the philosophy of his observations of his quondam fellows did I realize how the stone of a great good rested on the insecure fulcrums of the Lem Coburns.

I called for Lem the next morning. He came into the administration building with the dogged surliness of the trapped mountaineer, watching me with eyes a little furtive for all their steady glare. As I explained to him the abolition of solitary confinement as punishment and told him the conditions of the compromise he looked like some long, lithe animal watching a trap, not yet knowing if it were set. Then, unexpectedly, he refused the condition. "I won't promise," he said.

He had me up a tree, but I think that he did not know it. I didn't want to put him in solitary, but he would force me to it if he persisted in refusal. "Sit down," I bade him, and plunged into argument. "What good does it do you to run away?" I flung at him. "Don't you get caught, and brought back? And aren't you worse off then than before? And what have you done since you were out that made you any happier? Didn't you hide along the highways and byways, and starve, and freeze, and skulk in the woods, and exist miserably after you ran off? And now you're back here, anyhow. What did it do for you?"

"It eased my feelin's," he explained.

"But what's the use of that when you're only lengthening the time you spend here?"

"That's what John said," he told me frankly.

"Your brother?"

"Yes. One of them. Martin's dead."

"You reached your brother?"

"He wasn't far."

"Where was he?"

"Where they found me. In Baltimore."

"What's he doing there?"

A gleam of an emotion which might have been pride lighted his eyes. "He's doing well," he said. "He's got two motor trucks, and he's building a good business."

"Why don't you wait and do the same?"

"Oh, I ain't smart like John," he deprecated. "John's right smart. So was Martin." He seemed to have fallen into reverie from which he jerked himself back sharply. "No," he said, "I can't promise I won't run off."

"Not even if you know that your attempt will sentence twenty-one other men back to solitary?"

"They're no kin o' mine," he said.

If it had not been for his own hint of the influence of the brother who had abandoned the ways of crime I would have been helpless before his determined plan to play a lone hand; but I sent for John Coburn, and set the case before him. He was a man older than Lemuel, quicker of wit, shrewder of speech, with the glaze of the city over his mountain sinews. He reflected the problem ruminatively. "Did you tell Lem that it'd hurt me if he did it?" he asked. "Well I'll tell him that. Maybe it'll hold him. We're strong on each other," he explained. A sudden sadness moved like a cloud shadow across his hard face. "Would you mind," he asked me, "letting Lem walk with me over to Stony Lonesome? My brother's buried there. There were just the three of us."

I saw them taking their way across the summer fields toward the knoll. Against the blue of the Virginia sky their figures seemed gauntly pathetic as they trudged upward. They were somehow like pines which had suffered in the transplanting, good stock, but twisted. Remembrance of thousands of mountain cabins which I had come to know in days of other kinds of work made background for them. I could see their struggle for life in the hard slopes of the hills, their intensities of living, their unrestraining traditions of dwelling beyond law other than their own. Because they had in them that capacity for nostalgia which the mountain folk hold to the fullest I felt for them a real sorrow as I watched them go toward their brother's grave. I had the feeling that the visit was for them in the nature of a sacrament, and I was not surprised when John Coburn brought Lem back to the door of the office with a curt, "He'll do it."

"Will you?" I asked the younger man.

"I'll do it," he said, "but it'll be against my feelin's."

The Pirate asked me if Lem had agreed to the conditions. "Don't trust him," he warned me. "He'll mean to stay, but he'll feel something tugging at him some night, and he'll go. Don't I know what it is?" he cried. "Haven't I heard the whistling of the wind in the mizzenmast? And hasn't it called me out from a warm bed, and a good home, and—." He stopped in horrified fear of his revelations. "Well, it's called me. If I'd been in Atlanta, I'd have gone to it. I'd have got

out somehow. It'll come to me here some night, and I'll forget the roses and answer it. And Lem Coburn's marked, I tell you. He'll break away."

He did not make any attempt to break away however in the weeks which followed. He settled down into the routine of his work, performing it with a manual strength which made up for his lack of interest in it. He behaved no differently from the other prisoners, and yet I never happened to see him without a realization of his essential difference. It was, I think, the fact that he, like the Pirate, knew the call of open places, which made him also a freeman. Imprisoned he might be, but he bore himself as one not used to the ways or the thoughts of prisons. He was, paradoxically, the strongest and the weakest link in the chain which held the twenty-two honor men. He had characteristics of honesty higher than the rest of them, but he had also a temptation toward the breaking of his word stronger than theirs. To most of them freedom was a relative term. The lives out of which they had come restricted them hardly less than their sentences. To Lem Coburn liberty might be unqualified. I watched him with more than casual interest as the days wore on, fearful lest he take the French leave the Pirate prophesied for him; but he did not take it.

He came to the end of his sentence with no mark against him. So excellent had been his conduct that it seemed to promise a foundation for permanent improvement. I said goodbye to him with more than a little admiration for the mountaineer. "I'll be glad to see you sometime, Lem," I told him, "but I don't expect you'll be back as a guest of the District again."

"I probably will be," he said unexpectedly. "John wants me to promise not to come back, but I won't promise."

"Why not?" The refusal threatened the continuation of that feud which he had failed to end when he had only wounded his old enemy.

"Well, I jes' can't," was all he would say, nor would he promise to keep away from the occasions of arrest. "But you know what freedom means to you," I argued. "There's other things," he countered, but he would not define them.

Two months later he came back to the workhouse for a minor offense. So little regret had he in his return to imprisonment that I began to think that he might be one of those shiftless derelicts who would rather rot in harbor than chance a run in the open sea. His rugged strength and his visible aspect of purpose gave the lie to the supposition however, and I had to revise the thought. Watching him at work on the road one day, I saw anew the difference between him and the men beside him. There was something about him so primitively straightforward that I could not resist calling him apart. "Lem," I asked him, "why don't you stay out of this? You could if you wanted to. You proved that by not running away before. Why did you let yourself come back?"

"I had to," he said.

"No, you didn't," I insisted, but he shook his head, looking at me with that stare of commiseration the mountaineer gives the uncomprehending outsider.

His brother came from Baltimore to take him away. "I'm giving him a job," he said, "and I'm going to do everything to keep him straight. He's promised me that he'll try not to come back, and when Lem promises anything, he keeps the promise."

The Pirate, covering roots as he watched the Coburns go down the road together, scoffed disdain of my belief that we had seen the last of Lem. "He's got the habit," he declared. "A man can be in jail once, and go out, and live it down; but when he's been twice, he has the making of a jailbird. We'll see him again, that is, you will. Maybe I'll be pulling rope by that time. Sometimes I hear the wind getting up her whistle."

He lingered however as November spread her dun cloak over the valley of the Potomac, pottering around at odd jobs and planning carpets of bloom for the springtime slopes. December, gusty and barren, fell on the fields against which the white buildings of the workhouse loomed in ghostly array. There came a night of wind and rain with the foghorn moaning from the river and the vast acreage of the institution a weirdly oppressive isolation. Every once in a while a penal institution, no matter how liberal be its basic ideal, becomes to those who know it best a menacing monster. That night in the howling, beating rage of the winter storm Occoquan closed in about me with the clamminess of cold fog and the portent of tragedy. Even through the concentrative labor of compiling the annual report I could hear in the moan of the wind the shrieks of the damned. Only the sound of the Pirate's voice, lifting from the kitchen in the strains of "Hielan' Laddie," brought the contact of human cheer. The ringing of the telephone bell, sharp, insistent, jangled across the layers of silence between.

The voice of the guard, abrupt and harsh, cut across my answer of the summons. "Gibbs reports finding a man on the reservation," he said, "but he isn't a prisoner."

"Was he trying to help an escape?"

"Don't know, sir. What'll we do with him?"

"Where is he?"

"At Post Number Five, just above your house."

"I'll go there."

Glad of his companionship, I called the Pirate, and together we faced the storm. "Five's at Stony Lonesome," he shouted above the wind as he trudged beside me. "Queer place to stage a getaway," he muttered. "Farthest point from the road, and too far from the creek."

The Pirate had brought a lantern, and with its light we plodded against the gale which tore at our coats and lashed our faces. Another tiny light, moving close to the ground, marked the location of the post which had reported the finding of the man. We worked toward it slowly while the eerie auras of those prisoners who had died in workhouse or reformatory and whose bodies had been claimed by no one rose around us like mist. Number Five Post, a bare box equipped with telephone, stood against the cemetery fence. In front of it waited Gibbs, the guard, and a tall man indistinguishable in the darkness. "I found him climbing the fence of Stony Lonesome here," Gibbs said.

"What were you doing there?" I asked him.

He made no answer, and the Pirate lifted his lantern so its yellow rays fell on the stranger's face. "Well, I'll be —," he began. The man shifted toward me. In the halo of illumination I recognized Lem Coburn.

"I thought I heard the sound of a wagon on the side road," Gibbs went on, "and I came out of the post, and waited. I could just barely see something moving. Then it stopped. Then I heard something nearer. I raised the gun, and shoved open the lantern. I saw him then getting over the fence."

"What did you want?" I asked Coburn.

He would not reply, staring at me in sullen silence as I moved toward the place where Gibbs had found him. Just beyond I could see the dim outlines of a hulk blacker than the general darkness. I groped my

(*Continued on page* 104)

Bob: The Story of an American Boy

Compiled by Stella Burke May

HERE are documents telling the story of "Bob" Tigan, an American boy of Irish blood whose short life included a sickening defeat and a high and sacred victory. And it was his defeat that he turned into a stepping stone to great honor.

He was "Bob" because the nickname somehow fitted, but in the Roman Catholic Church he was christened Walter.

Most of our documents are letters chosen from his ever faithful correspondence with his mother, written from the time he was appointed to the United States Naval Academy to the time he was dishonorably discharged under circumstances that might have fostered a lasting bitterness in his heart — though undegraded in reality he refused to be embittered; and beginning again when his citizenship had been restored to enable him to enlist for the Great War.

Between the two periods he was with her.

He was nineteen when he was appointed a midshipman and he was twenty-seven when he died in France of many wounds. He died loaded with military honors both French and American, but these crosses and stars and medals honor his memory less thrillingly than one little paper baldly reciting his military history; for it is spread on the records of our Naval Academy, and there it is placed to cover up his "dishonorable dismissal."

And there is nothing else like that in those volumes; no such thing was ever done before.

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 5, 1911.

Dear Mother: Last night after writing you I phoned to W. (Principal of Preparatory School) and then the landlord introduced me to Prof. P., one of the instructors at W.'s He was a very nice sort and gave me an impression of the work.

I had breakfast at the Maryland. At about eight o'clock the clerk called me and a colored man from W.'s said he would take me over. I went up with him. W. is a bachelor, forty, hair slightly gray, bushy, gray mustache, peachy cheeks, poppy, merry eyes. Made arrangements with him and then the darkey took me down to Miss T.'s about three blocks from school. I have a large front room with a Jersey boy. Could have had a single but this is better. Meals are good. I've had dinner. Pool table in parlor to keep the fellows in from street. I take it that Miss T. has had a good deal of experience. There are eight fellows here, one West Point man who leaves Friday for exams. After concluding arrangements with Miss T., I went up to school. Attended classes but did not recite. This is the plan.

Lessons are assigned. You do all your work at home. Monday: Spelling, Geography, U. S. History, Algebra, World's History, Geometry; Tuesday: Spelling, Punctuation, U. S. History, Algebra, Grammar, Arithmetic, etc. Three instructors. You prepare work. If you have everything in Arith. don't go to class in that but go to Grammar class in other hall.

The fellows call W. "Bobby." They are great fellows who come here. Something doing all the time. School from 9 a. m. until 1:30, then dinner and study. No running around nights. A company of midshipmen just passed. All fine looking. Blue uniforms; white leggings; they are on a 14-mile walk through East Point to Bay Ridge and back. Everything is Navy here. Well, I must get to studies. Love to all.

W. J. T.

(Note: The Miss T. of whom he speaks, oftenest referred to as Aunt Kitty, made a home for the boys in the Academy, who had the privilege of boarding with her, and was their friend.)

Annapolis, Md., January 15, 1911.

Dear Mother: I received your letter of the 9th, also Bert's and Nell's letters. It has been nice and mild here the past week; rather cold at night but in the daytime one does not need an overcoat.

The work at W.'s has been very hard but I will soon get next to it. I attended 10:30 mass last Sunday and to-day a squad of about seventy-five middies marched past on their way to mass. The choir is fine. The church an old stone one with elaborate decorations. There are some beautiful buildings here. Last Saturday I went through the capitol of Maryland. There is one old section built long before the revolution. It was in one of these rooms that Washington resigned his commission. At one end of the room, about 25 x 40, is a sort of throne elevation where the chairman of the session presided. Washington stood slightly forward. All about him are the great men of the States. Find the picture if you can. There is a new part of the capitol built recently. It is certainly grand. I went all through.

The harbor of Annapolis is about three blocks down at the end of Prince George Street. It is always packed with these low, draughty oyster boats. Oyster fishing is a great industry here.

The Academy is about two blocks back. It sure is grand. I attended a couple of basket ball games. One New York (Columbia) vs. Navy and the other Penn. vs. Navy. They played in the Armory. It was packed with buttons and stripes and pretty girls. Also a bunch of St. John's (a military school credited by the government), and candidates. . . .

When I get acquainted, I'll get a chance to go to Bancroft hall. The middies are kings here. Nothing is too good for the middies. You have to line up to let a middy pass with his girl. There are more traditions and customs and middy slang around here than I ever thought of. A wiseguy is a "savior"; a four-flusher is a "ratey." . . .

Annapolis, March 6, 1911.

Dear Mother: I received your letter this morning after church. The joke is on you. I had written to both N. and B. yesterday afternoon. I made good grades in both exams this week: 3.2 in Arithmetic, 2.5 in Algebra. Think I'll get along all right now.

I heard from Gene yesterday. Oh! I've got some big brother Sylvest! I'm glad to hear he is doing so well.

I went to Gym meet with Princeton last night. There was Company competition for Brigade Flag going on at the same time. One of Miss T.'s last year's men from North Carolina was in for welter-weight wrestling. His mother and sister were here. Miss T. asked me if I would escort Miss N. Of course I did. It's a great

honor to escort a middie's sister. It helps to "get a grease" with his pals in Company. N. won with a good fall in 4 min. His sister was quite proud. She goes to school up in Baltimore.

Well, enough. I've got to bone. A fellow never knows enough. He always has to have a little more to be safe here. Bob.

First hole in the holeproof to-day. Haven't done a bit of mending yet.

(Note: Throughout the letters a touch of the paternal comes out in his attitude toward Gene, his brother two years his senior, but always looked after by Bob).

Annapolis, Md.,
April 4, 1911.

Dear Mother: Have been getting over quite a lot of ground lately. "Bobby" has us all scared stiff. I got a 3.4 in Geometry exam last Saturday but not so good in Grammar. I was pushed for time, and did not get all through.

You have to say what you want to in the most concise way. You have two hours to do three hours' work and a raw fellow would not get two questions answered before time was called. That's one good of "Prep."

I think I'm lined up all right. I intend to think I'm going to pass. "Bobby" has told several that if they go up in April they will bust. I intend to go up whether he says so or not. Tell me if he writes you one way or the other.

This will be my last long letter before the conflict. Write tho'! I guess that's all. My clothes will be all right.

"I wan-a get home!"

Lovingly, Bob.

"Bob" Tigan, a midshipman at Annapolis in 1912

Annapolis, May 5, 1911.

Dear Mother: At last the suspense is over and I'm thru. We watched at the Gate every morning and everybody had rumors, but now it's all over and "yours" is through.

Eight fellows went up and seven passed. I'll tell you all about it when I get home. Tell Mrs. S. that I passed.

Just received notice to report on physical immediately and am going over this afternoon.

Lovingly yours, W. J. T.

Annapolis, June 15, 1911.

Dear Mother: Well, my third day in the U. S. N. is very near over. Evening gunfire just sounded, and we have from now until 9:30 to recreate.

We reported at 10 a.m. Monday and were just registered and assigned before noon. We went to the Midshipmen's Store in the afternoon and drew our outfit. Since then we have been storing and marking at odd times. From reveille at 6:30 to taps at 10:00, all in, we are continually on the jump.

I have had seamanship, boxing the compass, naming all 128 points, gun sighting and drill, recreation, lecture, gym exercise, cutter drill on the bay, swimming and physical tests (awful muscle-straining weights).

The Upper Classmen have treated me fine so far and I have a room overlooking the campus. The mess is good and ample. There are four Divisions. I'm in the 3rd. We are to have a track meet and I'm to do something in that if I can. Send me those track shoes immediately. I was feeling a bit homesick today but I will be all right now.

Sincerely, Bob.

Bancroft Hall,
June 18, 1911.

Dear Mother: Sunday afternoon and we have it all to ourselves. We got up at 7:00, mess 7:30, make up room and prepare for inspection; get into "white service" by 9:30. I look fine in my white service, white cap, shoes and gloves; form fitting jacket with straight collar, also with quite a "brace" on and 40 cents in my pocket.

How are things going at home? Are you having a good rest with everyone gone, and are you spending money and having a good time? How is G. doing on money matters? I must have started him on reading for he asked about a good current magazine. I advised him to get some such a magazine as the Outlook. Teddy is assistant editor and it is the best paper on the popular topics.

Well, Mother, I just couldn't have a better outlook and I'm planning for next September and your visit.

Lovingly, Bob.

Bancroft Hall, July 9, 1911.

Dear Mother: Congratulations on your Glorious Sixth. I wish you a happier year than the last one has been. I realize what the expense has been to you and I know what I'm going to do just as soon as I can. I'm going to try to repay you, although it will not be value received, but I will do it if it is the last thing I ever do. In the meantime, you have sufficient to keep you the way you were intended to live and the way you want to.

When I come back next September I will be a man (21) and if you are not "living" (I don't mean

subsisting), I'll chastise you and take your gun away. Well now, that's out of my system!

Lovingly, Bob.

Bancroft Hall, Aug. 3, 1911.

Dear G.: Received the track shoes all right. It's great that you are taking such an interest and can help Mother. I am also glad you have gotten the idea of working always for promotion. Make your work and attitude always show that you are worth something better and you'll get it. Get the idea of outside "Grease" (pull) out of your head. Keep up your spirits even if you do get up against things. Don't get "Rhino."

I have my blue service now but we won't use it for some time. The running we get down here is great. It takes all the false pride out of you.

I'm to room with B. of Columbus. We are to take Spanish. Will change rooms and start studying in about two weeks. He's a prince, an artist and a student. The cruise bunch are off Hampton Roads. Will be back in ten days. Woe be!

Lovingly, Bob.

September 1, 1911.

Liebe Mutter: I am glad you are pleased with my work on the track. The Annapolis and Baltimore papers spoke of me as good material for the Varsity Team. Also had me down for breaking a record. The Army and Navy Record, the official organ, also had a nice write-up.

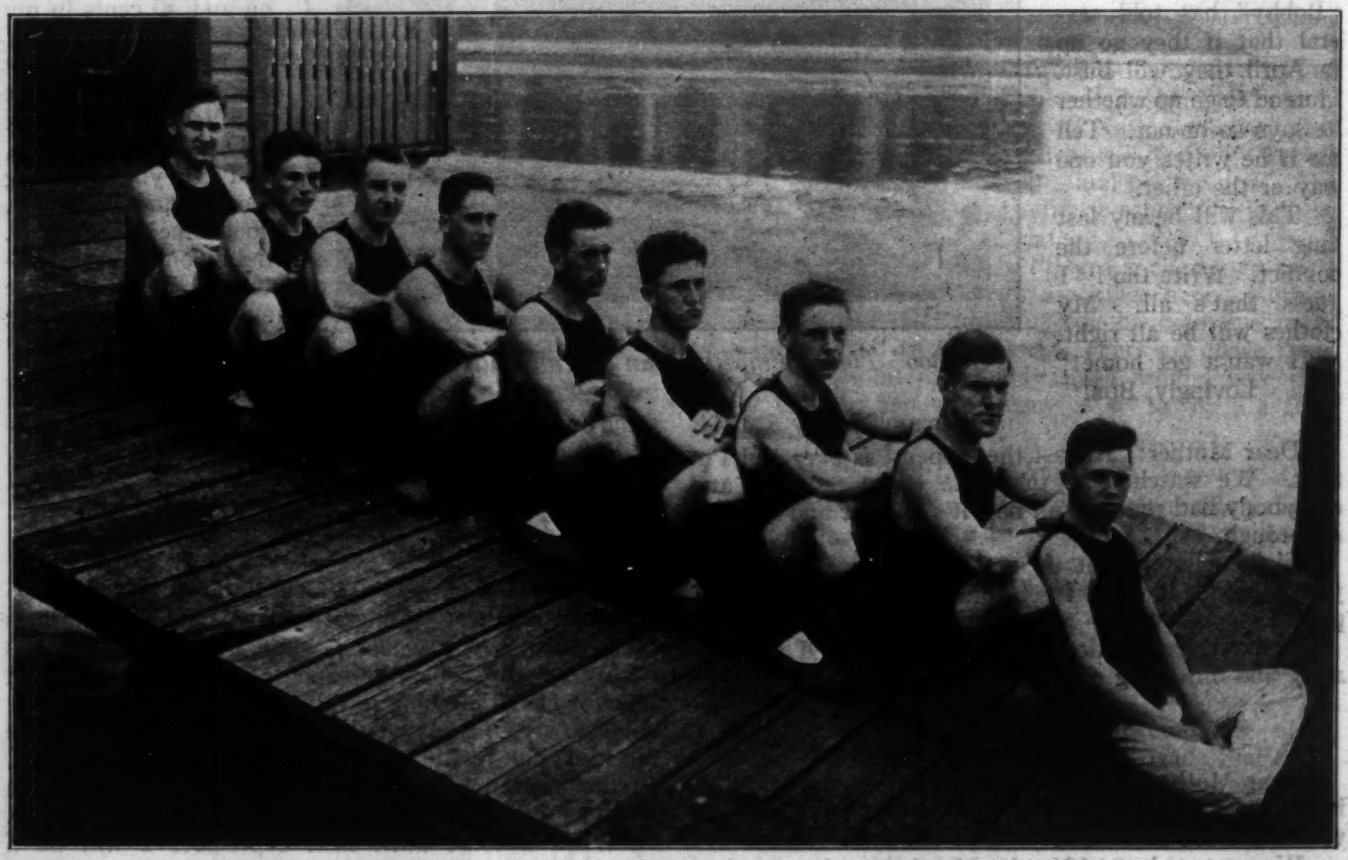
Regarding football, I note what you say but do not recall any promise to stay out of the game. Here is the way I dope it out. I'm always underestimating my ability. For instance, the instructor will pick me off with a much heavier man. I will say: "All right, but there will be nothing to it." Then I'll go after him and first thing I know I've got him down, and I'm more surprised than he is. It may be that I know how to use the strength I have better than the bigger man. Next: to successfully play football, you must have had experience. I intend to play football before I leave here for I figure that by the time I'm 24 I'll weigh 190 and be strong and hard. Here is what I intend to do. Go out for Plebe Football and by a spurt of speed here and a brilliant play there, I won't get hurt, and if I gain strength as I expect to, I can get on the Squad and hang on that a year, and make the team in my third and fourth year. If I don't go out on Plebe Team I'll have no chance. It is deemed worth half a man's life to have played in "Army vs. Navy" and have beaten the "Graylegs from up the Hudson."

The new Gym work just inaugurated is doing wonders for me. I'm getting my joints loosened up and hidden muscles revealed and a general strengthening. You will be greatly surprised at my "Brace" when you see me.

The Upper Classmen are all back now. There are 25 of them who are restricted and can't go home on leave. Some of them can't go out in town until next June. They are a mean lot. But with reasons to be so. They are raising havoc with us Plebes.

I was acting 2nd P. O. one day and was last man in the 4th Division in marching down to mess. One of the crabbiest ones jumped me. He said: "You belay your arms!" I thought he said, "feather your arms." I started feathering them fore and aft, like an oar. He got sore. Told me to come to his room after dinner. He sure did give it to me. Had me sitting on infinity (crooked sitting with no chair) till I thought my knees would give out. Then, for relaxation he braced me up stiff. Then he gave me the "crew," hanging from the locker by the arms, swinging both feet up and down at right angles. Then the "leaning rest" (raising body from floor on arms). Oh, it was lots of fun. Not! That is all I've got. Guess I'm lucky.

Lovingly, Bob.



A boat crew at Annapolis, "Bob" Tigan fourth from the left

International Newsreel

A bird's-eye view of Annapolis, where "Bob" met the defeat of his boyhood

Nov. 19, 1911.

Dear Mother: Next Saturday is the one big event of Plebe life, the Army vs. Navy game. We muster at 10:30 and march on the Franklin Field. I have heard that then, more than at any other time, you feel justly proud of being a Midshipman U. S. N. We rate "youngster" from stroke of midnight and First Class after we are out of the gate.

I have been homesick all day to-day just as I always am when not working. Wish I could be with you for Christmas. I will be glad when March comes and will know that you have moved into the new house.

Love, Bob.

Bancroft Hall, Nov. 25, 1911.

Mother Dear: We beat the Graylegs! Reveille was at 6 a. m., Saturday; formation at 6:20, then breakfast and formation at 7:20. We were all decked out with megaphones and pennants. All the Plebes rated first class, so I smoked as much as I wanted to and called some of the fellows by their nicknames just as if they had never put me on my head. A Plebe here does not know what life is like until he rates something. He is like a dog sneaking around keeping his eye peeled for U. C., afraid to move. But when he rates something he can jump in and have a good time.

I would have gone far to see that game. I am sending you my megaphone. It is slung over the right shoulder diagonally, resting on the right hip, yellow ribbon outside so it showed on blue overcoat. The pennant was on a swagger stick. You will notice the letters "VY" on the megaphone. Find a Saturday Evening Post and cut out the "NA" and paste that on, also cut out my name and paste that on at the "X," then you will have an exact restoration.

I am so hoarse from "rooting" I can't talk. You have seen an account of the game. Dalton won the game same as he did last year's by 3 to 0.

I busted my monthly exams dreadfully, as did every one else. We couldn't get our minds on them. I suppose you will get some awful reports, but I'll make it up next month.

Will write a description of the game in a day or so.

I lost my fountain pen.

Lovingly, Bob.

Bancroft Hall, Dec. 2, 1911.

Mama Dear: I was not as homesick as I expected to be on Thanksgiving for we rated youngster all day and had town Liberty from 3:20 Wednesday until evening roll call Thursday.

Things have been piling up on us Plebes lately. Friday night before going to "Philly" we rated youngster and next day we rated first class, so I got up at 5:45 to shave, then put on my sweater over my p'jams, slipped on some makeshift slippers I had hidden since Plebe summer and started carousing around the corridors. I can hardly describe the feeling of rating something after having been a Plebe for so long. It is like going to town after having a long illness. All that day at "Philly" we did anything we wanted to. Chatted with First Class as if they were old friends. It was different with Grayleg Plebes. They were Plebes all day.

People in the West hear more of West Point than Annapolis and I used to think I would be proud to be a West Pointer. But at Philly there was no comparison between the two uniforms. The dear old Navy blue with its brass buttons and its seagoing style, set off by pennants and beribboned megaphones made me proud indeed to be a midshipman. . . .

Sunday we were Plebes again but in the evening we had a welcome for the team and then we rated as youngsters. We, the 2nd Battalion, went to the station to meet the team. We put them in the cabs, unhitched the horses and took them home on the run.

As we reached the Gate, the First Battalion lighted the brooms and formed a brilliant arch as we went through. Then the old Japanese Bell (given to Perry when he opened up Japan) started its "tum tum" of victory. It is only rung when the Navy defeats the Army. As we reached the Terrace a great bonfire (made of wastebaskets) was lighted and we had another snake dance. Then there were speeches from everyone and tears from those and for those who were football heroes for the last time. Then the bugle called us to dinner. So ended the football season of 1911.

That Thanksgiving box of yours was a joy. I don't know why but I cannot eat enough of your cookies. The candy was the best I ever tasted, and the quince sauce — yum-yum!

Did you get the megaphone and fix it as I said?

Lovingly,
Bob.

U. S. S. Massachusetts,
Provincetown Harbor.
June 19, 1912.

DEAR MOTHER: I am keeping a rather extensive log of the cruise and will bring it home for you to see.

I had a good time June week with my June Ball girl, but felt the responsibility.

The drills were not as tedious as we had expected. It was interesting to see the proud papas and mammas and I missed you. Our Company was expected to win the colors but something happened and we only ran a close second. The ceremony of presenting the colors was an impressive sight. The Brigade formed a three-sided square facing the reviewing stand, then the Color company, the 8th under G. of De K., was called to the front and the cutest little girl presented the colors to G., giving a little speech.

"Bob" (at right) and a chum at Annapolis

We only saw the Superintendent's reception from the outside. Friday we marched to the Armory, saluted the Board of Visitors and President Taft, then we stood at rest during the whole ceremony. As each man was called up to receive his diploma, his friends would applaud. When the last one received his diploma we made a rush for Lover's Lane where we had a big snake dance. That was the first time we "rated" Lover's Lane. I went into the hall on the rush, unbuttoning my coat and throwing my hat on the back of my head and went up second class stairs. We "rate" it but cannot go down it to formation. I then went to my rooms, shifted into service, cut my hat down so it would be "ratey," then went down and met my girl and took a "quilt" walk on Lover's Lane. After dinner we went to the Ball. It was a wonderful ball and I had a glorious time.

Saturday morning we were taken out to the "Massy" in cutters. I was glad to be busy or I should have missed you too much, there were so many saying good-bye at the landing. We were all busy through the day, storing things away and getting acquainted with the ship. Sunday afternoon we had some shore leave and we all had supper at Aunt Kitty's, (Miss T.) said good-bye to all and returned to my ship. We got under way at 8:30.

It seemed strange to see the old Academy slip from our sight. I had been wishing for the trip so long. Passed Tangier Sound, and the old riddled hulk of the San Marcos about 5 miles off our port beam. We had the glass on everything all day. We made Hampton Roads about 2:30 Tuesday. Tuesday morning we were in Hampton Roads with Fortress Munroe off our port bow and Newport News, Norfolk and the site of the Jamestown Expo on our sta'b'rd beam. Wednesday morning we started to coal ship. I handled about 95 of the 96 tons that went into our bunker. We only took on 645 tons. We finished at 4:30 and washed until six o'clock.

Thursday we sailed for Provincetown. The Delaware, Utah, North Dakota have joined us. The Florida came in last night about nine o'clock. Seventy days more of this and then Heaven. I do enjoy the papers from home and your letters.

Here is my month's work: Math., 3:14; English, 2:91; Spanish, 2:85; Mech. Drawing, 2:95; Efficiency, 3:20.

Lovingly,
Bob.

No date. About
Oct. 5, 1912.

Liebe Mutterchen: You're a bloomin' sport. I always knew that. Here you are going on "something" and breaking out in a pair of high heels and a new tan suit. You've got me lashed to the mast with the seas breaking over my bows. If I don't hurry home now you will be a giddy young school girl again.

My first youngster Sunday is here and I am still happy. Am all settled and feel fit for another year. I like my new work and shall do much better than I did last year. My subjects are Physics, Chemistry, Mechanical Drawing, Mathematics, Trigonometry and Calculus and French.

Let me hear from you.

Bob.

NIGHT LETTER

October 20, 1912.

To W. J. Tigan,
Bancroft Hall,
Annapolis Naval Academy.

Read about our trouble in the morning paper. How serious is it? Let us know as folks are anxious. Take your punishment and say nothing. Write immediately.

E. R. T.

(This telegram received from his brother was pasted in his scrapbook with the word "our" underscored.)

CLIPPING FROM CHICAGO RECORD-HERALD
ALSO FOUND IN SCRAPBOOK

Court-Martialed for Hazing.

W. J. Tigan of Illinois Accused at Naval Academy.

Annapolis, Md., Oct. 19—Midshipman Walter J. Tigan of Illinois, a member of the Third Class, was placed on trial on the charges of hazing this morning before a Court Martial detailed by the Secretary of the Navy. The Court consists of ——

Unusual secrecy prevails in regard to the case among both officials of the Academy and the Midshipmen, but it is understood that Mr. T. is accused of causing Midshipman B., a Fourth Year Classman from Indiana, to stand on his head, and the same charge will be brought against another member of the Third Class.

It is understood that Mr. B. made a very unwilling witness to-day but the prosecution had the testimony of an officer who walked into the room while the Fourth Classman was on his head.

DUPLICATE OF OFFICIAL CHARGE

Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland

(No date. Must have been Oct. 19, 1912.)

Charge——Hazing.
Specification.

In that Walter J. Tigan, a Midshipman of the Third Class in the United States Navy, attached to and serving in the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, did, between the hours of nine and ten, post meridian, on the sixteenth day of October, 1912, in Bancroft Hall of said Academy, haze Midshipman R. S. B., Fourth Class, United States Navy, by causing said Midshipman B. to stand on his head, therein and thereby exercising unwarranted assumption of authority over the said Midshipman B.

J. H. GIBBONS,
Captain, United States Navy,
Superintendent.

The verdict of the Court was "Guilty" and the punishment was dishonorable dismissal.

What had happened is told in the following detailed statement of his own case made by Bob to a number of Congressmen and Senators when he was trying to have the terrible verdict mitigated. The facts he gives are undisputed.

DISMISSAL OF MIDSHIPMAN W. J. TIGAN FROM U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY

DETAILED STATEMENT OF CASE

The spirit among the midshipmen at the Naval Academy fosters a great distinction between the classes, the Junior always showing proper respect and deference to his Seniors. This distinction is, naturally, greater between the new Fourth-classmen or "Plebes" and the other classes.

Unofficially, I understand, this is approved and appreciated by the officers in the service, for it serves to make the man, on his graduation to the Fleet, more respectful and subordinate to his superior officers. It is considered by the "Plebes" and upper-classmen alike as part of the military training. During my "Plebe" year I took a great many unpleasant things in this manner, and I know it has been a great benefit to me.

I, naturally, abhor vulgar, smutty language and, at one time, during my Plebe year experienced a great deal of trouble because of my refusal to tell obscene stories. Later I was honored by the same men for the stand I took.

"Bob" and his buddies greasing the gun carriages at Quantico Training Camp

I had found Plebe life very hard for one of high spirits, and I determined to treat the Plebes very good this year, but vowing that where it was in my power, no Plebe should use vulgar language. I honestly believed that I treated the Plebes as well, if not better than any other man in the Brigade.

Midshipman B., the person whom I was accused of hazing, sat opposite me at mess table and I liked him very much. He is a clever, intelligent man with a good Navy spirit. I had treated him very well and he appreciated it, but he was becoming too familiar and was disrespectful at times. I had warned him, but finally he made a very insulting, obscene and ungentlemanly reply to a question of mine. If intentional it would, in my opinion, have been sufficient cause for personal settlement. I was unduly provoked and, on the spur of the moment, ordered him to report to my room and stand on his head, thereby exercising "unwarranted assumption of authority" over the under-classman.

That evening while I was studying, he entered my room. He spoke and I looked around, then told him to do as I ordered. I remained seated and did not look on.

Standing on one's head is done by placing the head and hands on the floor, then raising the feet in the air. This lasts but a second or so and is no physical exertion for the average midshipman, being practically the same as turning a somersault. I think I can truthfully say that, allowing a few exceptions, everyone in the three upper classes has done this from ten to twenty-five times.

As Midshipman B. was picking up his hat, Lieutenant Stapler entered. I heard someone and turned. Then stood at attention. The Lieutenant questioned me and informed me that the case would be reported.

The following morning I was called before the Commandant charged with "having Fourth-classmen in room under suspicious circumstances." In my eagerness to be square and honest and take my punishment for the infraction, I stated the entire case to the Commandant, exonerating my room-mate who, technically, was the responsible officer.

The charge I thus furnished was used against me and I was notified that I would be court-martialed, charged with "Hazing," the specifications being: "In that W. J. Tigan, Midshipman Third Class, did haze Midshipman B., by causing him to stand on his head, therein and thereby exercising 'unwarranted assumption of authority.'"

"Bob" as a naval cadet

Heretofore much more severe cases were brought before a board of investigation, demerits and restrictions being imposed, the law stating that the accused cannot be dismissed for one such offense. A hazing case has been handled in this manner since the time of my case. I was led by the Judge-Advocate to believe that, if I pleaded guilty I would receive the clemency of the court and would be assigned only a light punishment; also that there was no probability of dismissal. Being anxious to take whatever discipline accorded, I followed his advice. In so doing, I precluded myself from any defense of a material nature, and my case was not brought before the court in any detail. Contrary to the intimation of the Judge-Advocate hereinbefore mentioned, the Naval law seems to be very explicit and inflexible in such a case and in compliance with the strict letter thereof I was dishonorably dismissed from the United States Naval Service, thereby losing my citizenship; a proceeding I was led to believe was nearly impossible and which was not considered at the time I entered the plea of guilty.

The Superintendent, Commandant, and one of the Members of the Court expressed their sympathy for me, speaking highly of me as a man and of my records in the Academy, stating that I would be an excellent Naval Officer. I feel that although the strict letter of the law has been followed, the spirit of the law is at variance and I have not been justly treated.

I realize, fully, the nature of my offense and am anxious to take all proper punishment, but this excludes me from life's chosen vocation, all by one trivial infraction, despite a previous good conduct record, and without consideration of my aptitude or qualifications as a Naval Officer.

Respectfully submitted,
W. J. Tigan.

The result of this statement was the introduction of a bill into the United States Senate by Senator Cullom that would have made Bob eligible for appointment in the Army or the Marine Corps, and for re-entry into the Academy the year his class graduated. The bill was defeated.

We have gone ahead of Bob's letters in order to clear up the facts of his offense and dismissal. Now we go back to the undated letter telling his mother that the worst is about to befall him.

United States Naval Academy, Monday Evening.

Dear Mother: My dismissal from the service is to be read out at roll call to-night. I have been over this afternoon and had a long talk with the Superintendent. He does not blame me, personally, but following the strict letter of the law, I must be the example.

I am satisfied with my own conduct in the whole affair and not ashamed to go out and get a job telling that I have been dismissed.

I know you have confidence in me and will believe I acted manly throughout. I will get paid off, make all my settlements and pack up. I can remain as long as I wish. I have already written for a job at Culver as Instructor and also to the Argentine Embassy for a commission in the Argentine Navy.

The whole brigade realizes that I'm the goat and sympathizes with me. Several have promised to help get me a position. I will send you a draft for $200 and keep the rest for a while as I may need it until I get settled.

I will come home in case I get the Culver position and in case I get the Argentine position will likely visit home for awhile.

Will write again to-morrow.

Lovingly, your son,
Bob.

October 31, 1912.

Dear Mother: I left the Academy last night and am now at Miss. T.'s.

"Bob" at a machine gun

Before leaving I went around and said good-bye to all the fellows and I feel that I have left a lot of friends there who think I have not been treated squarely.

My clothes have not been received yet. I understood from G.'s telegram they were sent Monday. I have never felt better than when I got G.'s telegram telling of those who volunteered to help me. I know of many worse cases where they were reinstated.

If these men do anything,

it will take a month and it would cost me as much to stay here as to come home. I plan to run down to Washington to-morrow and see if I can get a position. If you do not approve of this, wire me giving reasons. If I do not hear from you, I will leave for home Sunday, arriving in Chicago Monday morning.

Lovingly,
Bob.

Annapolis, Md., October 30, 1912.

My dear Mrs. Tigan: This is just to tell you how grieved and sorry I am about Walter having been caught. What he did was nothing at all — it is done every day — and there was nothing brutal about it, newspaper reports to the contrary notwithstanding. The only thing wrong about it was "in getting caught."

I was so proud of the boy for he was ambitious and fond of the service — and I know he is bitterly disappointed at having to give it up. His record since he entered the Academy — both for lessons and conduct is very good — so that I have been hoping against hope that he would be reinstated. Up to this morning he had heard nothing, so perhaps no news is good news.

Please don't be hard on the boy when he comes home. It is not his fault.

Sincerely, K. A. T.

(Note: The above letter was from Aunt Kitty.)

United States Senate, Washington, D. C.,
December 4, 1912.

To Walter J. Tigan,
Rochelle, Ill.

My dear Sir: I have yours of December 2nd, and will say at the outset that I do not sympathize with the idea of Congressional interference in either the naval or military academies. I have never voted for a bill to reinstate a student who had been expelled for cause and I never will, as I think such action is unwise. We must have discipline in both academies or we will never get good men in the Army and Navy turned out from them.

Very respectfully, B. R. Tillman.

Rochelle, Ill., December 7, 1912.

Senator Benjamin R. Tillman,
Washington, D. C.

Sir: In reply to your rather discouraging letter of December 4, I will say that I appreciate your stand of supporting discipline. But there is a difference between discipline and petty despotism. I would beg the honor of saying that I think it more commendable to be for justice and equity always, rather than for support of disciplinary measures, whether they be right or wrong. A man of action, a man who does things, very often makes mistakes. I might even suppose that you, Senator, in your active career, have made mistakes; and I feel that you would realize the injustice here, if you had been barred from political life because of those mistakes. It is not the men who never did anything, right or wrong, who make men of action.

I think that you will find that many of our most brilliant men in the service and also in public life committed many grievous breaches of discipline when young, and if these had been barred from their careers when they had started, a great many noteworthy deeds would never have found their way into the country's history.

I have a great many assurances of support from the most prominent men of Congress (yours, in fact has been the only exception) and I feel quite hopeful of the bill's passing. I do not think that it would establish a harmful precedent, and this is the only case of the sort on record in late years. If, however, it does not pass, I shall feel that I was not destined to serve my country on the seas and shall turn to shape my career in other lines.

Most sincerely yours, W. J. T.

UNITED STATES SENATE

Washington, D. C., December 9, 1912.

Mr. Walter J. Tigan,
Rochelle, Ill.

My dear Sir: I have your manly letter of December 7th and I am impressed with what you say and the way you say it. If your letter is a sample of your quality as a man, you will succeed in life whether you get in the Navy or not. And I must confess, candidly, that I do not see how any man of my temperament can stand the idea of being away from his wife as long as most Naval Officers must be.

Very sincerely yours,
B. R. Tillman.

The failure of the Cullom bill in his behalf ended his hopes for reinstatement and as he had said he felt "that he was not destined to serve his country on the seas," and turned to shape another course. For the next four years, he engaged in mercantile business, believing that his duty was first due now to his mother and brother, who comprised his entire "immediate" family. He and his brother, assisted financially by his mother's limited resources, opened a local shoe store and were meeting with exhilarating success when on April 6th, 1917, the United States entered the war against Germany. Four days afterward, in Chicago, he applied for enlistment in the United States Marine Corps, and on April 15th, his enlistment was accepted.

At the time of his application for enlistment, it became necessary for legal process to restore his citizenship before enlistment was completed. Citizenship was, therefore, restored to him, but these papers were not found among his effects returned to his mother after his death.

Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va., July 19, '17.

Dear Mother: Saw my friend Louis De R. (one of his former classmates at Annapolis) Sunday afternoon. He told me he had written headquarters to transfer me. He said he was to be transferred to Quantico to the 6th Regiment to train for France and asked me if I wanted to go. I sure did. He seemed pleased.

He told me I was to go up for Corporal soon and to get busy. I am going to work hard so I'll make a fine showing. I want to make it a credit to L. for recommending me. He seems to think I ought to make my commission soon.

Tell G. to get it out of his head that he should go. I'm doing my part for the whole family and he's doing more than his bit for his family behind the lines.

Lovingly,
Bob.

Norfolk, July 22nd.

Dear N: (His Aunt) Here is a letter all for you. I won't leave it to the "round robin." The reason I have not written "just you" before is entirely your own fault. The reason? Well, you have always been such a combination of little pal, sister, fairy godmother and "little old George" whenever there was anything to be done and done just right that we all just naturally turn to you and you, of course, respond in your own inimitable, sweet way. You see, you have made this trait of yours so matter-of-fact that although we all sincerely appreciate your services, we overlook the fact that we

never express our thanks or are able to pay you sufficiently.

Now, witness, a pledge and a promise. When I get back off the Trail of Kaiser Bill and the Succor of France, I'll spend an hour a day repaying you the debt which has been accruing since I first said "Boo!" You know it takes something just like what I have been through to wake a fellow up to a real appreciation of real folks like Mother and G. and you and B. and J. and E. I am a lucky fellow and didn't know it.

What I have gone through in the last few weeks has jolted me to a deep awakening. I am going to keep in closer touch with home and I am going to keep a strict and watchful accounting of my money "for the rainy seasons."

You expressed a fear in your last letter for my morals under the strain of excessive freedom. I promise you all that you need have no doubts. I have vanity and personal pride and I remember you folks at home, and mother. This, I am sure, will keep me from vulgarity and commonness. I always try to keep my pleasures along the lines of a gentleman.

I went ashore with a young fellow from Oklahoma. He had plenty of money. I have foresworn liberty with anyone not having money. I will pay my own share but no more. . . .

He paid carfare to Portsmouth Ferry, 10 cents; Ferry fare across to Norfolk, 10 cents. I got a hair cut, 35 cents; paid for two sundaes, 20 cents and bought a 30-cent box of candy. L. bought tickets for a show, 60 cents. After the show we had two shredded wheats and bananas at a Childs, 30 cents, which I paid for. We walked around awhile and he bought a coca cola and I had a buttermilk. He paid ten cents. On the way back to the Ferry I bought 15 cents worth of bananas, 5 cents peaches and 5 cents for a Sat. Eve. Post. He paid carfare, 10 cents and I paid ferry fare, 10 cents. He spent $1.00 and I spent $1.10 and 40 cents for myself. I now have $12.40 on hand. You see I know where the money goes.

I can't give any information. It's against regulations.

Lovingly,
Bob.

Quantico, Sept. 30, 1917.

Dear Mother: Just a line to tell you some good news. I believe in my note last night I told you of the possibility of one of our gunnery sergeants being sent to Philadelphia to the Q. M. Depot and that his request had been denied. Well, this morning they called him up and told him they had reconsidered and would send him. That leaves a Gy. Sgt. berth and I think I'll get it. I have been recommended. Am working hard for it.

Had a great day to-day. Secretary Daniels and General Barnett were here looking us over.

Lovingly,
Bob.

No date. Probably October 18, 1917.

Dear Mother: As usual the straight dope was wrong. Instead of shoving off Friday, we settled down for a while longer.

They have taken the measurements of all our equipment to compute the cubic feet required on the transport and have issued no more of our equipment. I have yet to be issued a new field hat, two new regulation field trousers, two pairs leggings, woolen underwear and a pair of shoes, russet tans.

I hope to get them so I can have my stripes and chevrons put on so that I'll feel a little more than a "buck private."

I got all your packages, letters, etc. It seems that every mail has something for me.

I received communion this morning. This is only twice since I came but I am going to try to do better. I realize how serious a proposition we are up against. A man must keep himself fit in body and in soul to do his bit to the best of his ability.

I have a great deal of personal pride and a great deal of honor as a clean sportsman and a gentleman. This may be an inheritance from you, or father, or the result of your training. My training and my love and respect for you have given me a spirit of honor and respect for all women. Some day will come a girl who loves me and whom I sincerely love. I would be a miserable cur were I to go to her with any blot on my record. By the Grace of God I will come home to you and to the girl of my dreams clean and honorable in body and soul, and with some proof of my real worth as a man. I hope to God your training, my faith, memories of you all and a strong conscience will support my real character to the end. If I don't come home, I hope to go before my Creator with an honorable record.

Captain De Roode goes with us to France, also Henry, my first Lieutenant, 3 second lieutenants. Shaw, my gunnery sergeant in the platoon is an old timer, Irish, a fine fellow and efficient. I won't be nervous in any action where he is with me. Birt and Buchanan, both gunnery sergeants, are fine fellows with good experience. I am very well satisfied with the Company. They are old timers who have seen service. They will be conservative, dependable, efficient and will keep a few of us younger fellows from any hare-brained bravado. The Company all realize the seriousness of the whole affair and work hard. They know the gun and the need of teamwork.

Now trust me, Mother, and do not worry. What has always helped me was the knowledge that you trusted me in whatever I might do. I promise you I will give a good account of myself when I come home.

Now don't worry.

Lovingly, Bob.

Aboard U. S. S. De Kalb, Dec. 28, 1917.

Dear Mother: We are lying at anchor in the mouth of the Loire River, a large and peaceful moon shining across the bay, the lights of other ships and some of our destroyers here and there about the basin. A half mile to the shore are the lights of St. Nazaire, a mighty pretty little French seaside resort, converted into a landing port of overseas expeditionary forces. We are in Western Central France, south, about half way between Brest and Bordeaux.

We came into the harbor to-day and from what I can hear we will disembark to-morrow. I am writing this so I can give it to a man who will carry it back to the states and mail it there. It will not be censored, so I will trust you to censor all information I give you.

To run back over my trip. We turned out at 4:15 A. M. Saturday, December 8th. Had breakfast and formed our company at about 5:30. We were then marched to the train which was already loaded with our equipment. There was a heavy snow falling. I shall never forget that march to the station. It was that darkest time just before the dawn; the wet, heavy snow falling, here and there a stray light glowing through the murk. The other companies who were leaving with us were forming or were already lined up along the way. We marched by, silent, grim, very orderly. No boisterous cheering or goodbyes. No one was saying much but we were all thinking a great deal. What was uppermost in my mind, I can't tell. I was ambi-

tious, romantically eager, felt my duty sternly, still how I hated to leave my home country, not knowing that I would ever return.

We left Quantico in darkened cars about 6:45 A. M. Until we started we didn't know where we were going for our point of embarkation. We soon learned we were to go to Newport News, Va. The trip was slow and deadly monotonous — through a country which would never instill in anyone that patriotism and love of one's land which makes a man fight for his country — you guessed it — the Dismal Swamp.

We detrained at Newport News in a perfect downpour of rain, going on board the De Kalb at once and leaving our gear. The De Kalb was tied up at the docks, coaling ship. You can imagine that the first impression was rather disheartening. We worked until about 2 A. M. that night getting our stores and equipment on board. I expected all the time to sleep on some soft spot on the dirty deck below but instead I was given a stateroom, a mattress and a bunk in the wall. Yet sergeants, corporals and privates hit the deck! We pulled out into the roads in the morning, finished coaling and pulled out, all alone, for New York. We laid there for a few days with Liberty off in the distance. Then finally we pulled out with the other ships and a cruiser, the North Carolina.

"Bob" age five years, and Eugene six and a half

Below: "Bob" age nine

We had a mighty good trip in all. This is a good ship, lucky, has a fine captain, Captain Geraghty, formerly Naval Attaché at Berlin. We were wedded to our life preservers after a day out, sleeping and eating in them. Everything went fine, Marines pretty nervous after we passed 20 degrees West, the limit of the U. S. war zone. Then one day seven U. S. destroyers showed up and everyone felt brave.

Christmas went by much as any other day, except that a whole lot of others were thinking as I was — of home and mother. Thursday was set for our Christmas Day. There were great preparations for the dinner. I was in the mess, the dinner was on the table the turkey was being carved, when "oo-ee-oo-ee" the siren — submarine warning. Everyone jumped, made a grab for their life preservers. I was the last one out of the room and thought I was fast, so you can imagine how the rest went out. My first thought was of the cold water, and of that "TNT" we had in the holds. I felt sure we wouldn't go down. We would go up. There were many white faces, but discipline, courage and good stout legs held them in order. The submarine showed her periscope about 300 feet away abaft the after well deck. They must have had a decoy spar or log in tow for our skipper saw that first and tried to ram it. We changed our course and put full speed. The after five-inch fired four or five shots making, they claim, two hits. Then a destroyer fired one of her bow guns, ran at her full speed and dropped a depth bomb. They took a "look see" and signalled "destroyed," so I think the Devil had some fresh Huns for his Christmas dinner. We went back to ours but some had lost their appetites.

Now that it is over, it has been a happy trip. We watched the shore with our glasses to-day and I must say I agree, "beautiful France." It surely is picturesque, the architecture is so typical and the landscape so carefully cared for. It is a land they may well fight for.

We can't tell you what to expect. I rather think we will disembark here — then what?

Captain De Roode said he expected to get word of my commission when we land. I hope there will be mail when we land. I fear you are worrying. You must not for I am as fit as a fox and taking care of myself and working for success.

So long, Mother, heaps and heaps of love.

Bob.

Somewhere in France,
April 9, 1918.

Dear Mother: I am celebrating my birthday, first, by being out of the trenches for a rest period of five days; secondly, by writing you at home who have been so faithful about writing me.

On that matter of the extreme separation allowance, I took that up with the company office when you wrote before. With the letters you have sent, I will do so again. Of course you will get it all in time but that is not the question. I wish you to have it at once and regularly. I made the regular request for this when I made my allotment of $15.00 and you should have received it long ago. My allotment expires soon and I will renew it for $25 instead of fifteen. I realize what it must mean to you, this selling out our business and G.'s going to training camp. I know you will not worry for if you do not get the insurance you will get a dandy little supporter when I get home.

Was awfully glad to know that Johnny M.'s letter so assured you all. I certainly was glad to see him. Have seen him often since. We have great confabs.

Must stop now and go up to H. Q.

Not so far away big things are happening and here I am in a rest billet fixed like a prince.

We are the most efficient Machine Gun Company in a mighty fine though small unit, the Marine Corps, and I do wish they would give us a chance to do the work we can do so well.

I will be home with you by Christmas. My God doesn't that word sound good. Home!

I have been recommended for commission so many times that it gives me no more thrill. I don't care for it only as it will make you happy and confound some of those who said, "I told you so" when I left the Naval Academy. But really I am glad and satisfied. I have really earned my way up and have the same duties as an officer, have the respect and comradeship of all the men in the company and the confidence and respect of the officers, both Company and Battalion.

Worlds of Love,
Bob.

Fourth Brigade headquarters at Vierzy

(His brother reached France and was ordered to the front just three days before the Armistice was signed.)

On Active Service. American Expeditionary Force, May 12, 1918.

Dear Mother: This is Mother's Day and if ever a fellow had reason to celebrate it, I have.

You have always been so fine about showing your confidence in me in everything I do. You do everything and are always so thoughtful of my needs and welfare, and always, I know, with a sacrifice. I know what a sacrifice you are making now. It is not enough to give one boy, you must give the other one and he must sell out the business, sacrificing all our hard work in building it up. I know this was a blow to you for you wanted so much to have us established well at home. I know how your money was all invested for Gene's and my interest, gambling all your future on our making good.

I know it rather looked as if we did not appreciate it. We boys seem both to have inherited from you that little trait of not talking much of our joys and sorrows. But you may be assured that we do appreciate it and love you for it.

I am wondering what you think about that little commission which I was to get so many months ago. Every so often it breaks out like a rash but it heals up and never comes to a head. For my part I don't care. I feel sometimes that I would rather be just a little Gunnery Sergeant than anything up to a Captain. There was a Marine Gunner I know who said "all we need is a Gineral and lots of sarjints." I feel he is about right. All I want a commission for is so you can be proud of me and so that no one can feel sorry for you because I wasn't a success after all my training at the Academy.

Send me, if you can, peanuts, salted almonds, Whitman's chocolates, hard candies and a few Hershey nut bars. Put these in a tin box.

Heaps of Love,
W. J. T.

On Active Service in France, June 24, 1918.

Mother Dear: I hope that I can again count on your remarkable faith and confidence that, even though you do not hear from me at times, I will be all well and happy until I do have the chance to send you some word.

Knowing what all the papers here say — and I have heard that the papers in the States are just the same — I feel that you will be somewhat worried. Everything is Marines, what wonderful soldiers they are, how they stopped the German drive on Paris, the wonderful work of the machine gunners, the epic of Chateau-Thierry and the cleaning out of the machine gun nest in the Bois de Belleau. Every paper has been quite full of all this. I shall enclose a clipping.

I feel that you will see all this and perhaps the casualty lists and see the names of some of the men I have spoken of in my outfit and worry a bit. I wanted to cable at least "All's well" to assure you. I have tried in every way to get some word of Johnny M. His company was in with us but I have been unable to get to any of them to ask. I shall have to use your system — pure Faith.

You know, mother, I received a letter from both you and G. after returning from what I believed was a 100 to 1 shot on death and you both ended up with a prayer for me saying you were praying night and day for my return. I know you are remembering Johnny M. also and I know his mother includes me with Johnny.

If I have never been religious before, I am now. I am praying, not in a cowardly fashion, but wholeheartedly, that we all may go up there whenever called upon and do our duty like brave men should and, God willing, that we may return to our homes and our mothers, our duty well and successfully performed. But if God wills that we shall make the great sacrifice, my prayer is that our loved ones at home will be consoled by the feeling that their boy died bravely, like a man fighting a good and a just battle, and that our efforts may tell in gaining the certain final realization of victory.

We are going in again, soon, but I expect to be out — you see I have absolute faith that God is good and must hear our prayers — and will be able to write you again before July 4th. I have to have some assurance about Johnny M. before that time.

Hope G. is happy in camp. My dearest love to all. I'm dreaming and longing for home and each and every one of you.

Sincerely,
W. J. T.

(Note: John Peter Moore, to whom he so often refers in his letters, a boyhood friend, also from Rochelle, Ill., died of wounds September 15, 1918.)

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Know Ye, That Walter J. Tigan, A Gunnery Sergeant of the United States Marine Corps, who enlisted the 21st day of April, 1917 at Marine Barracks, Port Royal, South Carolina, to serve 4 years, is HEREBY DISCHARGED HONORABLY to accept a commission as a Second Lieutenant, M. C. R. (Provisional).

Said W. J. Tigan was born August 9th, 1891, at Rochelle, Illinois, and when enlisted was 72 inches high, with blue eyes, D. brown hair, ruddy complexion, occupation Clerk, Citizenship U. S. Applied for enlistment at R. S. Chicago, Ill.

Vierzy, France; Walter Tigan was wounded 150 yards south of here

Given under my hand and delivered at A. E. F., France, this 27th day of June, 1918.

L. W. T. WALLER, JR.,
(Character Excellent) Major, U. S. M. C.,
Commanding Marines.

MILITARY RECORD

Previous Service, None. Noncommissioned officer, Appl. Cpl., Sept. 18, 1917, Sgt. Oct. 5, 1917, Gy. Sgt. Nov. 16, 1917.

Marksmanship Qualification, Marksman; Sea Service, None; Foreign Service, A. E. F., France, from Dec. 31, 1917, to June 27, 1918. Served in advanced zone A. E. F., France, from January 3, 1918, to March 31, 1918, and from April 1, 1918 to June 27, 1918 in front line trenches in the Meuse and the Aisne, France.

Expeditions; Embarked on the U. S. S. De Kalb for Overseas Expeditionary duty December 8, 1917, arrived December 28, 1917 and disembarked at St. Nazaire, France, December 31, 1917.

Battles, engagements, affairs or skirmishes: Participated in engagements in Bois de Belleau Wood, France, from June 1, 1918, to June 23, 1918, and capture of the town of Boresche, France, June 6, 1918.

Military Efficiency, Excellent; Obedience, Excellent; Sobriety, Excellent.

Remarks: Recommended for re-appointment as Gunnery Sergeant, T. W. upon re-enlistment.

L. W. T. WALLER, JR.,
Major, U. S. M. C.,
Commanding Marines,

France, July 1, 1918.

Dear Mother: Enclosed you will find my discharge from the U. S. Marine Corps. It is a little incorrect as to previous service — I am having that attended to — and also about my service in the trenches during April.

I am sorry to tell you that I lost G.'s picture and all my clothes and part of my equipment in a little "celebration" we have been having. I find all one can keep in the game we are playing is one's equipment, toilet articles and a blanket, and lucky to keep these. Don't worry though or think of sending others.

I have been through a whole lot in this little time here. I can't and neither do I feel like talking about it. I wish to God I could forget it, but may tell you some of it when I see you Christmas.

Don't like to think of G. going in. I've seen too much and every time I think: "That's some mother's boy." Pray God that we win soon. It will be a great feeling when it's over and we all start home again.

I am mighty sorry to hear of the loss of the little old red brick — St. Patrick's — our church. But just think of your homes, all the buildings in R — and neighboring towns looking just like that church is now and you will have some idea ot France.

You know, mother, I shall never forget your "God keep you, my son" and N.'s letters always ending in a prayer. Yes, and her "make the fellows take care of you." I thought of that lately when I feared my whole section would be lost. I'm the one that must take care of them. They all looked to me and God was kind. We stuck it out — and came back. We are all up for a Croix de Guerre. That is one of my surprises. I have it. But it's a pretty bauble, nothing to recompense for what we went through. My satisfaction is a duty honorably performed. The fellows think as I do.

I am your very loving son,

W. J. T.

On Active Service, July 6, 1918.

Dear Mother: Another "Mother's Day" which I am celebrating in a fine old French chateau which, luckily, has felt none of the ravages of war. We came in from a position in the Woods, named in my discharge which I sent to you. By the way, an order was read at mess today changing it from Bois de —— to Bois de la Brigade de Marines. I rather think we are making history, eh!

The chateau is just off the main road but it seems so far away from the sweat and dust and all that goes with a modern war — like walking into Paradise. The grounds are beautiful, large, well-cared for lawns, hedges, trees, curving drives and beautiful old buildings of delightful French architecture.

It was quite dark when we entered the chateau after caring for our men, but I made a thorough exploration by daylight. The room was high ceiled, marble tiled floor, with uniquely carved furniture and several large oil paintings. The other rooms had matched hardwood floors, apparently walnut; an immense artistic fireplace, great mirrors covering whole panels in the wall. There are some beautiful oil paintings and tapestries and many large French windows. The furniture, a beautifully unique collection, was carefully piled and covered and oh, yes, the ceilings were decorated "en bas" relief and there are the most marvellous chandeliers. We had quite a parley with a Colonel of —— who was indignant because he had not been notified, telling us the place was a general's billet, but we told him we were Marines and that turned the trick.

The next day was perfect, the Good Lord helping me to celebrate my mother's birthday. We spent the day making a thorough reconnaissance and "en repos." The gardens are glorious, walled-in and systematically plotted, gravel paths and a dinky little hot-house. Along the garden edge flowed the historic Marne, across the river a valley which is like a dream, so quiet, so peaceful, so unbelievably beautiful. It is enough to make any good American heart jump, an inspiration and certainly a recompense for what we have been through.

I started out to write you a birthday letter, but here I am raving over the beauties of the chateau.

I wish, mother, I were clever enough to express, even poorly, what my mother means to me. It is one of those sentiments that wells up in one, throbbing in one's heart, pounding at one's brain, but it can't create a power of expression. I think I have this trait from you, mother, it is your actions that speak; so I will try to make it with me. I have been thoughtless at times, I know. Your training could not make me perfect. But now I am trying to do everything I can and, God willing, "apres la guerre," my one thought will be for your happiness.

I am enclosing with this a letter clipping which I found in a magazine which contains rather a beautiful and certainly a very true thought. Keep this, mother as a constant reminder of the two sons you have given to the flag. And, mother, there are a great many clippings being sent to the fellows over here having to do with the heroic work and the splendid spirit of the Marines. When you run across these, keep them and put them in my academy book. When I come home Christmas they will be mighty interesting.

Till I write again, mother, so long, and forever and ever mother, I wish you the greatest happiness. I am praying for you every day and praying that I may return. Keep it up too, mother.

Sincerely, your loving son,

W. J. T.

(Note: This was his last letter to his mother. The clipping was Edgar A. Guest's "The Mother on the Sidewalk.")

Hotel Lord Byron, Champs Elysees,
Paris, July 28, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Tigan: The privilege of knowing and loving your son has been given to me this past week. His beautiful spirit was apparent to all of us who were near him and I shall hope to live through these coming months so close to tragedy with a finer courage for having known him.

Before I tell you all the little things you are wanting to know, let me introduce myself to you. I am Alice Lee Herrick of Chicago. I came to France with the Red Cross to do recreation organization at Base Hospitals. While waiting my appointment I went to an evacuation hospital twenty minutes from Paris and worked from Monday, the 22nd, in the ward where your boy was. I was on night duty from 7 p. m. to 8 a. m. the hardest time for the wounded and yet the time when one can do more than any other — and one does know them then — but of course you know that.

He was in a ward with about 20 other boys, almost all of them badly wounded. When I first went to him I was attracted to him by his sweetness and patience. That day the nurses had been very busy and had time only for the absolute necessities. We spoke of being from the same state but always, even then, it was an effort for him to talk. He asked me to wash his face and hands and clean his fingernails and I knew what an inherently sweet person he must be. Of course he was very weak. He had a compound fracture of the lower right arm and right lower leg, and a small scalp wound. A shrapnel wound in his right shoulder and a fracture of his left thigh. All the fractures had to be irrigated — that meant putting in the Dakin solution, a very wonderful cleaner — several times a night. It lessened the inflammation and therefore the pain. He was never refused an opiate when he was suffering and could not sleep. We all did everything in our power to make him comfortable and up to the last he would tell us when he wanted his position changed.

We all loved him so it was a pleasure to be able to help him. Often I have helped to move him up on his pillows with his arm about my shoulders and mine under his back or have lifted his arm ever so gently and slowly. I think you may rest happy in the thought that not even with your mother's intuition and love could you have made him more comfortable than the nurses who tended him. He often went to sleep with his left hand under his head and his head turned to the left. And he was so handsome!

Night before last he had no appetite but was a little sleepless. I sat by him all night and twice coaxed him to a restful sleep with alcohol rubs. He asked for some fruit early in the week and someone, a day nurse, I believe, gave him a big box of peaches and plums. They were a little too heavy for him and he said to me: "Please give these peaches to some of the other fellows. Someone should enjoy them." Most of the conversations were on my side — it was an effort for him. A day or two ago I asked him if he would like to have me write you and he said he would and smiled.

The little things we were able to do, a glass of orange juice, a massage always brought such sweet gratitude, a squeeze of his hand or "thanks." Always when his motions gave him pain he was a gentleman. I have never heard him swear and his "please" would have got him the moon from me.

One night after his hypodermic, Miss Giles, the night nurse remarked: "Now Lieutenant T., you go to sleep and sleep twenty-four hours!" When he awoke after six hours, he asked me to please call Miss Giles which I did. Then he remarked, whimsically, "You said I would sleep twenty-four hours," and smiled faintly.

Several of his men were at the same hospital and their love was as patent as ours was deep. One ordered us to give him the best care in the world, saying: "He's a prince of a man." Another with slight wounds dashed in one night and queried: "How's my lieutenant?" I told him he was pretty sick but that he was sleeping and my heart warmed to him when he said: "I tell you nurse, he is a wonderful man." It must be very beautiful for you to have had a son who drew so much love from people. I wonder if a little remark he made to me, right from a dream, would mean anything to you. He said: "You know the little house by the river?" When I asked him what he meant he replied: "Nothing."

Day before yesterday the priest visited the boys and had left a tiny silver crucifix which was on a table by his bed. I am sure you will receive it with his things.

And he went so easily and beautifully. Coughed a little and slept away. The little orderly beside him didn't even know that he had left him and that the interminable days of discomfort, or perhaps a life of physical disability, were past for him.

Oh, Mrs. T., my heart bursts — that dear, brave,

wonderful lad! And for you, sympathy chokes me. If there is anything I can do, any question that I can answer, please write me, care American Red Cross, 4 Rue Gabriel, Paris, France, and when I come back to Chicago I shall call on you. You must be a very fine person and I know you are fortunate to have had such a son. Please call on me if there is anything I can do.

Most sincerely,

ALICE LEE HERRICK.

(This letter was received after the official notification of his death came from Washington.)

American Red Cross, August 1, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Tigan: I write to tell you of the deep sympathy of the American Red Cross in France in the death of Second Lieutenant W. J. Tigan, Company 81, Sixth M. G. Batt. He came to this hospital July 21, 1918. He died of gunshot wounds July 28, 1918 at 2:55 a.m.

I am here as representative of the Home Communication Service of the American Red Cross, trying to render service to the brave sons of America and help to fill, as it were, the missing link between the home and battlefield.

The services at the hospital were conducted by a Red Cross Chaplain under a locust tree amid most picturesque surroundings. His coffin was draped with the American flag, which honor is won by every American soldier who pays the supreme sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism. A number of his comrades were present and also went with the body to its last resting place, which is in an American military cemetery located on a most restful and peaceful hillside in France, where he takes his well-earned repose under the most glorious epitaph that can fall to the lot of a soldier.

He had done his last drill and has been called "dismissed." Yes, taps for him have been sounded and he is resting calm and free; after awhile he will awaken to stand God's reveille.

There will be a cross placed at the head of his grave, bearing his name and date of death. If possible, we will have a picture taken of the grave and sent to you, and after the war is over you will be advised the exact location where he is buried. At present we are not permitted to name any certain place in France.

With renewed assurances of our sympathy, I am,

Sincerely yours,

EMILY A. PATTERSON.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
COMMANDANT'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

August 16, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Tigan: It is with feelings of deep regret that I write you confirming my telegram to you of the 16th inst. regarding the death of your son, Walter J. Tigan, Marine Corps Reserve, and I want to take this opportunity of again conveying to you my heartfelt sympathy in your sorrow.

Up to the present time no other information than the bare statement of your son's death has been received, but on receipt of a full report of the engagement in which Lieut. Tigan so nobly met his death, I will write you more fully.

Regulations provide that the bodies of all officers who die in France shall be buried there, but upon the termination of hostilities they will be brought to the United States for interment.

Again assuring you of the heartfelt sympathy of myself and all of Lieut. Tigan's brother officers at his death in action so early in his career as an officer in the Marine Corps, and trusting that the knowledge that he met his death while so nobly engaged in the service of his country may be of some consolation to you in your grief, I am,

Very sincerely,

GEORGE BARNETT,
Major General Commandant.

6th Machine Gun Batt.,
U. S. Marines, A. E. F. France,
October 16, 1918.

My dear Mrs. Tigan: Your letter of September 5th has been received. It is with deepest regret that we of the Sixth Machine Gun Battalion note how you were informed of the death of your son; and I will try to give you all the details possible, and to explain why you have never received a letter from his comrades.

Lieut. Tigan was assigned to the 81st Company when he was commissioned, owing to a shortage of officers in that Company. On July 18, this division was acting with the French in an attack toward Soissons, this battalion taking part in the attack. On the first day all our objectives were gained and orders were received to continue the attack at dawn on July 19th. Accordingly the attack was continued but met with terrific opposition from the Germans, principally in the form of artillary fire. The 81st Company held up magnificently, but in so doing suffered very heavy casualties, among others being your son wounded and Captain Sumner, the Company commander, killed.

Lieutenant Tigan was wounded about 8:30 a. m. about 150 yards south of Vierzy, while forming his platoon for the attack on Tigny. A high explosive shell hit a few feet from him and pieces wounding him in the right shoulder, arm and left leg. He apparently suffered but little. Men from his platoon tried to carry him to the rear, but he would not allow it, telling them to go forward with the attack. He waited for the regular stretcher bearers.

The hospitals are supposed to notify us of the death of any of our men sent in wounded. In this case they did not and the first news we had of his death was your letter. Up to that time he had been carried as wounded. I did not write you concerning his wound as I did not know how badly he was wounded and did not want to cause you any worry if he was getting along well. I regret more than I can say that things turned out as they did. The hospitals were very rushed about this time and that doubtless accounts for their failure to notify us.

Lieut. Tigan won his commission and the unbounded respect of all ranks of the battalion by his ability and untiring devotion to duty. I considered him one of the best lieutenants we had and his death is a serious loss.

I know how serious a loss it must be to you and hope you do not consider he died in vain. He did not. He lived as a soldier and died as a soldier and in going left us an example of true manhood to live up to and try to emulate. We can't help but be more efficient and better able to help in ending the war for the example thus set us who are so far fortunate enough to be left behind to carry on the work he helped begin.

His effects are in the hands of the Effects Depot and will in time be forwarded to you. His accounts will be closed and forwarded to headquarters, U. S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. They will be glad to give you any information you desire about his insurance and pay accounts.

If there is anything else you desire to know or any-

thing we can do, please let us know and I assure you it will gladly be done. You have given the corps your son and the corps owes you a life-long debt which it will be only too glad to pay.

Captain de Roode was wounded prior to July 19th and was not with the battalion at the time.

Most sincerely yours,

L. W. T. Waller, Jr.,
Major.

Among the citations and awards now in the possession of Lieutentant Tigan's mother, are the two lithographic citations showing that he was twice cited for bravery in the French Orders of the Army and authorized to wear the Fourragere of the colors of French Croix de Guerre; the American citation with the Victory Medal; three bronze stars; two bronze bars, one carrying the words "Defensive Sector," and the other "Aisne"; and the gold bar indicating the "Aisne-Marne." These three bars show that he was actively engaged in three major engagements.

But the greatest, truest honor is the one I could not refrain in the beginning of this little history from coupling at once with his "dishonorable discharge." Let me repeat, that for the first time in its history a dismissal charge on the record of the U. S. Naval Academy is wiped out by a war record. This is what appears there covering the charge, "Dismissed for Hazing."

HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS
Adjutant and Inspectors Department
Washington, January 11, 1919.

Sir: Receipt is acknowledged of your letter of the 26th ultimo relative to the late W. J. Tigan, Second Lieutenant, Marine Corps Commandant, to inform you that the records at these headquarters show that the above named officer enlisted in the Marine Corps, April 21, 1917, at Marine Barracks, Port Royal, South Carolina, and while serving with the 77th Company, 6th Machine Gun Battalion, U. S. Marines, Expeditionary Forces, was discharged June 27, 1918 and accepted appointment as Second Lieutenant (Provisional) Marine Corps Reserve, June 28, 1918.

The records further show that the above-mentioned officer participated in action against the enemy at Chateau-Thierry, from June 28th to 29th, 1918, and was wounded in action in the Soissons sector during the advance on Tigny by enemy shell fire, July 19, 1918, from which wounds he died July 28, 1918.

Respectfully
(Signed) C. A. Ketchum,
Captain,
Assistant Adjutant and Inspector.

To John Hayes,
Rochelle, Ill.

(Note: The above record appears upon the books of the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis, covering the charge "Dismissed for Hazing.")

On Stony Lonesome

(*Continued from page* 89)

way toward it, almost running against the wheel of a wagon. The horse which had drawn it stirred uneasily at my approach, but did not even whinny. I ran my hand over the back of the wagon, finding a blanket there. I went back toward the fence. Against it, just at the place where Gibbs had taken Lem, rested a shovel. A suspicion of the man's purpose, too grewsome to seem possible, flashed across my brain. "Come here," I ordered Coburn. He came to me across the blackness. "Lem," I asked him, "why did you think you had to take your brother this way?"

"I didn't know any other," he said simply, "and I couldn't let him stay any longer."

"Why not?"

In the glow of the Pirate's lantern he stood, not fearful, not shrinking before detection, but strangely resolute and endowed with a stern dignity. "John was out," he said, "and I was out, and I'd told John I'd try never to come back, but I knew I couldn't stay away while Martin was here. I'd have to come back to the place so that I could come here sometimes and be with Martin. That's why I came back before. But John's going to Oregon, and he wants me to go. I don't want him to go alone so far from me, but I couldn't leave Martin. You see that?"

Thought of the strange bond between the three brothers, criminals as they all were, gripped me. "Yes," I said, "I see it." He seemed relieved at my understanding. "Have you a brother?" he asked me. "No," I said, "and perhaps that's why I do understand." He nodded solemnly. "Martin was always awful close to me," he said. There, on Stony Lonesome, beside his brother's grave, he seemed desolately bereft. There was, in his act, something of the tragedy of his pioneering kind, men used to performing for their dead the offices of burial, men accustomed to keeping their dead near to their rude homes. The crosses on the slopes of the eastern mountains testified to the custom which Lem Coburn sought to follow through the twists of his life. "I'll give you a permit in the morning," I told him. "You can stay all night at the house."

His hand sought mine, and he wrung it in a fierce intensity of gratitude, but he seemed to hesitate acceptance of the invitation. "Would you mind," he asked me, "if I didn't go? You see, John and I want to start to-morrow night to the West. We'll bury Martin to-morrow in Baltimore. But this is the last time I'll ever be where the three of us were together for the last time. Can't I stay with him here?"

"It's a terrible night," I objected.

"I've been out in worse," said Lem Coburn.

We left him on Stony Lonesome with his dead and with the dead of those who had never come for them. The Pirate trudged beside me, his lantern bobbing like a fantastic goblin light as we crossed the fields to the haven of the house. The thought of the watcher on the knoll went with us up the steps. At the door the Pirate paused. "I had a brother," he said. "He went to China back in the seventies. He never came home. We never knew what happened to him." He closed the slide of his lantern and went with me into the hall. He said no more, but afterward, when I had resumed my work, I realized that he was not singing "Hielan' Laddie," and the feeling came to me that the wind which was fighting Lem Coburn in his vigil on Stony Lonesome would soon be calling the Pirate out to sea.

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Bert Salg

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

ESCOTILLO DE ZAURIGI, the handsome, polished but unscrupulous son of a fine old Spanish family, is hired by a powerful noble of Seville to abduct the daughter of a personal enemy, Don Diego de la Llana, who, in temporary disgrace at Court, is living on his country estate near Guipuscadilla. Escotillo agrees and for safety takes the name of his cousin, Cristobal, a high-spirited, adventurous but punctiliously honorable youth, who for some gay adventure has been confined in the prison of Santa Ildefonso.

Escotillo, finding Laura de la Llana, a very young girl, utterly guileless and with no knowledge whatever of life, has little difficulty in winning her love and inducing her to run away and meet him at a wayside inn, the Moor's Head.

Meantime Cristobal has managed to escape from prison. Making a dash across country for the border, he has a sanguinary encounter with brigands, killing or disabling all but the leader, a fiendishly wicked and heartless cripple, Roque de Tormes, who offers him the post of his second in command. Cristobal indignantly refuses and tells the brigand what he thinks of him. Arriving at the Moor's Head he meets Laura and soon learns that his cousin, using his name, is engaged in some sort of dishonorable adventure. The girl's obvious innocence appeals to him, however, and he forces Escotillo to marry her. But the ceremony is scarcely over when they are attacked by brigands and captured. Escotillo is now as anxious to discard Cristobal's name as he had hitherto been to claim it, it being obvious that the brigands have instructions from some one higher up to carry off the girl and a "Don Cristobal de Zaurigi." Being unable to decide which is the real Cristobal, they carry off both, and Laura, disgusted and disillusioned by the cowardice and obvious crookedness of the supposed Cristobal, turns to the real one for protection.

The three prisoners are taken to the brigands' camp on the coast, where presently the chief brigand comes to see them. To Cristobal's dismay he proves to be his recently acquired enemy, Roque de Tormes.

CHAPTER 18

Cristobal's New Enemy Reappears

ROQUE DE TORMES here!

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi had undergone a good deal of mental exercise that evening, but all that was as nothing to the flood of thought that surged through his brain as he recognized the face, still wearing its diabolic grin, that loomed out of the darkness.

The wild events surrounding their previous meeting, the fight in the cavern in the wood, the use Roque had made of his crutch on that occasion, the colloquy outside the cave, the fantastic "offer" Roque had made him, his own threat and their parting — they were fresh enough in his mind to evoke sensations of alarm and disgust.

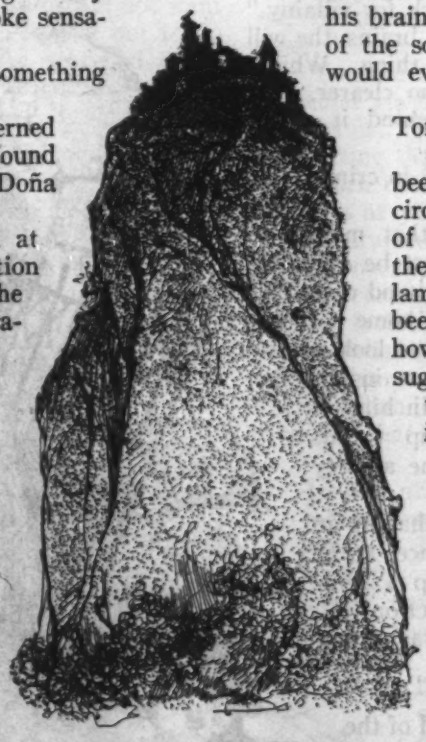
To meet him here in the flesh was something more than disconcerting.

By now Cristobal, while concerned enough for his own position, had found keener anxiety in the situation of Doña Laura.

The fact that so far no attempt at violence, beyond the actual abduction and detention, had been made on the three prisoners, that indeed an extraordinary amount of liberty, a liberality of treatment, had been vouchsafed them, was perhaps to the two men some sort of guarantee of bodily safety, not entirely conclusive but satisfying for the time.

But in that same treatment there was food for serious thought as to the girl.

The greater the care, the smoother the handling of a woman prisoner in such circumstances as these, the more sinister the apprehension that naturally arose. Whether Laura herself entertained misgivings was not apparent. Cristobal saw no reason to disturb, till necessity grew urgent, any fancied sense of security with which she might delude herself, misleading though it might prove to be.



The robbers' fastness—a ruined pile topping great cliffs

Safe so far, he had reflected at some leisure, if with no large result, on the strange character of the criminal expedition in which he had been so unfortunately involved. Without direct word he had already gathered that the real head, the directing brain of the evening's outrage, had not been actually present at the attack on the posada. The priest — if priest he was — though in charge of affairs, was evidently no more than a deputy for the real leader, and Cristobal had cudgelled his brain not a little to conjure up some image of the sort of person with whom the prisoners would eventually have to deal.

The possibility of its being Roque de Tormes had never occurred to him.

The place of their only meeting had been long leagues away. Hampered by the circumstances of his journey and his want of money, he had covered the distance to the coast no faster, it was true, than the lame man might have done. There had been the unconscious memory of the crutch, however, with its inevitable accompanying suggestion of hampered movement, and these had no doubt served to divert at its birth any beginnings of a speculation that might have brought the cripple into the picture.

And now, here he was, and no sooner did he appear than Cristobal realized that the possibility of encountering this sinister devil ought to have occurred to him among his first attempts to fathom the mystery of the evening's happenings.

CRISTOBAL was exasperated with his own obtuseness. He found himself enmeshed in a set of

circumstances full of the most disagreeable possibilities for his own future. It was not easy, even for him, to make light of these, and the fact that he was but one of three miserables, one a woman, whose beauty, youth and helplessness made a peculiar appeal to him, compelled him to shoulder a heavy responsibility. On him, he knew, devolved the task of making the best terms for all three — if terms of any sort were possible.

He had tried his hardest to persuade himself that after all there could be but a question of ransom, yet he had a great uneasiness. Certain reflections persisted which suggested that there was more to be disposed of than the settling of a price for their liberty.

The raid on the inn, he felt, had been no mere scramble for a prize. About Laura's abduction there had been something too ordered, too coolly planned and carried out, to characterize a chance brigand raid. Added to that, the definite demand for a man, named and searched for insistently, pointed to a methodical enterprise not to be confounded with a commonplace outrage.

Capping all this were the words of the priest at the time, "This is more than a matter of ransom."

More than ransom — what more than ransom could this crew of blackguards be in search of?

It was all very disconcerting, alarming even, and yet Cristobal had not been able to discover any very deep fear within himself. There might be perhaps twenty or so of these carrion crows, they might be ensconced in a nest none too easy to get at, but an outrage of these dimensions must surely bring a heavy and destructive hand upon them before very long. This was a fact that must be as well known to them as to him. If a bargain were to be struck it would have to be struck soon if the brigands were to benefit. Puzzle as he would, he had been unable to see anything but bargaining ahead.

But Roque — here!

That made all the difference. The sense of peril within him, hitherto of no great insistence, became at once a very urgent matter.

Roque de Tormes was no mere mousing owl. There was something of the hawk about him.

He had himself boasted of his "knack for villainy." To find him here, the man in charge, the brains, the will in control of this gang was an alarming thing. While the purpose of the abduction became no clearer, the possibilities of criminality that lay behind it were terribly enlarged.

With such a man as Roque anything in crime was possible.

No use in despair however. All that manhood could yield of courage and resource must be engaged to the very last. Cristobal felt his command of facial expression tested to the uttermost, yet some sort of mask he must wear. He made an effort to look something of the part he determined in that instant he must play, and was comforted to find in himself a power to respond that gave a fillip to his courage, worn a trifle threadbare by the anxiety he must needs conceal.

He sat and faced Roque in as nonchalant an attitude, with as unruffled a countenance, as he could contrive, and even summoned up a smile to grace his reception of Roque's inspection.

It was evident that the meeting was a surprise to the brigand.

HE was now using two crutches instead of the one with which he had been equipped on their first meeting. Halting on these, he heaved his dragging limbs towards the fire, and Cristobal noted that the right leg had apparently developed something of the sluggishness the left leg alone had evidenced before. Roque's eyebrows went up, and he stared at Cristobal, a contortion of delight slowly overspreading his face. His long teeth showed in a grin under his projecting moustache, and from their dusky sockets his eyes, yellow, and with something of the vulture in their unblinking fixity, stared with a dreadful mirth.

Cristobal, smiling in return with as fair an assumption of ease as he could manage, felt his skin creeping.

"Not so much of your 'Ho, without there!' my blade," Roque began at length, with a chuckle through which a sort of hoarse neigh whinnied. "You! — Ha! I'm in luck!"

"And I," Cristobal gave him back gracefully. He hoped his smile showed little of his apprehensions at that moment.

Roque gave his dreadful chuckle again.

"You shall tell me that later," he said with meaning, "when you know a little more of the entertainment provided for you. But first, let me advise you to sing more softly in my house. People I bring here are accustomed to take things a little more quietly."

Cristobal by now had got himself better in hand. There was usually at command in him a happy faculty of adjusting his mood to his company. In Roque de Tormes he discovered a man possessed of a

"Lay her down," croaked Mariquita

humor, malignant enough, and yet provocative. With such a man he could play the jester, and be certain of response in the same mood. Flippancy, even foolery, was a card to play here. So far humor was the one touch in Roque that proved him human. It was the one lever discovered by Cristobal by which he could hope to move the man.

So, easily seated on the stone which served for a table, he opened up the conversation in what he hoped was the spirit that would best serve him.

"Pardon, noble chief, if the kindness we receive here makes us feel too much at home, perhaps. One of these days," he added, "I hope to show you how much I appreciate all you have done for us."

He knew at the instant that in this last sentence he had been imprudent. For the merest fraction of time Roque's grin lost whatever quality of sincerity it may have held. Then he laughed quietly and grimly.

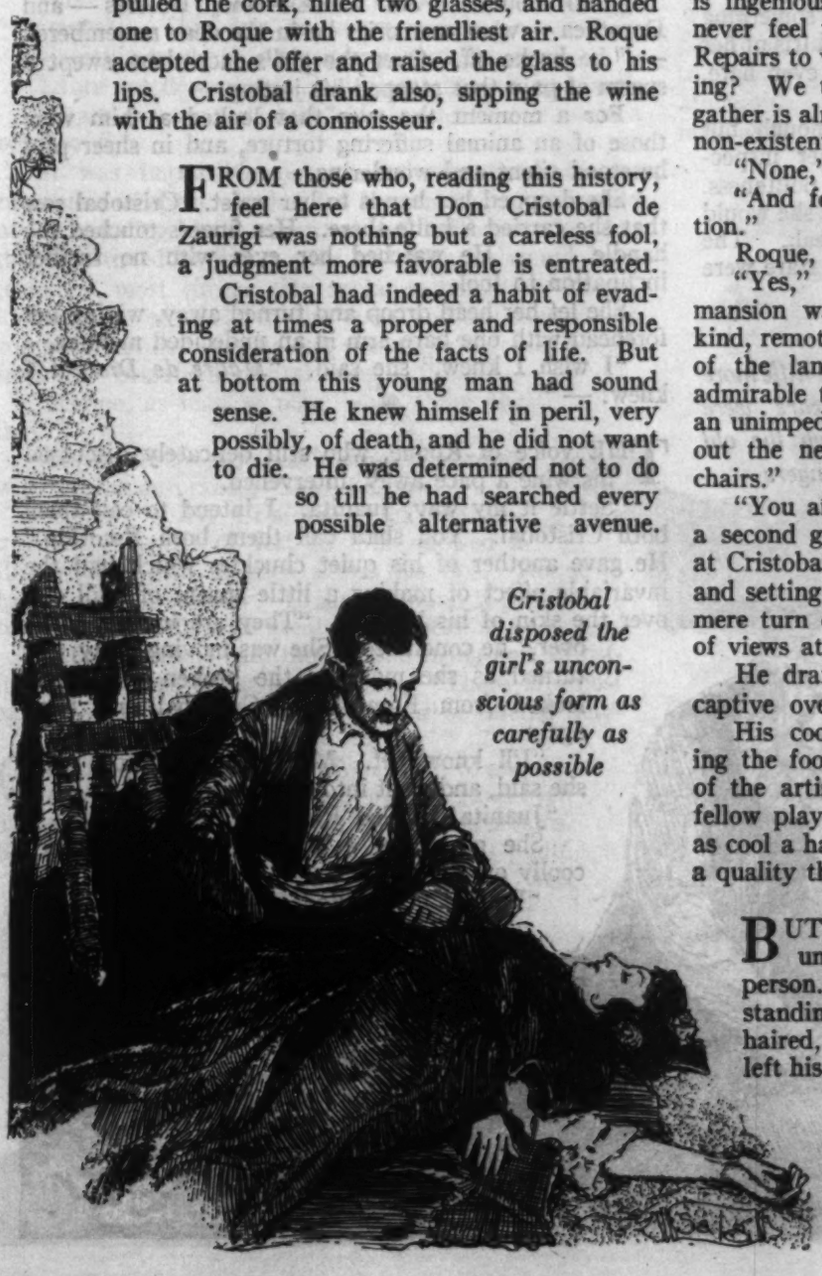
"Hope?" he said. "Did I hear you say hope? Those who know me best use the word least. . . . And you speak of what I have done for you? Forget it — or at least be assured that all you have met with so far at my hands is as nothing to what I intend to do for you before we part.

"If part we must," said Cristobal with a bow.

He leaned over and reached one of the bottles, pulled the cork, filled two glasses, and handed one to Roque with the friendliest air. Roque accepted the offer and raised the glass to his lips. Cristobal drank also, sipping the wine with the air of a connoisseur.

FROM those who, reading this history, feel here that Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was nothing but a careless fool, a judgment more favorable is entreated.

Cristobal had indeed a habit of evading at times a proper and responsible consideration of the facts of life. But at bottom this young man had sound sense. He knew himself in peril, very possibly, of death, and he did not want to die. He was determined not to do so till he had searched every possible alternative avenue.



Cristobal disposed the girl's unconscious form as carefully as possible

The jesting in which he was indulging was a purposeful thing. He knew very well that no plea for pity would receive the slightest consideration, and plain reasoning was not the wear for the moment.

Roque was willing to jest. Well, then, jest.

Cristobal, who in all his life had never bothered to make to himself any statement of principle, had nevertheless fashioned one for himself as he chatted to Roque — who makes jests for a man whose mood is for jesting loses nothing and may gain much.

So he played the fool — with the eye of a lynx on his man as he threw out his flippancies, ready to cease on the instant, and aware that every grin he could evoke on that saturnine countenance was a gain for himself and for Laura. Escotillo, it must be confessed, troubled his thoughts but little. Cristobal de Zaurigi was a very human young man.

"An admirable country seat, this of yours, friend Roque," he advanced. "I do not recognize the style of architecture, but there is a simplicity about it that I find captivating."

He waved a hand to where the stars shone brilliantly almost directly overhead.

"It makes for ease of mind," said Roque. "Your ordinary house brings cares that never trouble me."

"Undoubtedly," said Cristobal heartily. "This place is ingeniously contrived to avoid anxiety. One need never feel worried about the roof. There is no roof. Repairs to walls? Here one does without walls. Flooring? We tread the solid earth. The water supply I gather is almost non-existent, and who worries about the non-existent — except the schoolmen? Drainage — "

"None," said Roque.

"And for that reason removed from all consideration."

Roque, sipping his wine, nodded acquiescence.

"Yes," continued Cristobal, "the design of this mansion was a happy thought. In a house of this kind, remote from the pleasures of the town, the charm of the landscape means so much. And here, with admirable taste and skill, you procure for your guests an unimpeded view of every point of the compass without the necessity of so much as stirring from their chairs."

"You are right," agreed Roque, coolly pouring out a second glass for himself, lifting eyebrows in query at Cristobal, receiving a deprecatory wave of the hand, and setting the bottle down again. "You are right. A mere turn of the head, and you have the whole series of views at your disposal."

He drained his glass again, his eye surveying his captive over the brim.

His coolness delighted Cristobal, who, while acting the fool industriously, had now as always enough of the artist in him to appreciate the dexterity of a fellow player. This Roque de Tormes was evidently as cool a hand as Cristobal himself, and his humor bore a quality that proclaimed the true jester.

BUT all this while Cristobal had felt himself undergoing the critical survey of another person. He had been conscious of a tall girl standing a few paces off, dark-skinned, black-haired, unsmiling, whose flashing eyes had scarcely left his face.

She had entered with Roque. She had spoken no word, but the intensity of her gaze and her ominous silence had made themselves felt at last, and had engaged Cristobal's attention almost as strongly as if she had addressed him.

Her evident impatience with the flippancy of the exchanges between the two men broke out at last in a gesture of disdain. She took a step forward and made an imperative sweep of the hand that broke abruptly across their unreal verbal acrobatics.

Roque glanced at her as she stood with swelling nostrils, her darkened brows confronting Cristobal.

"Well, Juanita," he said, "here they both are." He turned to look at Escotillo, who, taking no part in the conversation, was leaning sullenly against the wall by the fire not far from where Laura sat.

The girl looked from one prisoner to the other. To Laura she vouchsafed the merest glance, but on Escotillo and Cristobal her gaze lingered, long and searchingly.

"And which is Escotillo?" she said at length.

CHAPTER 19

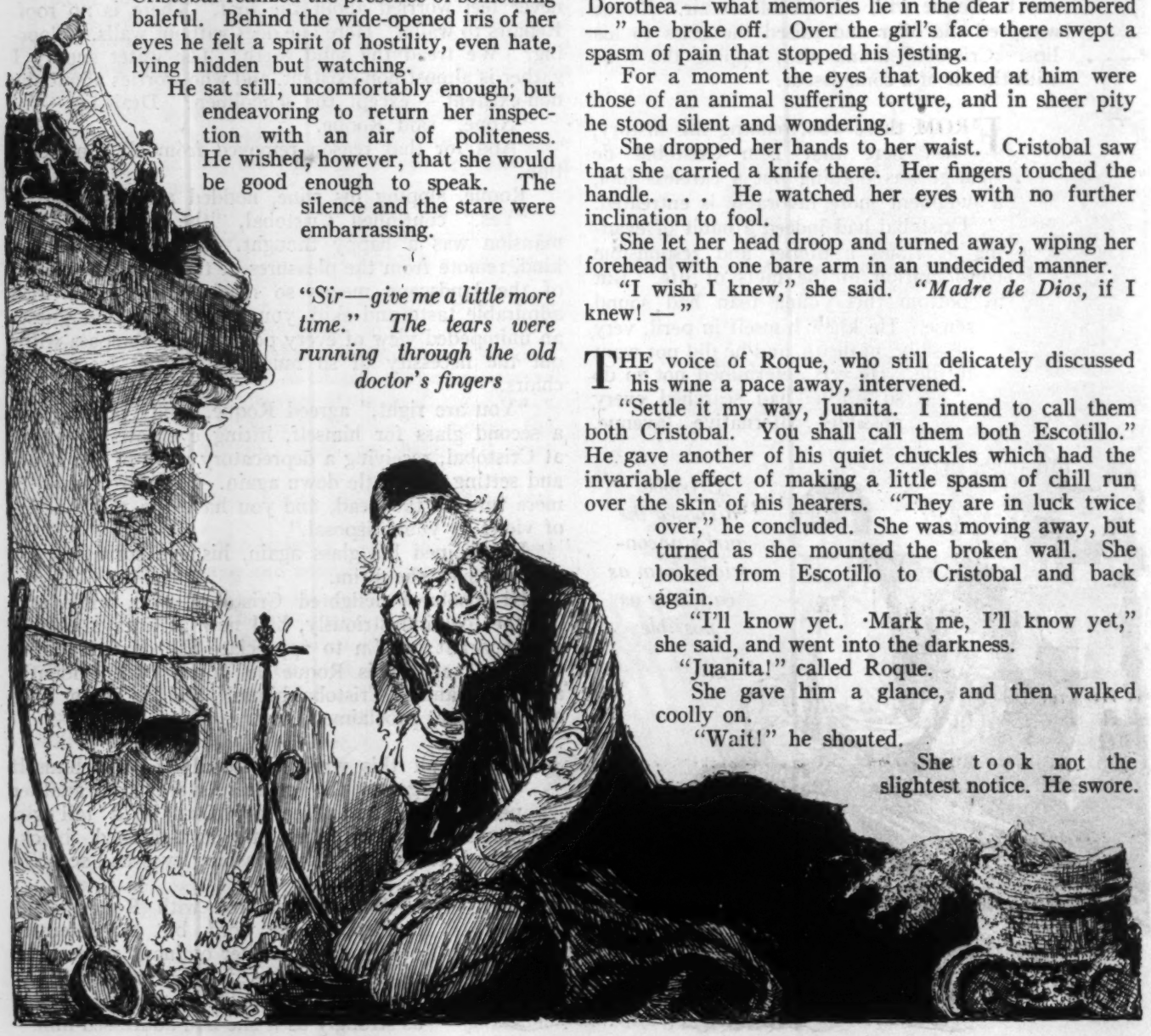
Cristobal and Escotillo Again Confused

"It appears to be uncertain," answered Roque. "I am inclined to think that this one" — he threw an indifferent nod over his shoulder in the direction of Escotillo — "is Don Cristobal, and this — "

She stepped up to Cristobal and stared in his face.

Her own was inscrutable, a mask in which every trace of feeling was suppressed, and yet in her stare Cristobal realized the presence of something baleful. Behind the wide-opened iris of her eyes he felt a spirit of hostility, even hate, lying hidden but watching.

He sat still, uncomfortably enough, but endeavoring to return her inspection with an air of politeness. He wished, however, that she would be good enough to speak. The silence and the stare were embarrassing.



"Sir — give me a little more time." The tears were running through the old doctor's fingers

She addressed him at length, quietly enough.

" — and you — Escotillo," she said, as if concluding audibly a thought which had commenced unspoken. . . . "Yes, you might be he." She leaned forward with her face close to Cristobal's as she said searchingly, "You remember Sanchica?"

Cristobal tried to keep the situation on a plane of triviality. Looking into the girl's face, noting the intensity of feeling that vibrated in her voice, he could feel that the tragic was distant no more than a step. Tragedy was something he was very willing to avoid.

Lifting his voice he called across to Escotillo, "Cristobal, do we remember Sanchica?"

At the question, although Escotillo stood with his back turned towards him, Cristobal caught sight with the tail of his eye of a sudden movement, as if the question had startled his cousin. He turned towards Cristobal, looked at the woman and then turned away again.

"Sanchica?" he repeated nervously. "You mean — I — No — No," he finished decidedly.

Cristobal lifted his eyebrows in surprise at what seemed a strange uncertainty on Escotillo's part. He turned to the girl who had questioned him.

"We are a trifle indefinite, *señorita,* but a day or so of rest in your charming country retreat and it will all come back to us. Sanchica," he continued musingly, "ah, no doubt. And Luisa — and Dolores — and Dorothea — what memories lie in the dear remembered — " he broke off. Over the girl's face there swept a spasm of pain that stopped his jesting.

For a moment the eyes that looked at him were those of an animal suffering torture, and in sheer pity he stood silent and wondering.

She dropped her hands to her waist. Cristobal saw that she carried a knife there. Her fingers touched the handle. . . . He watched her eyes with no further inclination to fool.

She let her head droop and turned away, wiping her forehead with one bare arm in an undecided manner.

"I wish I knew," she said. *"Madre de Dios,* if I knew! — "

THE voice of Roque, who still delicately discussed his wine a pace away, intervened.

"Settle it my way, Juanita. I intend to call them both Cristobal. You shall call them both Escotillo." He gave another of his quiet chuckles which had the invariable effect of making a little spasm of chill run over the skin of his hearers. "They are in luck twice over," he concluded. She was moving away, but turned as she mounted the broken wall. She looked from Escotillo to Cristobal and back again.

"I'll know yet. Mark me, I'll know yet," she said, and went into the darkness.

"Juanita!" called Roque.

She gave him a glance, and then walked coolly on.

"Wait!" he shouted.

She took not the slightest notice. He swore.

"Lope!" he called again. The sentry came running up. "Send one of the women — send Mariquita," Roque told him, and the man went quickly off to where the light of a distant fire showed more and more redly as the night deepened.

Cristobal looked an enquiry.

"The lady," said Roque, "she must have a chance to sleep."

Cristobal looked steadily at him.

"Sleep," he said. "Well, yes, but — what arrangements are you making?"

The strange civility with which all three prisoners were being treated had brought to Cristobal no great sense of security. Doña Laura's situation was an ever present anxiety.

"She will be taken care of," said Roque coolly. "There are women here — "

"And I am her husband," said Escotillo, placing his hand on Laura's shoulder. She stood up at once, stepping definitely away from him.

"No husband of mine. Sir," she addressed Cristobal, "I beg you to see that I am kept safe from this man."

"Laura," said Escotillo. "Again I implore you."

"You implore me!" She was ice. "Who are you — tell me your name?"

"I am Escotillo de Zaurigi — I swear it."

"Oh come!" interrupted Cristobal, scandalized. "Cristobal! This jest of yours — "

Escotillo made a frenzied sweep of the hand.

Laura sat down again, her breast heaved in a sigh.

"I am rightly punished," she said. "I am made a mock of."

It was impossible not to feel something of the bitterness of spirit which filled her. As Cristobal looked at her standing like a frozen woman, her beauty and her distress stirred in him a pity at which he would have jested at most times. He spoke earnestly to Roque, looking him squarely in the eyes, and endeavoring to compel a candor that he felt was not altogether absent from the brigand's mental constitution.

"Roque, as man to man, what about the lady?"

Roque met his gaze placidly, and answered with a quiet assurance, "She'll be safe."

"Honor?" said Cristobal, and the unquenchable spirit of jest in him allowed a flicker of a grin to pass across his lips. Roque looked at him steadily. Cristobal found it possible to check the smile with great promptness.

"Rest assured," said the cripple, rising and adjusting his crutches under his armpits. "There are most particular instructions that no affront be offered her."

CRISTOBAL would have given much to enquire exactly what those instructions were, and even more curiously who it was that issued instructions. But the present uselessness of question was plain.

He held his tongue on these points, and proffered a more obvious enquiry.

"That's very thoughtful. . . . I suppose there are no particular instructions about — Don Cristobal?"

Roque looked at him with his satirical smile.

"Oh, yes, there are," he said significantly.

"May I ask what they are," Cristobal ventured, with great politeness.

"Don't." The word was wonderfully conclusive.

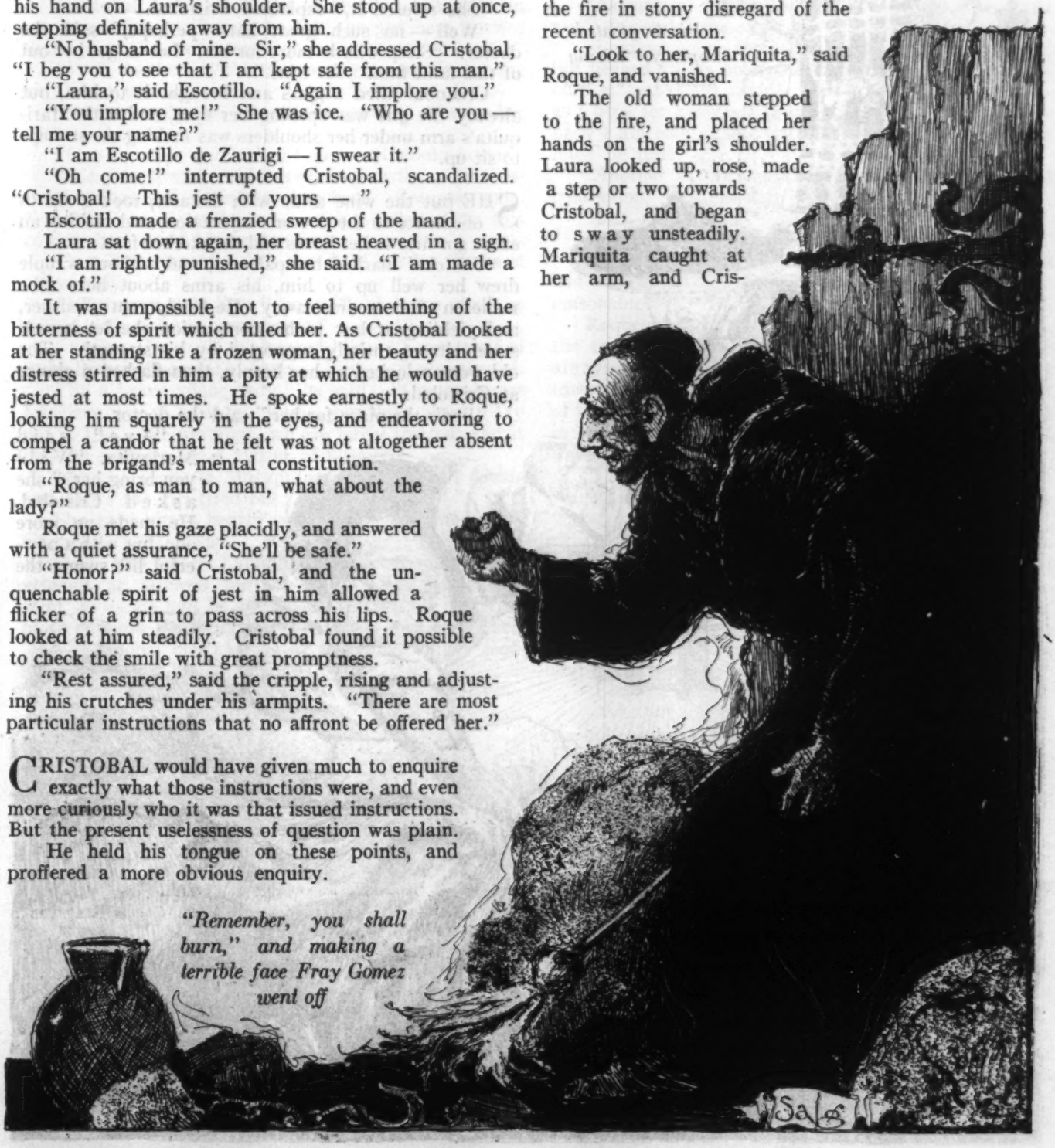
"I won't," said Cristobal.

Roque nodded, and with a final dumb laugh a wrinkling up of his lips and an opening of his mouth in a soundless baring of teeth, swung away among the ruins.

As he did so, out of the darkness came the bent figure of an old woman, nose and chin hooked, a dark moustache, all too luxurious for fascination, whatever it may have implied forty years earlier, veiling something of the shapeless ruin of her lips. Roque paused to nod towards Laura, sitting by the fire in stony disregard of the recent conversation.

"Look to her, Mariquita," said Roque, and vanished.

The old woman stepped to the fire, and placed her hands on the girl's shoulder. Laura looked up, rose, made a step or two towards Cristobal, and began to sway unsteadily. Mariquita caught at her arm, and Cris-



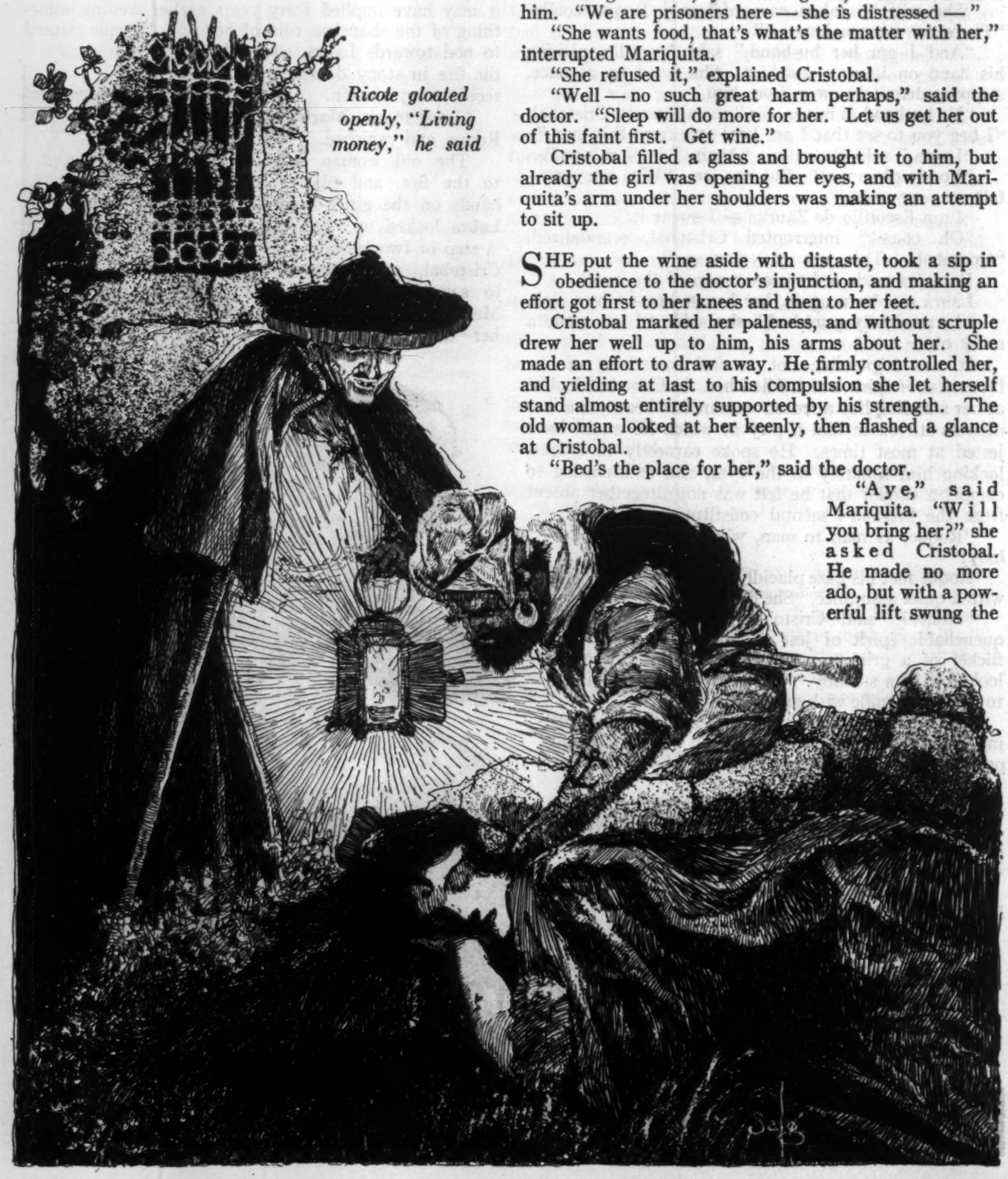
"Remember, you shall burn," and making a terrible face Fray Gomez went off

tobal with an effort reached her just in time. Her eyes closed, she gave a little gasp, and he felt her weight in his arms.

Escotillo hurried across, but Cristobal promptly shouldered him away. He lifted the girl in his arms, feeling a great pleasure at the sensation of guardianship and protection he had assumed as he glanced down at her face, tragic in its immobility.

"Lay her down," croaked Mariquita.

Cristobal did so, kneeling carefully and disposing the girl's unconscious form as comfortably as possible. As he knelt there by her, he would have supported her head on his arm, but the old hag motioned to him to let her lie prone. He leaned back on his heels and waited.



Ricote gloated openly, "Living money," he said

"Where's the doctor?" called Mariquita loudly, and the sentry, looking curiously at the group round the fire, ran off, repeating the query loudly as he went.

Within a minute other figures approached, several of the gang, idly curious, two women, and at last an old man, white haired and plainly, in dress and manner, out of place in his present company.

He looked keenly at Cristobal and Escotillo as he knelt by Laura.

"Are you a physician?" asked Cristobal.

The old man nodded. "That is my profession. My name is Sangrado. Let me see." He peered into Laura's face, and felt her pulse. "What caused this?" he demanded.

"Old gentleman, you can guess," Cristobal told him. "We are prisoners here — she is distressed — "

"She wants food, that's what's the matter with her," interrupted Mariquita.

"She refused it," explained Cristobal.

"Well — no such great harm perhaps," said the doctor. "Sleep will do more for her. Let us get her out of this faint first. Get wine."

Cristobal filled a glass and brought it to him, but already the girl was opening her eyes, and with Mariquita's arm under her shoulders was making an attempt to sit up.

SHE put the wine aside with distaste, took a sip in obedience to the doctor's injunction, and making an effort got first to her knees and then to her feet.

Cristobal marked her paleness, and without scruple drew her well up to him, his arms about her. She made an effort to draw away. He firmly controlled her, and yielding at last to his compulsion she let herself stand almost entirely supported by his strength. The old woman looked at her keenly, then flashed a glance at Cristobal.

"Bed's the place for her," said the doctor.

"Aye," said Mariquita. "Will you bring her?" she asked Cristobal. He made no more ado, but with a powerful lift swung the

girl well up on to his breast and strode after Mariquita.

"I can walk," she said in faint protest.

"Yes, yes," he soothed her, as if she were a child, "but lie still now. All is well."

She said no more but shut her eyes. He felt against his breast the low, erratic throb of her bosom. He glanced down, filled with pity. She had hidden her face in his shoulder, like a child, and was crying.

The old woman led the way and Cristobal followed with his burden, through the remains of what had once been a large hall, to where a smaller room stood passably intact — that is to say, three of its walls might still be traced and the remnants of a roof of weathered beams made a shelter from the weather over part of it.

In one corner a heap of fern was piled, on which some goat skins and a torn woolen cloak lay. This was evidently all that could or would be offered in the way of resting place for the night.

Cristobal, as he set Laura on her feet, still kept an arm around her. Before he left the girl here he was determined to know more.

"Well, mother, is this the best you can do for the lady?" he asked.

"Well enough, too," he got for answer. "Leave her with me here."

"Can I not sit up?" asked Laura. "I would rather."

"Lie you down," said Mariquita, curtly. To Cristobal, "She's safe from the man here. Get you gone. You too," to Escotillo, who having followed to this corner, had stood by unspeaking.

Cristobal released Laura, but held her by the hand consolingly.

"You must stay here," he said, "but we shall be within call, if I can contrive it."

"But am I safe?" she begged him. "I am terrified to be here and separated from — from — " she stopped.

"Be a brave young lady," he said. "On my honor I believe you to be safe. Come, you must sleep. Try not to fret. We are alive, we are fairly treated, and it may be nothing but a matter of ransom."

"Away," broke in Mariquita. "Nothing but cackle and here's the girl tired out."

She gave him a hearty push by the shoulders, and Cristobal went away. He saw over his shoulder Escotillo step up to Laura and evidently make some attempt at farewell for the night. The girl's chin went up — she had in some of her attitudes the poise of an empress — her shoulder seemed to make a barrier. . . . Cristobal chuckled as he heard Escotillo's footsteps following his own.

CHAPTER 20

Doctor Sangrado Warns Cristobal

WHEN Cristobal had set out to carry the exhausted Laura to her sleeping place, Doctor Sangrado had accompanied him, with evidently genuine solicitude for the girl. But as the little group made its way along the rough paths that threaded the ruins, the physician, who brought up the rear, felt himself struck roughly on the shoulder.

Turning, he saw in the gloom the ominous figure of Roque, standing aside in silence, his baleful eyes surveying the procession. By his side was the priest, who two hours earlier had superintended the raid at the Moor's Head. Tall and skinny he stood, a figure scarcely less malevolent in appearance then Roque himself.

Sangrado stopped at once. The others, unknowing, passed on. Roque, followed by the priest, led the way back to the fire, the merest gesture of his head bidding the doctor accompany him.

In silence he obeyed. Roque clambered over the rough ground with difficulty and made no stay till he had reached the fire. The priest stalked behind him, and in the rear came Sangrado, alive with apprehension.

At the fire the brigand seated himself and turning his terrible face to the doctor, beckoned him with a curling forefinger.

The physician, wincing, but obedient to the gesture, drew a step nearer, and stood frankly trembling with fear under the pitiless stare that looked him deliberately and cruelly over.

When his gaze, purposely terrifying, had wrought sufficiently on the old man's agitation, the brigand demanded, "Where's your potion?"

"Sir," replied the physician, "I have something distilling now."

"As magical as the rest of the filth you have given me?" demanded the other.

"I cannot vouch for it — how can I? I do my best, but heaven knows no honest physician could promise a cure at such short notice. But I labor at my task — as I hope for heaven, I swear it, I spare no pains. This brew I am making has virtue in such cases; only, there must be time."

"Another of your impostures, hey? Another infernal concoction, all stink and no virtue?"

"But, sir, it takes time — "

"Time — time! You've had a week."

"A week! A week! To cure a paralysis that has had its way for ten years as you yourself say! Sir, be reasonable."

Roque glared balefully at the shivering old man, the terror in whose face was a pleasure to a nature always attuned to cruelty. He made a sudden movement towards the doctor, who, unable to sustain the weight of his own body under the strain of the brigand's threat in look and speech, dropped to his knees and remained there gasping while Roque leaned over him.

"I say you shall have another week — no more. If you do me no good by then, then, by God — I'll have you tied neck and heels and rolled into the sea."

He gave vent to a string of frightful blasphemies, while the doctor, half crazed by fear, knelt silent with tears running down his face.

"But, sir," he trembled, when Roque paused for breath, "I have few remedies. When your men took me on my rounds I had but a few simples, common drugs, and for such a case as yours — "

"I let you send for more," said Roque.

"Aye, but it helped so little. The letter I wrote — the holy sisters at the convent know nothing of medicine. I gave them directions as explicit as I could manage in writing, but with what they sent me I can do little."

Roque glared at him, grinning with the savagery of a dog tormented on a chain.

"Well, if they are fools you must suffer. I give you a week, and then I'll make an end of you — "

"I am resolving the essence of some herbs your men have gathered for me," the physician assured him, getting up on to his feeble shanks. "I will do my best. I hope for happy results. More I cannot say. Sir, pray believe me, not only because I love my life, but because I am a physician and have no other task in the world — "

Roque broke into his protestations with another burst of blasphemy, derision and threat. It was evident that behind the almost grotesque exaggeration of speech there was a frantic anxiety.

"This arm," he shouted, "it grows worse." He flung

out his sole arm. "It is going the way of this cursed leg of mine, and I will swing every doctor in the countryside but I will be cured. Look to it — look to it. Cure me or I drown you."

He spat in the old man's face, lifted his crutch as if to strike him across the head, and, laughing like a maniac as the doctor sprawled backwards in his effort to avoid the threatened blow, went swinging away, leg dragging, shoulders laboring, as he made his lame progress.

DURING the brigand's final outburst the priest, who from the first had remained almost silent, had held his tongue, even avoiding a direct look at Roque, plainly cautious lest merely catching the glance of his leader might bring on his head something of the tornado of rage being loosed at the helpless doctor. He rose as Roque passed him, made as if to follow, halted, came back to the doctor and, first looking over his shoulder to make sure that Roque was out of earshot, spoke in his turn.

"Have you thought over what I said to you?"

The doctor drew a deep breath and looked at him helplessly, piteously.

"Fray Gomez, let me alone." He could hardly get a word out. "I have tried hard not to think of it."

The priest, with a bony hand on his shoulder, turned him round and stared him in the eyes with a look less flaringly hateful, but as terrifying in its snake-like fixity as Roque's.

"You'll thwart me?"

The doctor gave a helpless cry and slid his thin hands over his face. "Sir — give me a little more time. I am an old man." The tears were running through his fingers. "What heart have I for such a business?"

The priest brought his fingers together on the doctor's thin shoulders with a wrench that wrung a cry of pain from him.

"Crying, eh?" he sneered malevolently. "By all the devils of the pit I'll leave you no eyes to cry with if I do not get my way."

He walked a pace or two away, then returned and stooped his head till his lips touched the physician's ear.

"Remember, you shall burn!" He shook the frail old man. "Burn!" he repeated. Making a face as frightful in its way and laughing with a merriment as terrible as Roque's rage had been, he went off in the same direction as his chief.

Turning to the fire the old man, still crying, began to examine and stir the contents of two small iron pots which for some hours had been swinging over the fire. Engaged on this task he was discovered by Cristobal.

Not far from the corner in which Laura was lodged for the night Escotillo had found a spot out of the way of the wind, which was now blowing chill.

Here he had determined to lie for the night. Cristobal assented, but for himself he was unwilling to surrender his watch over the girl's safety.

He was very tired, and few men would have welcomed sleep more gratefully, but it seemed impossible to indulge a weakness of that sort.

The anxiety he felt about Laura was unceasing. Something of Roque's assurance of her safety that night had borne conviction with it, and in the blunt yet human manner of the old woman with whom he had left the captive girl he had gathered some further confidence. Still, he could not find it in his heart to sleep. There was darkness. The girl was twenty paces away, he was unarmed — it was a sufficiently disturbing position even if he persuaded himself to accept at full face value the circumstances which made for reassurance.

He and Escotillo exchanged a few words, and the upshot was that Escotillo should sleep where they now were, and Cristobal remain awake for the present and take his chance of slumber later if things looked favorable.

ON this the cousins parted, and Cristobal made his way back to the fire near which he had supped. The thought of that excellent meal was a bright spot in Cristobal's otherwise darkened reflections. It was also a pleasure to remember that Escotillo must undoubtedly be hungry.

He found the old doctor busy at the fire.

Sangrado looked up as he heard footsteps, then with no more than a glance went on with the stirring of whatever soup he might be decocting. Cristobal got a whiff of the steam that blew from one of the pots and made a grimace. It was no odor of Araby.

He sat down near the fire and made himself as comfortable as he could.

The doctor in silence continued to stir.

Cristobal noted the tear-stains on the old man's face.

Every now and then a tear would trickle down his nose. He wiped it off with a sigh. The wind intermittently lifted his thin white hair. Cristobal saw that the wrinkled hands trembled. About the doctor there was an air of gentleness, of helplessness, which, as usual, began to work on Don Cristobal de Zaurigi.

Thought he, "This old gentleman is being badly used here, I swear," and rested a commiserate gaze on Sangrado. Something of his pity no doubt made itself felt across the few feet of space that separated the two men. The doctor looked across at Cristobal. Cristobal met his gaze frankly.

The doctor stared longer. Some faint courage came to him. He looked about him, peering into the darkness.

Said Cristobal to himself, "He will offer me confidences."

Sure enough Sangrado turned his gaze again to Cristobal, opened his mouth undecidedly, then apparently making up his mind to take a plunge, said in a quavering voice:

"Sir — are you a prisoner here, like myself?"

"Yes," Cristobal told him, sinking the level of his own voice.

"And are you a brave man? Oh, sir, answer an old man truly — can I confide in you?"

"I am a gentleman," Cristobal assured him simply.

"Then — *señor* — I have something." He hesitated. "I hardly dare — I must tell someone — "

"What is it?"

"These." He fumbled in his breast and pulled out some papers, which he extended towards Cristobal and still kept his grasp on, as if desirous of handing them over and yet fearful to part with them. Cristobal did no more then look at them without offering to take them.

"What are these?" he asked.

"Papers I am frightened to keep, frightened to destroy. I have looked them over. They terrify me. Take them, *señor*." He seemed now to have made up his mind to get rid of them. Cristobal, however, made no move to accept them.

"How came you by them?" he asked.

"These wicked men, *señor*," said the physician, again

(*Continued on page* 114)

Daniel Webster's Hat

ONE of Daniel Webster's famous retorts was to a young man when their hats got mixed.

"Why, Mr. Webster," said he, "our heads are just the same size."

"On the *outside*, perhaps," replied Webster.

If there had been 10,000,000 automobiles in Webster's day this might have hit off the feeling about tires as well.

* * *

To understand the tire situation today, go back to 1918, 1919 and 1920, when tire makers were jumping to catch up with the demand. In 1921 they more than caught up.

And in 1922 every car-owner knows where he can get plenty of tires with plenty of big discounts. Plenty of bargains with ingenious sales-arguments.

A vast quantity of merchandise he knows little or nothing about.

* * *

The quantity problem is *history*.

It is all this quantity of tires—and their wide variance in value that is making most car-owners *determined* to get *quality*.

Hundreds of thousands of car-owners rode on Royal Cords last year.

The unobserving man might say that this was reaching the limit of the quality idea.

Yet, in January, February, March, April and May, 1922, the sales of U. S. Royal Cords through dealers more than doubled over the same period of 1921. A new high record for Royal Cords.

Spontaneous buying through dealers.

A picture of the public voluntarily making U. S. Royal Cords the measure of *all* automobile tires.

* * *

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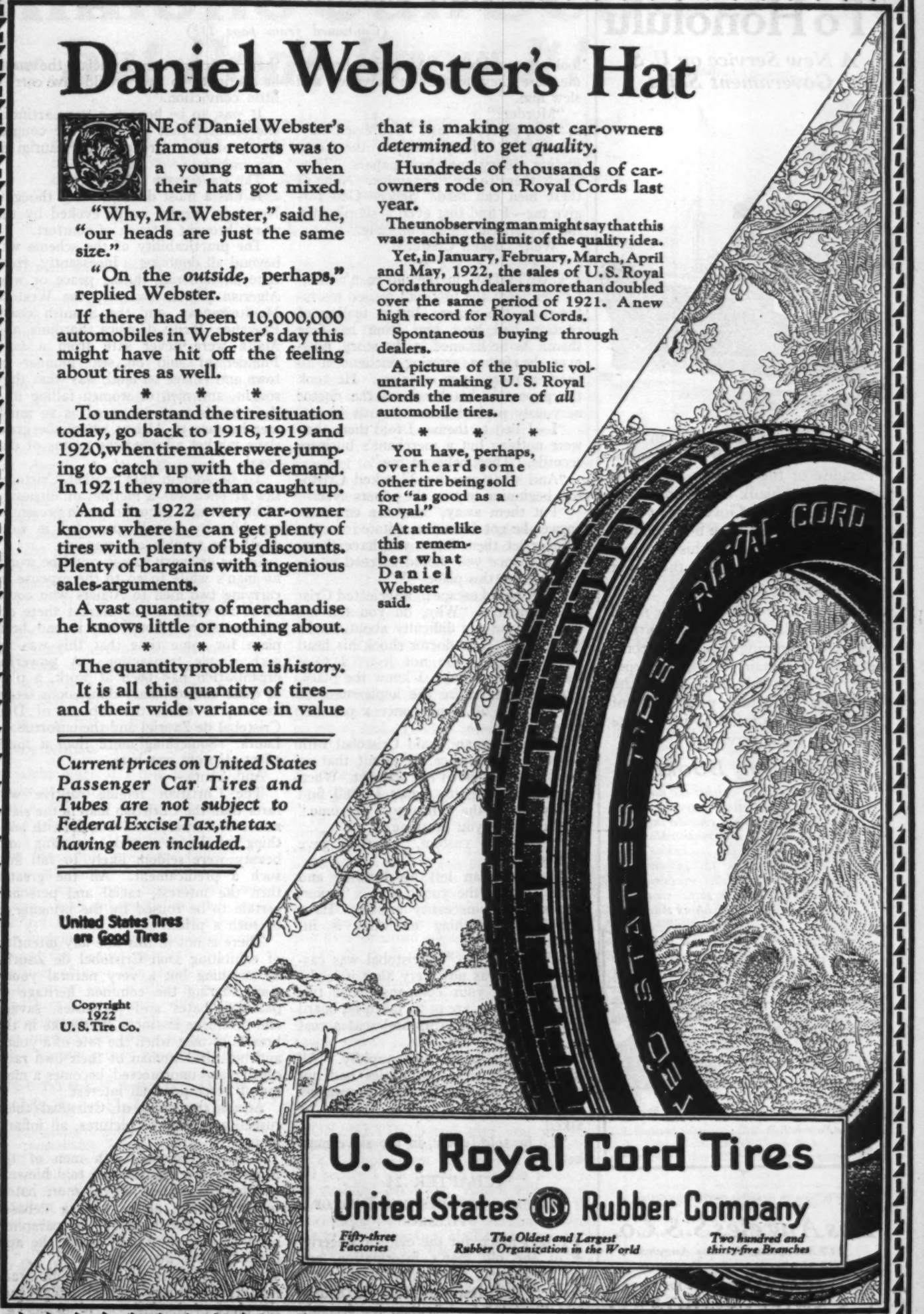

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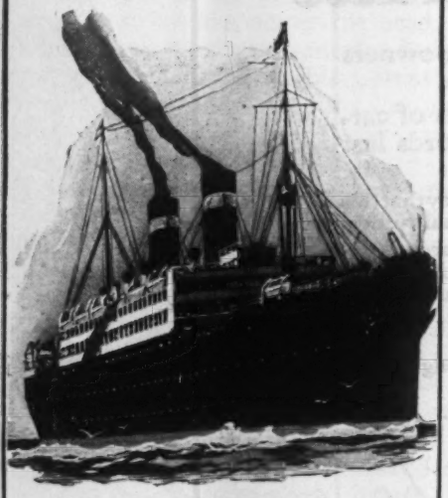

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Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page 112*)

looking round him. "After they brought me here they waylaid a traveller and slew him."

"Murder?"

"Yes, *señor*, no less. Confessed, nay, boasted of. They stripped the body, finding money and these papers. They threw them to me to examine. None of these men can read. *Señor*—God forgive me—I find that even a simple man like myself can be full of guile."

"Well?" asked Cristobal.

SOMETHING in the old man's manner from the first had roused his interest in the papers, but a feeling of caution had kept him from handling them. As he listened to the story, however, he felt a growing inclination to show a more open concern. He took the papers in his hands as the doctor nervously pushed them towards him.

"I—I lied to them. I told them they were nothing but a merchant's business records. They believed me."

"And what are they?" asked Cristobal, beginning to turn the papers over.

"Put them away," was the emphatic answer he got from the agitated doctor. "Never let them know you have them. If by chance you should succeed in escaping from this place—"

"If I should escape!" interjected Cristobal serenely, "Why, do you tell me there will be any difficulty about that?"

"*Señor!*" The doctor shook his head reproachfully. "Do not jest. I have been here some days, I know the place. You do not realize the hoplessness of the position of a man once a prisoner here."

"Old gentleman," said Cristobal with a sublime confidence, "I admit that so far I have not given it a thought. When immediate necessity arises I shall find a way out of the difficulty, I presume."

"Presume—you presume?"

"Such is my custom," Cristobal gave him superbly.

The physician left his brewing and came over to the young man. "*Señor*, you speak of necessity arising. Have you learned nothing of what is intended?"

"Until now, no." Cristobal was casual, but he was now very alert indeed.

"You and your company, your two fellow captives, are to be taken on board an Algerian pirate ship and sent across to Algiers."

Cristobal's heart beat rapidly. All his puzzling over possibilities had not given him a hint of this. Still outwardly calm, inwardly all a-bubble, "Why?" he asked.

"To be sold, *señor*, in the slave market."

CHAPTER 21

Cristobal Assumes the Rôle of Villain

IT says much for the evident sincerity of the old man's information, and the very great probability of its being correct, that Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was silent for no less than ten seconds, and that to any eyes less shortsighted than those of the physician the smile he continued to wear would have carried little conviction.

It was, to be honest, a very artificial cheerfulness that possessed the countenance of Don Cristobal de Zaurigi at this moment.

The slave mart at Algiers!

It was a most discomforting thought. No single mental image evoked by the words brought a touch of comfort.

The practicability of the scheme was beyond all doubting. Incessantly, from time immemorial, during peace or war, Algerian pirates swarmed the Western Mediterranean, and the Spanish coast. Provence, Sicily, Corsica, Sardinia and Malta were never safe from a raid. Plunder of ship on sea, plunder of town and village on land, was what they sought, and men or women falling into their hands were conveyed as so much merchandise to Algiers where the great slave market afforded the means of disposal.

To be sold in that market Cristobal saw at once was a method of disposing of himself and Escotillo which presented no difficulty at all, provided it were worth the trouble of arranging.

In the ordinary way it could be worth no man's while to go to the expense of carrying two men to Algiers who could be of no value in the market there except as slave labor. But it had been plain for some time that this was no such simple transaction. A powerful organization had been at work, a plan of quite extraordinary dimensions set in motion, to effect the capture of Don Cristobal de Zaurigi and the unfortunate Laura. Something more than a mere effort at profit was here.

And Laura—?

The Christian female captive was rarer than the Christian man in the slave marts of Barbary, and women with anything of Laura's rank, breeding and beauty were seldom likely to fall into such a predicament. All the greater then the interest, racial and personal, certain to be roused by the bringing in of such a prize.

There is not in this tale any intention of exhibiting Don Cristobal de Zaurigi as anything but a very natural young man, sharing the common heritage of passions, hates and jealousies, savage and primitive instincts, that wake in the breasts of men when the fate of a young and beautiful woman of their own race, captive and unprotected, becomes a matter of fierce personal interest.

Across the mind of Cristobal there rushed a medley of pictures, all inflammatory.

A room crowded with men of the Moorish race, inferior, he told himself, and for that reason all the more hated, faces grinning, aglow with a debased curiosity. About them the paraphernalia of sale, the raised stand, the auctioneer, the attendants . . . A surge of blood swept through his brain. And then another mental image took the place of the first.

(*Continued on page 116*)

Millions Can Sell Goods — but Don't Know It!

Through a vicious superstition thousands have been kept poor. They think Salesmanship is a gift, yet there is a remarkably easy method whereby men are being helped in one swift stride from monotonous routine to magnificent earnings in the selling field.

By J. E. GREENSLADE

NO man knows better than I do the extent to which the superstition prevails that a salesman is "born" and not made. True enough, they are "born," but they are born babies and not salesmen.

This "born" idea is at once the most ridiculous and the worst of all superstitions. It is the most harmful of all because it *keeps thousands poor.* Because they *think* they are not endowed by nature to sell goods, they stay in a hopeless rut, despite the fact that they know that the selling field offers them unlimited opportunities for making big money. They know that the opportunities are ten to one in the selling field — that salesmen top the list of money makers — that the salesman is his own Boss — that his work is fascinating, interesting, and highly profitable — yet they pass up opportunity because of a vicious superstition.

Millions can sell goods but don't know it. You can — anyone of average intelligence can. And you can become a first class, money-making salesman in an amazingly easy way.

Proof That Salesmen Are Made—Not "Born"

You might laugh if I told you that in a few weeks or months you could be making good in a big way in the selling field. Thousands before you have laughed — perhaps bitterly — at the idea — but many of these thousands are now making big money as salesmen.

Six men who once thought salesmen were "born," who did not believe they were "cut out for selling," tell you on this page how they quickly shattered the superstition —and what the results were.

Thousands of men like these six — men who had never sold a dime's worth of goods in their lives — men who formerly thought salesmen were "born," are now enjoying magnificent earnings in the selling field. Formerly they were bookkeepers, mechanics, farmers, clerks — even doctors, lawyers, and ministers — but in a few months after writing to the National Salesmen's Training Association they were out in the field selling — and making more money than they had ever hoped to make in their former vocations.

Sounds remarkable, doesn't it? *Yet there is nothing remarkable about it.* Salesmanship is governed by rules and laws. There is a certain way of saying and doing things, a certain way of approaching a prospect to get his undivided attention, certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudice, overcome competition, and make the prospect act.

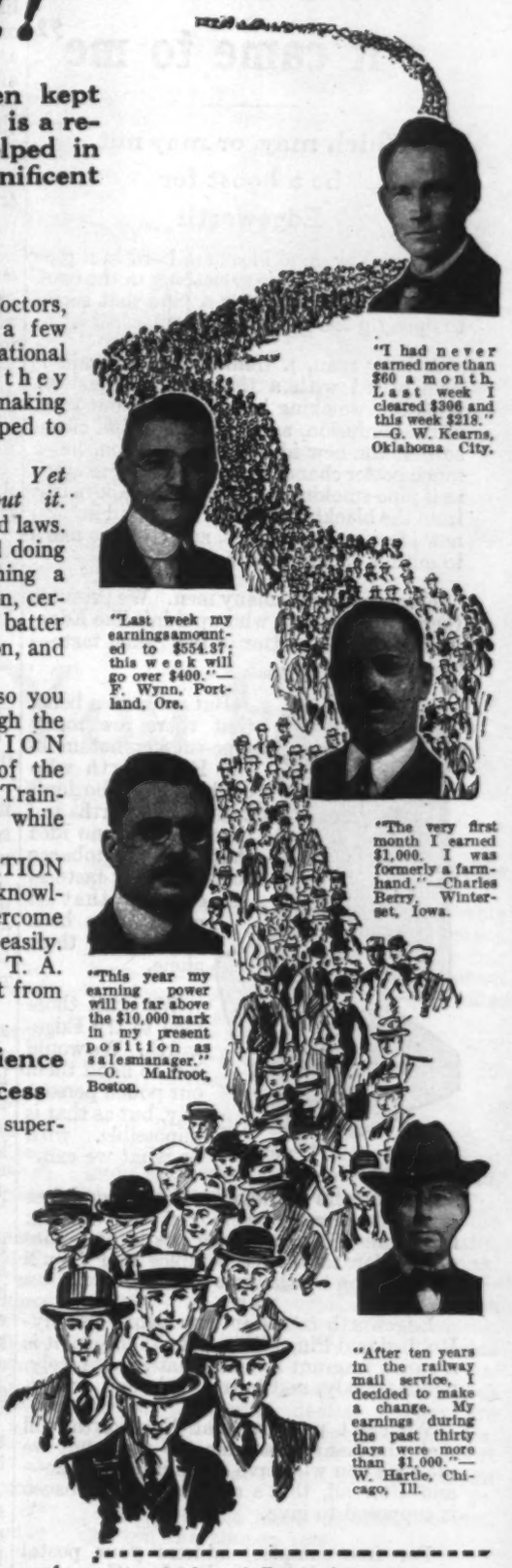
Just as you learned the alphabet, so you can learn Salesmanship. And through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD — an exclusive feature of the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training — you gain actual experience while studying in your home or elsewhere.

That NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD gives you experience and knowledge that will enable you to overcome sales obstacles of all descriptions — easily. It is one of the reasons why N. S. T. A. members make good as salesmen right from the start.

A Life-Time of Selling Experience in a Few Weeks—Then Success

No matter how bad that vicious old superstition may have you in its grasp, I can prove to you that it is superstition and nothing else. I can prove to you that you can gain years of selling experience in a few weeks—that you can go out and successfully sell goods—that you can make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

The N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training and Employment Service will enable you to quickly step into the ranks of successful salesmen —will give you a big advantage over those who lack this training. It will enable you to jump from small pay to a real man's income.



"I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218." —G. W. Kearns, Oklahoma City.

"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400."—F. Wynn, Portland, Ore.

"The very first month I earned $1,000. I was formerly a farmhand."—Charles Berry, Winterset, Iowa.

"This year my earning power will be far above the $10,000 mark in my present position as salesmanager." —O. Malfroot, Boston.

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With my compliments I want to send you a most remarkable book, "Modern Salesmanship." It will not only shatter the vicious superstition about "born" salesmen, but will portray to you the wonderful opportunities in the selling field for you. It will show you how you can easily become a Master Salesman—a big money maker, how the N. S. T. A. System of Salesmanship Training through the NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION METHOD will give you years of selling experience in a few weeks; how our FREE Employment Service will help select and secure a good selling position when you are qualified and ready. And it will give you success stories of men—once victims of that superstition—who are now earning amazing salaries as salesmen. Mail the coupon today for the interesting FREE Book. *It may be the turning point in your life.*

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Age.....Occupation.....

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A busy man, a thinker, whose brain is crisscrossed with a thousand impressions, finds that smoking his pipe wipes out most of the confusion, and leaves his mind clean, so that the new idea, the inspiration, has a much better chance to make its impression—as if pipe-smoking wiped all the chalk-marks from the blackboard of the mind and invited new ideas, new thoughts, and creative plans to outline themselves thereon.

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But we have a belief that there are many pipe-smokers not smoking Edgeworth who ought to be—who don't know Edgeworth and therefore have no idea that there is a tobacco that hits their taste so exactly that it might have been made for them alone.

We want those men to try Edgeworth. We would like to hand them our pouch personally, but as that is impossible, we'll do what we can.

The makers of Edgeworth will send free samples to any pipe-smoker who will ask for them. Simply send a postal or a note asking for these free samples and they'll come to you by the first mail.

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We can't promise that Edgeworth will make brilliant ideas come to you; but we are sure you will have a delightful smoke—and after all, that's all that good tobacco is supposed to give.

For free samples, address your postal or letter to Larus & Brother Company, 33 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will mention the name and address of the dealer from whom you usually buy your tobacco, your courtesy will be appreciated.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page 114*)

A quiet room, replete with barbaric luxury. A man, old perhaps, with the marks of sensuality cut deep in his face as he reposes on his pile of cushions and affects indifference. The seller stoops before him, keen-eyed, gesticulating with persuasive palms, as he eagerly describes and exalts his wares, his subtle tongue turning out the phrases he knows from long experience to be best fitted to rouse the sort of interest he wishes to evoke . . . The nodded permission to display what he has to vend, a clapping of hands in signal, a movement at the door, a cry of rebellion, the forcing in of a figure, carefully veiled, the uncovering, wildly resisted, the passionate protest, the vain effort at resistance throwing the beauty thus revealed into more captivating relief. . . .

It was a man with murder in his flushed face who stood before the doctor, lips parted, eyes starting.

"SIR—sir!" cried Sangrado.

He saw madness glaring at him across the fire.

Cristobal de Zaurigi made an effort and came back to sanity.

More — he became Cristobal de Zaurigi.

And this Cristobal de Zaurigi was now a very long-headed young man.

He put aside at once this rush of inward fury that could be of no present service, could do nothing in fact except urge to rash and unconsidered action.

Now that he had learned the impending fate of himself and his two fellow prisoners Cristobal decided off-hand that if escape was to be hoped for it must be devised by himself alone.

Escotillo he summed up very simply as a swordsman and nothing more. As a Zaurigi he could be relied upon at the last pinch to make more than common use of a blade—if he could come by one, for nothing but a knife had been left to either of the cousins.

For any further use he judged Escotillo a broken reed.

Already the strain of captivity, the threat of an unknown doom, had made him nervous and unbalanced. Cristobal had read that much in his walk, his erratic and wandering glances, his bitter spirit so openly proclaimed.

No. One man alone could stand at grips with fate here—himself.

And with that judgment considered soberly, and soberly accepted, Cristobal became the jester again.

This seeming perversity was the essence of him. Because madness and the demoniac fury of near-despair had all but mastered his soul, he would now turn everything to trifling and mockery.

He turned to the doctor and astonished the old gentleman by presenting to him a face cleared of every pucker. Not a line showed in the forehead, and the lips opened for a laugh.

"This matter is so serious," he said, "that — that we had better leave it till we have more leisure."

"More leisure!" gasped the physician. "Why within three or four hours —"

"Ample, ample." Cristobal dismissed the subject with an airy wave of the hand. "Tell me, what are you doing here?"

The doctor drew a deep sigh.

"My name," he said, "is Diego Sangrado."

"A physician?"

"And an old man, and so attached to the convent of Santa Emelia."

"Where's that?"

"A bare league from here. You have heard of it?"

"No."

"It is the old Moorish fortress of Al Zunta, converted by the grace of heaven into a nunnery of the Sisters of the Sacred Manger."

"I see. And you are the doctor there?"

"Yes, *señor*. And to more than the Sisters. There are in the convent nearly a score of young ladies —"

"Ha!" said Cristobal.

"Daughters of the noblest houses of Spain —"

"Ho!" said Cristobal.

"Who are completing their education under the charge of the Holy Mother."

"Completing—how old?"

"From fifteen to eighteen years of age, *señor*. Sweet girls, full of mischief and tricks, as I can testify, beautiful creatures in the very bloom of —"

"Enough!" Cristobal stopped him. "Too much in fact—for any save a man like myself. And you were the doctor there? Master Sangrado, if anything unfortunate should happen to you, it is pleasant to reflect that the post will not remain vacant for long."

The doctor shuddered. Cristobal continued.

"Why did you come here?"

"I was brought here. I was kidnapped. The leader of the gang —"

"Roque — the lame man?"

"Yes, *señor*. He is suffering from creeping paralysis of the lower limbs. You have noticed the dragging of the left leg —"

"Yes."

"As is inevitable in these cases the right is going the same way. And now sir, advise me —"

"Yes?"

"I am nearly distraught. He threatens to take my life if I do not cure him."

"What will he do?"

"He will drown me."

"Then cure him," advised Cristobal.

"I assure him I will do all I can. I am a doctor, he is a sick man, to cure the sick is my mission in this world, with God's help." He crossed himself. "But even if it were certainly in my power, I am placed in a difficulty I cannot solve. You have seen his brother, Fray Gomez?"

"The priest?"

"That is so. And — conceive it, *señor!* — he takes me aside and threatens —" He broke off in tears, shaking his white head feebly.

"Come, Master Sangrado," said Cris-

tobal, "he threatens — what does the brother threaten?"

"*Señor* —he tells me that if, under the guise of medicine I do not administer poison —"

"Poison!" interjected Cristobal.

"Poison, *señor*. No less. If I do not poison, his brother, my patient —"

"Well?"

"He will find occasion to burn me. —Advise me, *señor*, what am I to do?"

IF in what follows the reader of this story finds in Don Cristobal a brutality too ferocious for pardon, he is begged to consider the following. Cristobal, as has been indicated, had decided upon a course of conduct that entailed, first, an attitude of jest, second the use, at their sharpest, of ears and eyes. Not for one second had he ceased to devote himself to this plan. Casually as he talked to the doctor, his sharp ears had been employed at their utmost tension, his eyes had never for one instant ceased to rove, however carelessly, among the shadows which hemmed the two men in.

If then among the rocks an eavesdropper had chosen to creep quietly forward, lurking in the darkness with eyes that peeped and head thrust forward to catch what passed between the two prisoners, is it not more than possible that Don Cristobal de Zaurigi, playing for his life and that of the helpless girl whose pitiful case had so roused his compassion, may have caught the movement of a shadow, the faint rustle of the movement, near at hand, passed over with admirable indifference, but gathered, investigated and assigned to their right cause? In a word, Don Cristobal de Zaurigi could play a game of his own, and play it well.

To the doctor then he offered a reply so callous that the old man stared at him as if unable to believe his ears.

"Your position," said Cristobal, "is not without its piquancy, but its solution is simple. The decision is for you. Which do you prefer — drowning or burning?"

The physician could do nothing but stare helplessly.

"It remains," proceeded Cristobal, "to do what he asks you."

"As he asks me — as he asks me — but as who asks me?"

Cristobal moved closer toward the firelight where he made an impressive figure. He lifted his voice. Whether or not — the reader must judge for himself — Cristobal now had certainty as to the figure among the shadows, it is beyond doubting that his voice was now pitched in a tone that most undoubtedly carried every syllable to where, if at all, a secret listener might be judged to lie.

"Who?" he asked with an impressive gesture. "You ask me, who? Can you be in doubt for one second? Master physician, among this band of gallant adventurers, called 'brigands' by the vulgar, I have noted one man in whose countenance I read plainly power and command. I cannot conceal from you that swiftness and accuracy in the reading of character in faces is one of the qualities for which I am justly celebrated. In the face, at once handsome

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Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

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A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

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Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

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and intellectual, of the captain's brother, Fray — what?"

"Gomez," said the doctor, who was standing open-mouthed.

"Gomez — so. In his face I say I read mastery, intelligence, generosity, courage of the finest."

"You surprise me, *señor,*" said Doctor Sangrado, with absolute truth.

"And more yet," continued Cristobal. "His is the type of face you will find borne only by men destined to success. Desert is not everything. Many a man equipped, one would think with every qualification that should ensure distinction, achieves nothing but failure in the end. Your successful man, your immortal, is a type. Of this type is *señor* —what?"

"Gomez."

"Ha, Gomez. Yes. Watch his eagle flight. Fortune may frown for a while, but his eventual triumph is certain. What a man!"

"I am staggered," said Sangrado. He certainly was. "But," he continued, "I still lack guidance. Murder —"

"Pshah!" Cristobal cut him short with a splendid disdain. "Is this man, destined infallibly for great things, to be hampered by a word? Are your childish scruples to impede him at the very start? Summon up decision, my friend. Fortunate man! You have the opportunity of launching this estimable —"

"ESTIMABLE!" ejaculated the doctor.

"This estimable man," said Cristobal insistently. "Estimable in the true sense as realized by those best fitted to judge of things apart from mere words. I say that to you falls the happy lot of launching this man on his great career. And you hesitate? *Dios!* He hesitates! Incredible!"

"But, to do what he asks — great heavens, *señor!*"

"Well, what does he ask? What is it he asks of you?" demanded Cristobal energetically, "a trifle — a bagatelle — a mere momentary carelessness with a pinch of poison." He turned away. "How unhappy is my lot," he said, musingly — but with a voice that carried astonishingly well — "who am doomed, I suppose to perish miserably at the very moment of my encountering the one man I have ever met who might command my sword, my soul, my very life!"

("And if that does not do the business," he mused to himself as he allowed himself to droop in melancholy pose on a handy rock, "I am a man of no wits.")

For a second or two there was silence, broken perhaps by the agitated breathing of Sangrado, who to tell the truth had stood during this delivery like a man dazed. Then came the sound of a rustling of footsteps close at hand, and as the doctor turned, Cristobal started up in the greatest surprise. The figure of the priest emerged from a dark corner among the rocks and came toward the two who had been in colloquy.

He uttered but two words.

"Well said."

Cristobal stared, struck his breast, took two hasty paces back.

"Confusion!" he cried. "We are undone — at least, I am undone." He struck his forehead. "What have I said! This tongue of mine"— He turned in appeal to the priest. "Father, your pardon if I spoke too freely. Thinking we two were alone —"

"I know all," said Gomez, graciously.

"You will understand the situation, I am sure," continued Cristobal. "Yet I intended no disparagement, on my faith."

"Have no fear," said Gomez, smiling not unkindly. "I heard all, yet I am not displeased."

"Said I not, generous?" murmured Cristobal to himself, quietly yet not so faintly but Gomez caught the words.

"And having heard all," continued Gomez, "I have it in my mind to make use of you."

"*Señor* — father — I scarcely know by what title to address you," said Cristobal, gratefully. "It will be a joy to serve you. Lift a finger and I am your dog."

"Good!" said Gomez. He drew Cristobal towards him and sank his voice to a whisper. "Know," he murmured to the attentive ear stooping to his lips, "that it is my intention, once I have removed my brother —"

"That hound, deserving of a thousand deaths," broke in Cristobal. "Forgive me, but the thought that that individual, of contemptible merits, should stand in the way of such a man as you makes my blood boil. I will endeavor to be calmer."

Gomez silenced him with a wave of the hand.

"I shall keep with me only the bravest of the band —"

"Heroes, lads of the rarest," murmured Cristobal.

"And with them seek fortune."

"Seek fortune! You, seek fortune! Nay *señor,* rather let us say that fortune will seek you. It will be yours merely to lift a finger and fate stoops proudly to take you on its shoulders." He panted. "And I am to be one of your band — tell me, is that so?"

GOMEZ nodded. Cristobal struck his thigh in delight.

"I never dreamed of this," he said. "I was miserable, rebellious, and at this darkest of all hours, lo, the dawn in glory! Let me never forget this lesson."

Gomez nodded approvingly.

"But first," he said, "Roque must die."

"And die he shall," declared Cristobal. He turned to the doctor, standing by, timid and near tears again. "You, make up your mind to that."

Sangrado began a gesture of refusal. Cristobal stepped up to him and looked him in the face with a savagery that appalled the old man.

"What," he said, "shall this gentleman proffer a request of the sort twice? Prepare the dose! Where's the poison?"

"*Señor,*" appealed the doctor, backing away feebly, "What wickedness will you have me do?"

Cristobal grasped him fiercely by the shoulder and shook him mercilessly.

"Bah! Do as I tell you, you old fool."

"Sir," implored the doctor, falling to his knees, "give me a moment —"

Cristobal snatched his knife from his belt, and bent him backwards on to his heels.

"What, will you have this then?" he demanded, holding the steel before the old man's spectacles. The physician began to snivel.

"Madre de Dios!" he said faintly, "forgive me. I am a coward. Death is too terrible. *Señor,* have your own way. I am a lost soul. Well then," he rose and going to a recess in the crumbling wall where a few phials stood, he selected one and held it out. "There it is. Would I had the courage to accept death."

"How does Roque take his potion?" demanded Cristobal.

"In his wine," said Sangrado, miserably.

"Then pour him a glass now, and mix this with it," commanded Cristobal. Gomez rubbed his hands approvingly as Cristobal looked at him. Sighing, but compliant the doctor went to the table and poured out a draught of wine into one of the glasses. Into this he dropped four drops of a sluggish blue fluid from the phial, and set the glass back on the table.

"Is that poisoned?" demanded Cristobal.

The doctor nodded assent, his hands lifted tremblingly, his face ashy pale.

"Death lurks there infallibly?"

"Inevitably," said Sangrado.

Cristobal turned triumphantly to Gomez.

"Sir," he said, smilingly, "you see, all's prepared."

"Aye," said Gomez, none too determinedly. It was plain that the hardened villain in the group was Cristobal. "And you can manage the rest?"

For a born leader of men, destined to immortal fame, Gomez was looking a little below his best.

"If there should be a hitch even now I hardly know," he said undecidedly. "He's damnably suspicious."

The sound of footsteps, of voices, came to them, approaching. "If this is he —" panted Gomez.

Cristobal said nothing . . .

Roque, followed by a stout man, turbaned and loose trousered, and equipped with a magnificent black beard, crutched himself forward across the fallen masonry.

CHAPTER 22

Enter Ricote, The Pirate

ROQUE, leaving Sangrado on the ground in mortal terror, had made his way on his crutches through the darkness. The night was now clouding, and the wind rising. The brigand had his cloak slung well about him, and he moved with certainty in the light which still sent its influence from the hidden moon.

Twice challenged by sentinels, he made his way to where the cliff face cut abruptly across the level surface of the huge mass of rock on which the ruins were imposed. Almost precipitously the cliff fell full five hundred feet to the narrow strip of beach at its base. Here he waited, pacing restlessly to and fro till in a minute or so he

(*Continued on page 124*)

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Railroad Bonds in Brief

By Paul Tomlinson

MOST business is done on credit; corporations which grow and constantly extend the scope of their operations have to borrow money, and the financial side of any big enterprise is something which must be handled skillfully and with care if the enterprise as a whole is to prosper. Probably no class of corporation is more dependent upon credit than the railroads. Obviously road beds, tracks, locomotives, cars, signals, equipment of many kinds are all necessary to the operation of a railroad, and what is more they are necessary before the railroad can begin to operate.

At the very beginning, therefore, a railroad must have credit in order to purchase these things. And as time goes on more credit is needed to furnish money for new and additional equipment, for extensions to the line, and for improvements to the already existing mileage. A railroad's need for credit never ceases. Which is only another way of saying that a railroad has constant use for cash capital.

The customary method of obtaining this cash capital is by the issuance and sale of bonds. Railroad bonds are of various kinds and a good-sized volume could be written on them. In general, of course, they are like other bonds, and are to be judged on the basis of safety of principal, credit standing (determined by earnings) of the issuing company and the saleability of the bonds. Naturally the security for the bond and the credit standing of the issuing company are more important considerations than saleability, and the best railroad bonds have both these characteristics.

In determining the security for a railroad bond the number of thousand dollars of bonded debt per mile is the usual criterion; in fixing a railroad's credit position the earnings per mile of road are the determining factor. Suppose two railroads have bonded debts amounting to thirty-thousand dollars a mile; suppose one road has net earnings of $8,000 a mile and the other only $4,000. Obviously the bonds of the road with the larger earnings are the better investments, for both have to pay interest on the same amount of bonded indebtedness, but the one road has twice as large earnings as the other to do it with. It has actually happened that the unsecured obligations of a railroad with big earnings have been rated better investments than the first lien bonds of another road with poor earnings.

In general the prime requisite of a high-grade bond investment is the security — the value of the actual property pledged for its payment. In the case of a railroad bond, where the issue is secured by a mortgage on the corporation's property, it is well to find out just what this property is. Is it the whole system, and if so, what other and prior claims are there to it? Is it the main line? Is it a division or a branch, and if so, is it essential to the welfare of the system? Is it rolling stock and equipment?

The railroad bonds which probably are entitled to the highest rank of all are what are known as "divisional liens." These divisional liens usually underlie (rank ahead of) all the other classes of bonded obligations. The reason for this is that most railroad systems are a consolidation of several roads which they have absorbed at various times. When a small railroad is taken over by a large one, its bonds must be assumed by the purchasing company. The small roads taken over become divisions of the parent companies and their bonds rank ahead of all the parent company's bonds so far as that particular division is concerned. It is sometimes difficult to purchase divisional lien bonds nowadays, for the supply is comparatively small, and growing smaller, and usually their owners, aware of their investment worth, are loathe to let them go.

The main line is a railroad's most valuable property, and bonds secured by a first mortgage on this part of the system rank next to the divisional liens. After the first mortgages come the general mortgage bonds, which in many cases are secured by the entire mileage of the company and oftentimes by terminals, stations and equipment as well. In almost every instance the property securing the general mortgage bonds is the same as that pledged to secure the divisional liens and first mortgage bonds,

but the general mortgage is junior to the others. In other words, the general mortgage bonds are usually second or third liens on a large part of the property. Eventually, however, they may become first liens.

To illustrate: a railroad company may have $10,000,000 of divisional lien bonds outstanding, $2,500,000 on one division due 1932, $4,500,000 on another due 1934, and $3,000,000 on still another, due 1936; ranking next to these divisional liens are $25,000,000 of bonds due 1950 secured by a first mortgage on the main line and a second mortgage on the three divisions.

Sometime after these bonds were sold need for more cash has arisen and so a general mortgage has been drawn, securing an issue of bonds by the railroad's entire property; this mortgage has provided for $55,000,000 of bonds, due 1975, $20,000,000 to be issued at once and the balance used to pay off the underlying liens as they mature. When the divisional lien bonds come due, general mortgage bonds will be sold and the proceeds used to pay them off, and the same provision made for the first mortgage bonds. In 1950, therefore, the divisional liens and the first mortgage bonds will all have been retired and the general mortgage bonds will then become the first lien on the property.

Nowadays refunding mortgages seem to be preferred to general mortgages, but there is little difference in the actual working out of the two kinds. Refunding mortgages, as the name indicates, provide for the paying off — or refunding — of the underlying issues. When a refunding mortgage is created and there is already a general mortgage on the property the general mortgage usually is closed, — that is, no more bonds are permitted to be issued under its provisions.

Refunding mortgages usually are secured by the corporation's entire property and in most cases are at the start a first mortgage on whatever property has been added to the system since the date of the general mortgage. Frequently the mortgage provides that refunding bonds may be issued at varying rates of interest, and one railroad has four, five, and six per cent refunding bonds all secured by exactly the same property. As in the case of the general mortgage bonds the refunding bonds will eventually become first liens.

Collateral bonds are secured by the deposit with some third party of specifically described securities. Sometimes it is provided that the market value of the collateral so pledged must be kept at a certain percentage in excess of the amount of bonds outstanding. Collateral trust bonds are not, strictly speaking, mortgage bonds, but frequently some of the bonds pledged for their payment are themselves secured by mortgages.

Convertible bonds are bonds which may be exchanged for — converted into — stock on certain specified conditions. For example, a convertible bond may be convertible into stock at the rate of ten shares for every one thousand dollar bond. If the stock were selling at $120 a share it would probably be profitable to make the exchange, but if the stock were $60 a share the inducement would not be present. Naturally they are prone to fluctuate in price with the price of the stock. Sometimes they are secured by a mortgage, sometimes not. Sometimes the conversion privilege does not become operative before a certain date, and frequently it expires at a certain specified time. It is oftentimes rather difficult to fix the real worth of a convertible bond.

Debenture bonds are usually a mere promise to pay, and their value is largely dependent upon the credit position of the issuing company. Adjustment bonds and income bonds are in most instances issued after receiverships or reorganizations. Interest on them is paid "if earned," like dividends on stock, although these bonds rank ahead of the stock issues. Sometimes the interest is cumulative.

Terminal bonds, as the name implies, are secured by terminals, and as terminals are immensely important to the operation of a railroad and valuable as

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well, these bonds are usually high grade. Equipment bonds, too, are considered extremely high grade. They are secured by rolling stock, locomotives, cars and other equipment essential to the operation of the road. Customarily equipment bonds mature serially, some each year so that as the rolling stock deteriorates the amount of the outstanding bonds is reduced proportionately.

There are literally thousands of railroad bond issues of the various classes mentioned here. The person whose business is not the marketing of railroad bonds cannot be expected to be familiar with them all. Sources of information about standard securities exist, however, and it is easy enough to get good advice. Incidentally the time to seek advice is before, not after, and in the case of railroad bonds as with other investments, the most important point to be settled is the safety of the principal.

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Q. Is the Eastman Kodak stock now listed on the New York Stock Exchange the original stock of this company? What is its par value and what is the rate of dividends?

A. The stock you refer to is the new issue which was exchanged for old stock on the basis of ten shares for one, so that each share now is in reality one tenth of one share of the old stock. This new stock has no par value. Dividends are paid at the rate of $5 a share a year.

Q. Please give me some information about the New York Central Railroad Company refunding and improvement mortgage, Series C, 5% gold bonds due October 1, 2013.

A. These bonds are secured by direct mortgage on all of the railroad owned by The New York Central Railroad Company, the main line of which, extending from New York City to Chicago, is one of the trunk lines of heaviest traffic in the United States. Bonds of this series are redeemable, as a whole but not in part, at 105% and accrued interest on October 1, 1951, or on any interest date thereafter. The outstanding securities junior to the Refunding and Improvement Mortgage Bonds include $105,500,000 Debenture Bonds and $249,597,355 par value of capital stock. For every year since 1869, dividends have been paid on the outstanding capital stock at the rate of at least four per cent. per annum; since 1900 the rate has been not less than five per cent. per annum. These bonds are a legal investment for savings banks in the States of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and other states. They are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and at present prices yield about 5.20%.

Q. Kindly tell me if the Jerome Verde Copper Company is still in existence.

A. Formal transfer of the property of the Jerome Verde Copper Company to the Jerome Verde Development Company for $420,000 was made in November 1921. Stockholders of the first named company will receive one share of the new company (par $10) in exchange for 10 shares of the original company, or they have the privilege of accepting payments in cash over a period of 5 years in amount of 8 cents per share. Jerome Verde Copper and Jerome Verde Development shares are selling at 30 cents and $3.75 respectively. The Registrar and Transfer Company, 60 Broadway, is making the exchange, and time has been indefinitely extended.

Q. I own fifty shares of Pierce-Arrow common stock, for which I paid a price considerably higher than the present quotation. Would you recommend selling and putting the proceeds into a high-grade bond? What are the chances of Pierce-Arrow stock appreciating in value?

A. We have no means of knowing what the future holds in store for Pierce-Arrow stock, and we could not attempt to advise you, therefore, whether it would be more profitable to switch to a better security now or hold the stock for a possible further appreciation in the hope of minimizing losses.

That is a question on which you will have to use your own judgment. You no doubt are fully aware that automobile companies have increased production greatly as a result of the increased demand for motor cars in the last few months. Whether this situation has been fully discounted in the price of Pierce-Arrow stock is a question for you to decide.

Q. Please tell me if American Telephone and Telegraph 5% collateral trust bonds due 1946 are a good investment for me, a professional man. My plan is, in order to furnish added protection for my old age, to convert my stock holdings into safe bonds.

A. We believe American Telephone and Telegraph collateral 5's are a good investment for the purpose you describe. They are secured by the deposit of stocks of affiliated and subsidiary companies having a market value which must at all times be 133 1-3 per cent of the par value of bonds outstanding.

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by FESTUS J. WADE
President, MERCANTILE TRUST COMPANY *of St. Louis*

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Don Cristobal de Zaurigi

(*Continued from page 119*)

was joined by the priest, who bore a lantern.

From the cavern of gloom opening below them came the sound, muffled by distance, of the rhythmic fall of wave on beach. Vaguely there were discernible two great spurs of cliff projecting outwards from the main mass to form a cove, into which the tide was making, the force of its waves diminished to the negligible by the natural breakwater thus formed on either hand.

Gomez sat down. Roque remained standing, staring into the darkness that lay over the sea.

Some minutes passed, and then into the faint light thrown round them by the lantern there emerged a man, rising apparently as if by magic out of the black pit that edged to Roque's very feet. This man proved to be no more than one of the gang, finishing his climb up a path in the cliff almost undiscernible in the gloom.

"Who's that?" demanded Roque.

"Rodriguez," came back to him.

"Well?"

"Lights showed half an hour ago. I signalled back. They saw."

"What will they do?"

"Send a boat ashore and the bark will stand off and on."

"How long?"

"Soon enough — why — look," he pointed downward. Standing at the edge of the path Roque looked beneath him. Gomez joined him. Far down a tiny light showed. "That'll be the boat."

The three men stood silent, waiting. The darkness grew more intense. The wind voiced to them its unchanging note of mournfulness. Minute by minute passed. Faint sounds began to reach them, growing in decision each few seconds. A light was moving upwards toward them. The occasional sound of voices became audible. At length, in the light of the ascending lantern, several dark figures could be made out climbing up the rocky path, their feet guided only by the one dim light.

The three men at the top stood back. One by one there stepped on to the bare surface of the crag's level four men, one of them, carrying the lantern, evidently one of the brigand gang, the others in dress, face and speech men of another race.

"Ha — Roque!" said the first man as he caught sight of the group waiting to receive the newcomers.

"Ricote," said Roque casually, his saturnine face wrinkling into something that might pass for welcome.

THE newcomer was a Moor, bearded and turbaned, a squat powerful man with a thick neck and broad shoulders. He had a habit of stooping, but in his movements were both strength and a freedom that seemed to suggest the sea that had yielded him up. A sailor, and in command, was the suggestion his dress, air, and movements conveyed. With him were two others, Moors all, and, like their leader, men of the sea.

Ricote looked at the priest. Roque made Gomez known.

"My brother," he said. "He is with me now." The seaman and the priest nodded. Ricote grinned as his eye went over the gown. Gomez grinned in return.

Roque began to make enquiries as to Ricote's arrangements. The Moor explained and made his own questioning in return. He gave some orders in Moorish to the men with him, and they replied in the same tongue. Roque, who evidently gathered a word here and there, dropped in an occasional comment and a laugh or two went round.

On the night air borne from some distant monastery or church the strokes of a bell sounded, muffled and slow. Twelve times it struck.

"Midnight," said Roque.

"Aye," said Ricote.

"Will your bark run into the cove?"

"No. The boat I came ashore in lies by the beach and we can reach my ship in half an hour's pull. Who's coming? Only the two?"

"Three," said Roque. "Two men as well as the girl."

"Two men?" repeated Ricote.

"Aye," answered Roque. "Which is which I don't know and I don't care. Both can go and there's the end."

Ricote nodded.

"Well, all's well then, and we can get them aboard as soon as you like. Will you bring them along, or shall we fetch them?"

"We can bring them. But let your men have a warm drink first. And take a look at the girl — she's worth looking at."

Ricote assented. His men, on a word, followed as their captain with Roque, and Gomez, led the way among the ruins by the swinging lantern's light.

Once among the broken walls the group split up. The seamen followed Gomez to where in their dingy cave the main gang of the brigands was sitting about. Here he left them, after engaging some sort of hospitality for them.

Roque and Ricote, the brigand carrying the lantern, picked their way further on, pace after pace, till the light of the fire and the sound of the voices about it died down to nothingness. Roque stopped suddenly.

The lantern's light showed the figure of Escotillo lying huddled miserably in the angle of two broken walls. He had made appeal for some sort of covering. It had been denied him. Cursing the anger that had made him refuse food when invited by Cristobal, he had hung about until one of the women had dispensed him some coarse bread and a draught of sour wine. Covering, however, he could obtain none. They refused him even a lair near their fire, and in a fury he had settled down in the best corner he could find, hugging himself as the night air slowly drew the warmth from his shivering limbs.

His breast boiling with rage, he lay and shivered with cold and with fury. Yet sleep overtook him. His rages and

his chilliness were drawn from about him as a child's wraps are slipped from his limbs when his mother lays him asleep in his cot. Escotillo slept at last as placidly as any saint.

ROQUE held the lantern down towards the sleeping man. He slept on.

The brigand prodded him with a crutch. Escotillo woke and sat up. He gave a groan as he did so. The depth of his sleep had not saved his limbs from an all-devouring cramp. In legs, back, ribs, arms, neck, he felt the cruel fingers gripping him. Every movement, full of pain, and the icy chill that held his bones made him shudder violently as he stared at the light and the faces of the two men.

"Is this the man?" said Ricote. "Don Cristobal — ?"

Roque shrugged his shoulders.

"There is a mystery," he said, indifferently. "We have two of them. Each swears the other is Cristobal."

"Oh, ho! And I take them both?" asked Ricote.

"Yes."

Escotillo, now well awake, for all his pangs, began instantly to address both Roque and Ricote.

"Gentlemen — "

They moved away.

"Gentlemen!" He began to gabble it out at pace. "As I am a Christian, I am not Cristobal. I am Escotillo de Zaurigi." He was on his feet. He shuffled after them and endeavoured to detain Ricote.

The Moor looked at him with a stony indifference.

Roque pointed to the corner from which the wretched man had emerged.

Escotillo persisted, his imploring hand holding Ricote by the sleeve.

Roque lifted a crutch. Escotillo leaped back and with a gesture of despair sat down again with his face buried in his hands. As the two men moved away he flung himself over on his side and with his arm across his face let himself cry.

Roque led the way on. Ricote followed close. Again Roque came to a halt.

Close against the wall Laura lay asleep.

Exhausted, like Escotilla, by her terrifying experiences, the girl, too, had fallen into a profound slumber. Roque opened the door of the lantern, and held the light down towards her face.

The two men stooped over the girl.

Sleep had done its best for her. Her breast rising and falling slowly, her attitude of helplessness and unconsciousness heightened the appeal in the loveliness of her face.

The look of apprehension had been smoothed away. Her eyelids lay closed over eyes that never once in all the terrors of the previous evening had shed a tear, till body and spirit had collapsed together. Her hair had slipped into a little disorder.

They looked from her to each other.

"Wake her," said Ricote.

Roque pushed the sleeping figure with his foot.

She made a little movement and slid her hand sleepily under her cheek.

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He pushed her again, more roughly.

She opened her eyes, looked up at him without further movement for a second, then, as comprehension came to her, she started up from her couch of fern, got to her feet, and backed into a corner where she stood with her shoulders pressed against the wall, breathing rapidly, her eyes staring, and her face reddening at the outrage of her waking.

Roque held the lantern aloft. As its yellow light played over the girl, standing at bay as far as her helplessness would allow, Ricote stared her up and down, every movement of his eyes an insult.

"Well?" said Roque, turning to the Moor.

Ricote drew a deep breath. He gloated openly. "Living money," he said.

ROQUE chuckled, then shut the lantern gate and walked away, launching his crutches before him at each stride with a vigor that seemed to have come to him in this last minute in which a woman had stood in helplessness before him. Ricote followed.

To Laura not one direct word had been given.

She stood there following the two men with her eyes. When the light had gone, and the sound of their retreating footsteps had fallen to silence, she still stood, motionless. In this last scene, the awakening, the inspection, the complete indifference to anything of humanity in her apart from her womanhood and its excellence, there had been a callousness which had driven the steel into her very soul.

A great fear came over her. She dropped on her knees in the darkness, her hands clasped tightly.

"*Madre de Dios!*" she whispered desperately, "*Madre de Dios!*"—and got no further.

She was trying to pray, and could find no word but those. Perhaps—who knows?—no more were needed.

Laura still knelt in a prayer that was now no more than a sigh when Roque and Ricote reached the dim fragmentary hall where Sangrado, Gomez and Chistobal leaned together in their dark conspiracy. Roque looked casually about him.

Sangrado hung over his pots, shaking as if with an ague. Cristobal had contrived to get himself across to the fire unostentatiously. Gomez remained by the table. Roque gave all three no more than a glance.

"Ha—here's wine. Ricote, my brave follower of the prophet, dare you lower a stoup?" he demanded.

"I'm a good enough Mahometan," grinned the Moor, "to take small risks."

Roque turned to where on the table stood the last brave survivors of the gallant row of bottles Cristobal had brought from the inn. As he did so Cristobal contrived to shoulder Sangrado into the brigand's line of vision.

"What!" said Roque, "the doctor! Come here, old physicker. Never forget what I have in store for you if you fail to cure this leg of mine. Where's my potion?"

Sangrado turned away helplessly, casting an appealing look at Cristobal, who ignored it and stared calmly, challengingly, compellingly, at Gomez. In his glance was an order, wordless yet compelling. Gomez, a little gray in the face and a trifle exuberant in manner, obeyed the look.

He took up and held out the poisoned wine to his brother.

"Here you are, brother," he said, all friendliness.

On his forehead Cristobal saw little beads of sweat.

With a nod Roque took the beaker.

Sangrado gasped.

Cristobal shot a glance at him that struck him to silence, then looked again at Roque.

Gomez, turning towards the fire, looked back across his shoulder at his brother.

Roque lifted the draught to his lips.

"STOP!" said Cristobal.

CHAPTER 23

CRISTOBAL SNARES THE FOWLER

ROQUE checked himself and stared, the brim still at his lips. Sangrado clasped his hands in agitation; Gomez whipped round on Cristobal and stood glaring.

"Stop?" said Roque, "why—what's the matter?"

"Don't drink that," said Cristobal calmly.

"You traitor!" Gomez' knife flashed out. Cristobal took a step nearer Roque, grinning.

No knife work for him! He felt with an ecstatic certainty that the work was done already.

"Traitor—eh? Traitor to whom?" asked Roque. No need for any great acumen. His eye flashed from Cristobal to Gomez. From his belt he drew one of the brace of clumsy pistols he carried.

"My noble captain," said Cristobal, standing calmly within actual reach of the pistol, "ask your brother to drink the wine."

"To drink—to drink—" Roque gave a ghastly grin, as he lifted the muzzle of the pistol to a level with his brother's breast. "Oh ho! Ha—here—Gomez, drink!" He extended the draught towards the priest.

Gomez, pale as death, shrank back.

"I drink! No. Why? Why should I drink—the potion's for you."

He could hardly get the words out in his agitation. If ever a man stood sick with apprehension it was Gomez, as his fearful eye fastened on the pistol.

Roque spoke in a whisper full of terrible determination.

"Drink—drink! By all angels, Gomez, if you do not drink this wine you'll never drink again."

"Roque," protested Gomez, "I swear—Oh, all devils in Hades," as he faced Cristobal, "you viper!" Cristobal gave a cruel little chuckle.

"Drink," said Roque. "Swear afterwards. If this man is jesting with me he shall sweat blood for it. But now, drink—or die."

Gomez seemed about to fall. With an effort he steadied himself, stared at Cristobal, Roque, the pistol, the dreadful beaker, then as if suddenly making up his mind to take the only chance left him he took the glass.

"There, then," he said and drank. . .

The glass left his lips. It was still half full. Roque saw that. The pistol, pointed at the forehead of Gomez, never wavered.

"More. Finish it," he said.

Gomez hesitated, lifted the glass again; it hovered near his lips uncertainly.

"Don't waste it," said Cristobal.

Gomez gave a horrible little cry, then tossed off the rest of the liquor with a swing.

Already, even in the vague light of the fire, it could be seen that his face was assuming a bluish tinge. He began to move away.

"There, then — you see? I was right." He stopped unsteadily, then took another step or two. "Poison? He lied — " He stopped again.

"POISON," repeated Roque, with his yellow eyes fixed unblinking on his brother, "who said anything of poison?"

Without a word Gomez began to sway, his knees were yielding, he was on the ground, his hands at his ribs, his face a ghastly color, straining up at the darkness overhead. A thin little sound came between his lips. A light froth showed there —

Sangrado burst into a hysterical cry.

"Oh, holy mother! He is a dead man!"

Gomez bowed his face to his knees, straightened again with a jerk, rolled over on his side, drawing his knees up to his stomach —

Roque brought the muzzle of the pistol round to Sangrado. The doctor looked at him in miserable but wordless appeal.

"And you — ?" said Roque.

Cristobal was within arm's reach. With a gesture speedy yet avoiding all semblance of haste he put his hand out, laid his fingers on Roque's hand and quietly pushed the weapon aside.

Roque flashed a look at him. The brigand was in such a state of mind that a look, a word, a movement that suggested provocation would have meant another death, and that instantly. Cristobal stood still and met his eye calmly.

"No, no, captain; you have your man," he said.

Roque accepted it. He turned to look at Gomez. The priest was at his last. Sangrado, obeying the habit of his calling, was kneeling by him. Gomez rolled over on his back, drew his knees up so that his body was curled into a ball, gave a last hideous groan and let his limbs relax.

"Dead?" said Roque.

"Dead," replied the doctor.

Cristobal felt his cheek blanch. Less than a minute had elapsed since the wretched man had supped his first taste of the deadly draught.

Roque was gloating like a fiend.

He looked round and burst into a laugh full of enjoyment.

"Get this away," he said, indicating the body. "Ho! Without!"

Within a few seconds the space illuminated by the fire was alive with men pouring in from the darkness. They crowded round Roque, stared at the body, asked fifty questions all at once. Roque still laughing gave them a brief explanation and drew them a moral.

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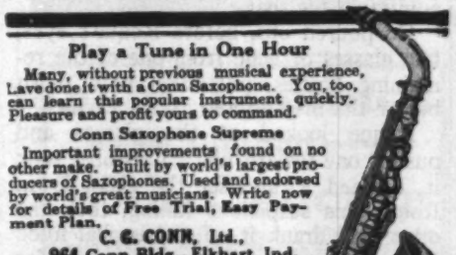

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It was an effort at murder, an attempt on his life. Well, it had failed; that was all. Here lay the man who had made his throw. Here, unarmed, sat the man he had aimed at — leader still, he told them, looking round challengingly, leader still.

They stood silent. Cristobal, missing no syllable, was busy with a new train of thought. "This man is hated by his gang. This is not the first attempt on him. He has to hold them down." In his brain already a restless imp stirred. What had been tried and missed might be tried again.

"Take this carrion away," concluded Roque. "Toss it over the cliff. Let it rot in water. All of you, take a look at the face. If any man here thinks of trying the same game, I say, let him remember Gomez."

They crowded round silent and staring, and presently, a dozen hands grabbing its clothes and hauling, the thing was half lifted, half dragged out of view.

Roque looked at Cristobal. Cristobal met his gaze and smiled.

ROQUE put the pistol back in his belt. In spite of himself, after the successful effort at coolness when addressing the gang, he had lost a good deal of his assumption of mastery. To Cristobal every indication showed him that, venturesome as he had been already, he had opportunity to make a still further impression. And knowing how little margin he had to spare in what he felt must be the one effort time would allow him to make. Cristobal played his part with a courage born of desperation, no doubt, but none the less admirable for that.

He poured out, before Roque's eyes, two glasses of wine from one of the remaining bottles, put them both down before the brigand and asked, "Which?"

Roque looked at the glasses and pushed one toward him. Cristobal took it, drained it, and set the glass down. Roque, his suspicions lulling, took the other and drank it off. Cristobal filled it for him again; filled another glass for the Moor; very calmly filled his own glass again, and, holding it delicately, stood waiting with an admirable composure for the questioning he knew must follow.

"If I have not this man; if I am not in his counsels from this moment," he breathed inwardly, "serve me no better than Gomez in this very hour."

Roque said. "What was all this — were you doing me a service?"

Cristobal nodded.

"Why?" said Roque, in a subdued voice.

Cristobal set down his untasted glass, folded his arms, and leaning over the brigand gave him his answer in a voice so full of earnest conviction, such frankness, such unmistakable truth that he almost convinced himself.

"Roque, let me speak plainly. I know well enough that this is no time for beating about the bush. This brother of yours meant your death. You saw that?"

The brigand nodded.

"The doctor here told me of what was in the wind. Gomez meant poisoning you. The doctor was to do the business. Well, Roque, blame me if you will, but I saw my chance and took it."

"Go on," said Roque.

"I tangled the fool in his own net. I knew that once he was challenged to drink the wine he was in the trap. Roque, you know and I know that I had but to hold my tongue and it is you that the eels would be busy with by now, not Gomez."

Roque took another drink at his wine and looked at Ricote, who lifted his eyebrows whimsically. "Well? — " said Roque.

"Captain," continued Cristobal with even greater impressiveness, "you owe me a turn. I played for that from the first."

"Well?" said Roque again.

"Let me join you," said Cristobal.

"Where's the gentleman now?" answered Roque. Cristobal well knew that the man had recalled their first meeting and the offer he had rejected.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What I was I was. What I am I am. And what am I? A broken man, a sword and no more — and not even that now," with a smiling glance at his empty belt. "I must live. I see a brick wall in front of me, and I've too much sense, since I can neither climb it nor dig under it, to try to batter it down with my head. I go back. Roque, the carcass they carried out was your right-hand man. You'll find me a better."

Roque set his glass down.

"This is a turn round since we last talked business," he said with triumph. "But you begin to see I told you the truth. We do queer work. I want a man with his heart in his work. You'd be squeamish."

"Squeamish!" Cristobal gave a laugh of rare brutality. "I! Try me. Is it a throat to cut, a house to burn, a woman to lift? Set me at it and see how squeamish I am! Come, captain," he went on, persuasively, "I make the depths of my heart as day to you. I played for your confidence."

The Moor spoke. Sitting silent, all ears, his face as Cristobal glimpsed it in the occasional flicker of a glance, had shown with little attempt at concealment the effect on its owner of Cristobal's manner.

"You owe him a turn, Roque. It was touch and go."

"And what I ask for," said Cristobal, "was mine, if I had chosen to keep my tongue between my teeth. I had the promise from Gomez."

"Then why take a chance instead of the certainty?" said Roque quickly.

"I chose to serve the better man," said Cristobal coolly.

For ten seconds Roque, all suspicion, looked him over, then —

"Curse me, you shall have the post," he said. "He shall join us, Ricote. Sit here with me. I like you. Wait! Blast me, but he shall wear Gomez' shoes! Let us go to the men. Bring a light."

He rose, slid his crutches under his arms and swung away. Cristobal picked up the lantern and followed with Ricote.

CHAPTER 24

The New Brother

ALL the gang were awake and chattering, but all fell silent as Roque

came among them. They gathered round him and he made them a brief speech.

"All of you, brothers of the rock and road, here's a new brother. Gomez is gone, curse him, and this man takes his place. Understand, when I am not here he will take charge."

"Who is he — what's his name?" called a voice.

"Choose a name," said Roque.

Cristobal thought a moment, then, "Call me Gomez," he said. "I wear Gomez' shoes, then give me Gomez' name."

"Right," said Roque. "Let it be Gomez. Is there wine? Let us all drink to the new brother."

And while Cristobal stood arms akimbo, sustaining their scrutiny with admirable nonchalance, his health, and the health of that goodly fellowship was drunk with enthusiasm.

Cristobal was deeply moved. He nodded with embarrassment to the ring of faces, each more villainous than the next. Friendliness and confidence in their friendliness beamed from him. He could not forbear the speech that rose to his lips.

"Gentlemen," he said, and at once there was silence, "need I say that this is one of those moments a man never allows himself to forget? I am a simple man, rough and ready, slow of speech, and therefore painfully unable to express offhand all I feel and think about this company. But what of that? Deeds we all know are the thing, the test of a man, not words. Give me but a little while to get used to you and you to me, and we shall have no misunderstanding between us. As I say, I shall not try to tell you what I think of you; before long I will show you."

They cheered that.

"And I may say," he continued, "that already I have a notion which I mean to submit to our captain. He will decide what to do, but I make bold to think that I shall show him a plan which will mean to us all, from the meanest to the greatest, fortune!"

They cheered that, too. The new brother was undoubtedly a success from the start. They waved admiring and encouraging hands to him as he followed Roque and Ricote back to the sanctum.

Roque dragged a stool to the fire. Ricote and Cristobal followed his example. It was evident that Cristobal had made good his footing with Roque as with the rest of the gang. Fresh fuel was thrown on the fire, more wine was brought. Sangrado had crept away to whatever corner he was accustomed to, and Roque turned inquiringly on Cristobal.

"What's your notion that's to bring us fortune?" he asked.

CRISTOBAL's heart beat. One move he had carried through successfully. Another and a bigger must now be essayed. He took off his beaker of wine deliberately, and leaning forward, hands stretched to the warmth of the blaze, he fixed Roque with a glittering eye and began.

"Captain, let me ask first about this evening's business at the inn. This isn't the first time you've lifted a girl?"

"You see John, the Joneses don't have to walk. They put a WASCO in their garage. Why don't we?"

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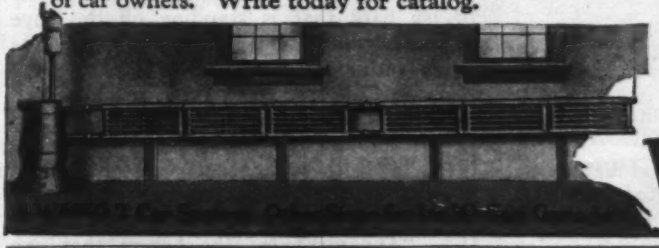

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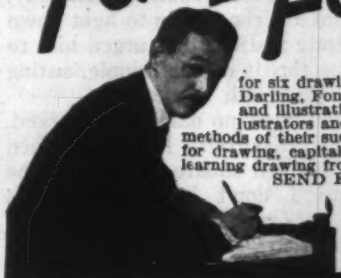

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"Ha, ha!" said Roque, laughing.

"And when you do it's no custom of yours to handle her like gossamer, I'll swear."

Ricote and Roque both laughed uproariously at certain memories they seemed to have in common.

"Then why," asked Cristobal, "in this case?"

"Money," said Roque, briefly. "A man came to me, his name I don't know. He paid — good money. We were to go to the inn this night and bring away the lady. If Don Cristobal de Zaurigi was with her we were to bring him too."

"And having brought them here?"

"This gentleman — Ricote is his name —" Cristobal bowed and the Moor nodded. "Ricote's skipper of a Moorish bark that is standing off the cove waiting for the tide. She will be close in within an hour or two and will send a boat ashore at any time we signal her. Within three days the man and the girl are in Algiers."

"And there?" asked Cristobal, with the feeling that Roque must inevitably overhear the singing in his ears.

"The girl's for the harem that can afford her; the man to any labor he's bought for."

"Good!" said Cristobal, thoughtfully. It gave him a second or so to fight down the desperate instinct that urged him to leap at the throat of the cripple, sitting cheek by jowl with him.

"And you know no names?" he asked.

"None," answered Roque. Then looking Cristobal square in the face he said, "and I don't know yours. Is Cristobal de Zaurigi my prisoner or my right-hand man?"

It was something of a facer, but Cristobal slipped aside in easy fashion. "I might soon settle that for you," he answered, "but, who ever is not Cristobal is Escotillo?"

"Yes?" said Roque.

"Well, if Cristobal goes to no great happiness at Algiers, you've a Doña Juanita here with you who has no great love for Escotillo."

"That is so," said Roque, with a grin . . . "Well, then —"

"Let it be Gomez!" said Cristobal, and Roque accepted.

"Mark you," said Roque, "one thing's clear to me about the whole business — 'tis private revenge."

"Ha!" said Cristobal, starting, and instantly knew that the brigand was right.

Roque elaborated.

"What else? The girl to ruin —"

"But why the man?"

"A tool."

"Yes, used for what?"

"He lured the girl to the inn. That was his use."

"And then?"

"Finished with, dangerous, because he knew too much and so — to be got rid of."

Cristobal, who had been leaning forward in his eagerness, sat back with a gasp. It was clear. He himself, probing busily enough at the root of the villainy, had been dealing with the unaccustomed. Roque, versed in the whole range of crime, possibly familiar with some precisely similar outrage, with nothing in the affair to perturb his mind or unbalance his judgment, had got to the heart of the mystery at his first effort.

"Sold," said Cristobal, unable for the moment to command his tongue, "to an Algerine harem!"

Roque, half intoxicated with the wine he had been consuming liberally as he sat, missed the note of agitation. He nodded complacently.

"And a fine price, too; a piece of beauty of her sort," interposed Ricote with appreciation. He, too, had liquored freely.

"Which we share, Ricote," said Roque, turning to him.

"Aye," said the Moor. "Fair play between friends."

Roque squeezed the Moor's thigh playfully. He leaned across to Cristobal.

"Well, now, my lad, what's the plan you spoke of?"

(To be continued in McClure's for October.)

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Just a Few Things Especially Have Power

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And wonder with my soul, remembering you;
The scent from flowering beanfields: the first hour
Of a sunny Autumn morning, misty blue,

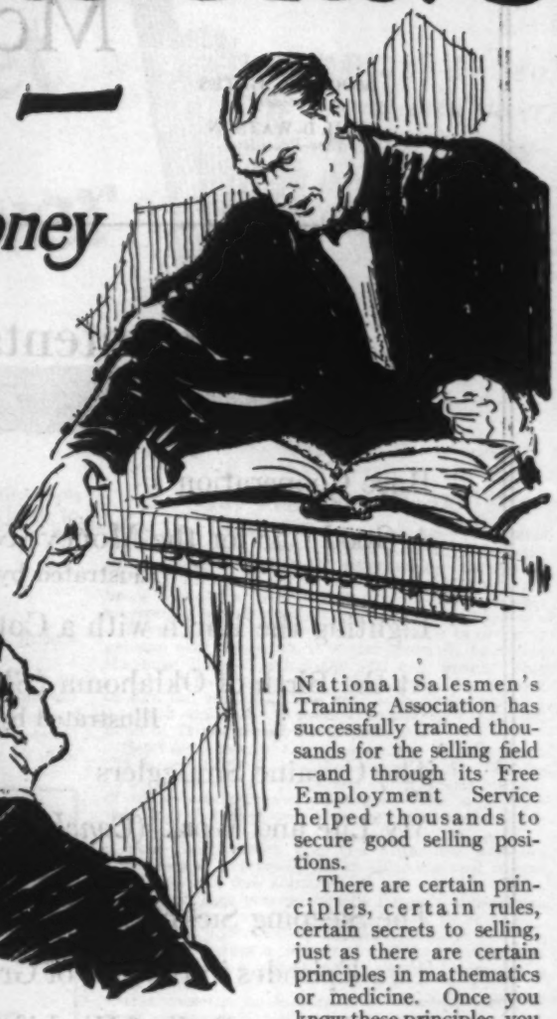
And chill: clear bells that chime for evensong
And matins: crusty bread and deep hued wine:
And flocks of sheep in lanes rushing along:
The rhythmic sweep and sway of a tall pine:

And huge foam crested waves, and starlit nights,
Wet earth, and burning wood, a pale green sky
On a windy evening: far off valley lights:
And evenings when small fluttering bats dart by:
The tale of Deirdre, passionate and true—
These things have power on me, remembering you.

—By M. St. Clare Byrne.

It's a Crime to Slave for Low Pay —

When It's So Easy To Earn Big Money



If You Are Making Small Pay, Then You Ought to Investigate This Simple Plan that Has Shown Thousands a Way to Magnificent Earnings

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One has but to learn the actual facts to prove that it has been done, is being done, and will continue to be done by those who have initiative enough to investigate a plan that will relieve them of a "life sentence" of drudgery and disappointment.

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Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. Copyright, 1922, by McClure Publishing Company, New York. All dramatic, moving picture and other reproduction rights reserved.

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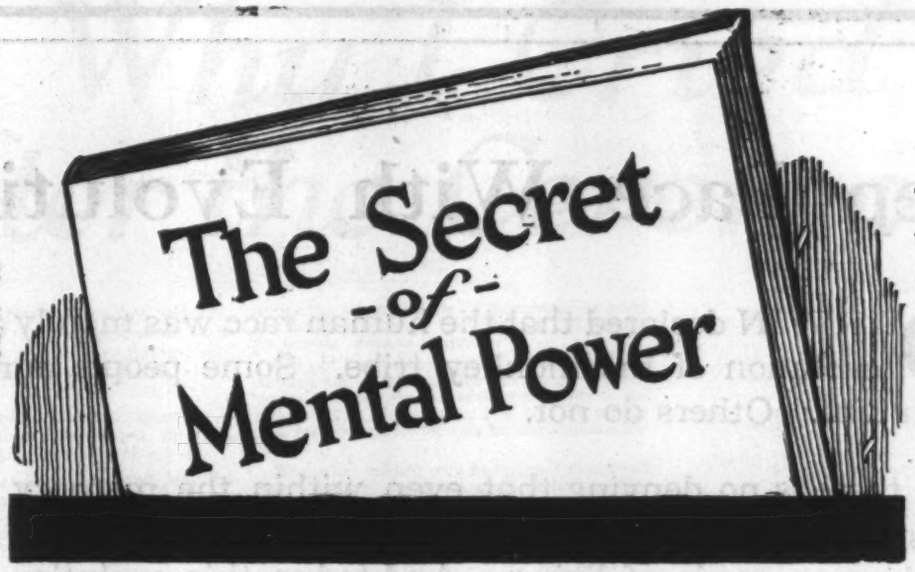

"Why do so many men never amount to anything? Because they don't think."
—Edison.

MARK TWAIN once said that the average man didn't make much use of his head except for the purpose of keeping his necktie from slipping off.

And Prof. William James claimed that the average man uses only about a *tenth* part of his brain.

And Thomas Edison states emphatically that most men never amount to much because they don't *think*.

How about you? Are you using *your* head simply as a scarf-retainer? Are you using only 10% of *your* brain? Are you sitting, discouraged and discontented, at the foot of the ladder simply because you don't *think*?

It will pay you to find out.

Mind is the measure of every man. *Mental* power—not *physical* power—wins business battles and builds bank accounts.

The man with *brains* to sell fixes his own price, but the man who brings only *brawn* to market must be satisfied with the lowest wage that brute force brings.

In every age, in every clime and in every field of human endeavor the *trained thinker* wins where the *thoughtless toiler* fails.

Twain, James, Edison, Roosevelt, Rockefeller, Schwab, Carnegie, Woolworth, Wanamaker, Morgan, Hill, Harriman, Ford, Marconi, the Wright brothers and all other successful men reached their goals, not because they knew how to use their *muscles* but because they knew how to use their *minds*. Does anybody doubt this? Isn't it admitted by all? Doesn't every one with "brains enough to grease a gimlet" *know* that it's true?

Only One Road to Success

Yes, indeed, there is only *one* road that leads to success and that is the *mental* road. If you expect to accomplish anything worth while by any other method than the *development* and *use* of your mental faculties, you are simply deceiving yourself. And the biggest fool in the world is the man who fools himself.

A recent magazine article states that intelligence tests in this country disclose the deplorable fact that 83% of the people are morons. You won't find the word "moron" in many dictionaries. It means a person with the mental development of a normal fourteen-year-old child.

Is it any wonder why so few people achieve any considerable success in life, when such an enormous percentage of them are so lacking in mental power? Such people have no more chance in competition with trained minds than a midget has to lick Jack Dempsey.

And isn't it simply absurd, when you stop to think about it, that most people are striving for success and yet they are doing absolutely nothing to strengthen and develop their *minds*, which is the *only* part of them with which they can ever hope to win success.

The principal reason that the trained *thinker* gets ahead is because he has so little competition.

The *unthinking* toiler works hard for small pay because almost anyone can do his work.

What are *you* doing—as the days go by—to develop *your* mind? Are you more efficient mentally than you were a month ago—or a year ago? If not, you are standing still. You haven't even started on the road that leads to *bigger* and *better* living.

Missing Success by a Hair's Breath

The difference between *success* and *failure* is often but the breadth of a hair.

The man who is making *twice* as much as you are has nowhere near *twice* the intellectual ability. The man who enjoys an income of $10,000 a year is not *five* times the mental superior of the man who receives only $2,000.

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How to have more time for play.
How to out-think the average man.
How to make your mind a mental mazda.
How to stop thinking in circles.

Thousands upon thousands of earnest, aspiring men are *almost* successful. But in this connection a miss is as *bad* as a mile.

With just a little more *mental* force—with a slightly better trained *mind*—with a little clearer knowledge of *right* thinking—hundreds of men who are now struggling along in the Poor-Pay Army—footsore and weary—would immediately find themselves equipped to command from *two* to *ten* times their present incomes.

Probably the man who makes $1,000 a month is only 10% to 20% better trained mentally than the man who is trying to make both ends meet on $100 a month. This is a *fact*. And it should be a most *encouraging* fact to every man who wants to be *somebody* and *get somewhere*.

The greatest thinkers the world has ever known have hardly more than scratched the surface of their latent mental powers.

Improve your mental power only 10% and you will *multiply* your earning capacity.

Get This New Book

We have just published a new book—*The Secret of Mental Power*. We will gladly send you a copy upon request, with our compliments and good wishes. And we want to state—as forcefully as we know how—that you will find it one of the most interesting and mind-spurring books you ever read.

If you had to quit work for a month in order to get and read this book, it would probably be one of the most profitable months you ever spent. But you don't have to do that. It takes but an *instant* to sign the coupon. You get the book for *nothing*. And you can read it in *twenty minutes*, as it is a small book of 32 pages and 16 illustrations.

Send for a copy of this book today. It tells about the most practical, common-sense system of constructive thinking—the easiest and quickest method of mind-building ever discovered—the secret developing mental power in a way that is as fascinating as a game.

This book shows you the difference between *disconnected, irrational, faulty* thinking and *coordinated, normal, true* thinking.

It shows how you can tell by a man's appearance whether he is a *true* thinker or a *faulty* thinker.

It shows how a *wrong* thought produces a *wrong* action that brings a *wrong* result. And how a *right* thought brings a *right* action that can bring only a *right* result.

It shows the immediate and favorable result of *virile, constructive* thinking and the disastrous results of *flabby, impotent, haphazard* thinking.

In other words it gives you the solution of correct thought processes, which is the only secret of mental power.

Now Is the Time

Send for *The Secret of Mental Power* now. Do not delay. Do not put it off. Tomorrow you may forget all about it. And the loss will be yours, not ours. For although we have printed an edition of 20,000 copies, we do not expect to have a single one left at the end of thirty days. They are going—and going *fast*. Therefore act at once, for as Sophocles so truly said, "Heaven never helps the man who will not *act*."

Don't let the fact that you can get this book easily and at no cost deter you from sending for it or cause you to make the fatal mistake of undervaluing it.

There is, of course, no way of judging in advance how immensely valuable this little book may be to you. But by waking you up mentally—by showing you how to think straight—by showing you an interesting way to build mind power—it will convincingly prove to you that it is one of the most valuable messages that ever reached your mind, and that in taking advantage of this free offer you took a wise and positive step toward greater *mental* power, which is the *only* power that brings success.

Mail the coupon *now*. Or, send a postal if you prefer.

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Free-Book Coupon

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Gentlemen:—Please mail me at once—without expense or obligation of any kind—a copy of your free book, *The Secret of Mental Power*.

Name.....

Address.....

.....McClure's Magazine 10-25

"Thinkers act while sluggards sleep."

Keep Pace With Evolution

DARWIN declared that the human race was merely an evolution of the monkey tribe. Some people agree with him. Others do not.

But there is no denying that even within the memory of most of us, there has been considerable of an evolution in the human mode of living. And today, this evolution is buzzing along faster than ever.

There has never been a time when conditions changed so rapidly—when life bettered itself so consistently. New comforts and conveniences are coming in all the time. And the rapidity with which they are invented and put before us vitally affects us all.

To take advantage of these things, you must keep yourself informed. You must know not only what they are, but also how much they cost and where and how to get them.

The only way you can know this is to be a regular reader of the advertisements.

Advertisements tell of all that the world is doing to make you more comfortable, your work easier, your methods better, your clothing and food problems less irksome. They tell you how you can save time—and effort—and money in the selection of the things that make life worth while.

Advertisements are interesting, instructive and highly profitable to you.

Keep in touch with modern evolution by reading the advertisements.

Why I Cried After the Ceremony

Two whole months I planned for my wedding day. It was to be an elaborate church affair, with arches, bridesmaids and sweet little flower-girls. Bob wanted a simple ceremony—but I insisted on a church wedding.

"We are only married once, you know." I laughed. "And Oh, Bob," I whispered, nestling closer, "it will be the happiest day of my life."

Gaily I planned for that happy day and proudly I fondled the shimmering folds of my wedding gown. There were flowers to be ordered, music to be selected and cards to be sent. Each moment was crowded with anticipations. Oh, if I could have only known then the dark cloud that overshadowed my happiness!

At last the glorious day of my marriage arrived. The excitement fanned the spark of my happiness into glowing and I thrilled with a joy that I had never known before. My wedding day! The happiest day of my life! I just knew that I would remember it forever.

A Day I Will Remember Forever

How can I describe to you the beauty of the church scene as I found it when I arrived? Huge wreaths of flowers swung from ceiling to wall. Each pew boasted its cluster of lilies, and the altar was a mass of many-hued blossoms. The bridesmaids, in their flowing white gowns, seemed almost unreal, and the little flower-girls looked like tiny fairies as they scattered flowers along the carpeted aisle. It was superb! I firmly believed that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for. The organist received the cue, and with a low, deep chord the mellow strains of the triumphant wedding march began.

Perhaps it was the beauty of the scene. Perhaps it was the strains of the wedding march. Perhaps it was my overwhelming happiness. At any rate, the days of rehearsal and plannin, vanished in a blur of happy forgetfulness, and before I realized what I was doing, I had made an awful blunder. I had made a mistake right at the beginning of the wedding march despite the weeks of careful preparation and the days of strict rehearsal!

One Little Mistake—and My Joy is Ended

Some one giggled. I noticed that the clergyman raised his brows ever so slightly. The sudden realization of the terrible blunder I was making caused a pang of regret that I had not read up, somewhere, about the blunders to be avoided at wedding ceremonies. A hot blush of humiliation surged over me—and with crimson face and trembling lip I began the march all over again.

It all happened so suddenly. In a moment it was over. And yet, that blunder had spoiled my wedding day! Every one had noticed it, they couldn't help noticing it. The event that I had hoped would be the crowning glory of my life, proved a miserable failure.

Of course, all my friends told me how pretty I looked, and the guests proclaimed my wedding a tremendous success. But deep down in my heart I knew that they did not mean it. I had broken one of the fundamental laws of wedding etiquette and they would never forget it. After the ceremony that evening I cried as though my heart would break.

I Buy a Book of Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks and "at home" cards to be sent. We were going to stop at several hotels during our honeymoon—and I had never stopped at a hotel before. I determined to avoid any further blunders in etiquette, and so I sent for the famous "Book of Etiquette."

Bob and I had always prided ourselves on being cultured and well bred. We had always believed that we followed the conventions of society to the highest letter of its law. But oh, the serious breaches of etiquette we were making almost every day!

Why, after reading only five pages I discovered that I actually did not know how to introduce people to each other correctly! I didn't know whether to say: *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith*, or *Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown* I didn't know whether to say, *Bobby, this is Mr. Blank;* or *Mr. Blank, this is Bobby.* I didn't know whether it were proper for me to shake hands with a gentleman upon being introduced to him, and whether it were proper for me to stand up or remain seated. I discovered, in fact, that to be able to establish an immediate and friendly understanding between two people who have never met before, to make conversation flow smoothly and pleasantly, is an art in itself. Every day people judge us by the way we make and acknowledge introductions.

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

Bob glanced over the chapter called Etiquette at the Dance. "Why, dear," he exclaimed, "I never knew how to dispose of my dancing partner and return to you without appearing rude—and here it's all explained so simply." We read the chapter together, Bob and I, and we found out the correct way to ask a lady to dance and the polite and courteous way for her to refuse it. We found out how to avoid that awkward moment after the music ceases and the gentleman must leave the lady to return to his original partner. We even discovered the correct thing for a young girl to do if she is not asked to dance.

"We will find invaluable aid in our 'Book of Etiquette.'" I said to Bob. "It tells us just what to do, what to say, what to write and what to wear at all times. And there's a chapter, I see, on foreign countries that tells all about tips, dress, calling cards, correspondence, addressing royalty and addressing clergy abroad. Why, look Bob—it even tells about the dinner etiquette in other countries. And see, here is a chapter on wedding etiquette—the very mistake I made is pointed out! Oh, Bob, if I had only had this wonderful book, I would never have made that blunder!"

My Advice to Young Men and Women

The world is a harsh judge. To be admitted to society, to enjoy the company of brilliant minds and to win admiration and respect for oneself, it is essential for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by adhering to the laws of etiquette is it possible for the woman to be charming and the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I would rather lose a thousand dollars than live through that awful moment of my wedding again. Even now, when I think of it, I blush. And so, my advice to young men and women who desire to be cultured rather than coarse, who desire to impress by their delicacy of taste and finesse of breeding, is—"*send for the splendid two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette.*"

Send for it that you may know the correct thing to wear at the dinner, and the correct thing to wear at the ball. Send for it that you may know just what to do and say when you overturn a cup of coffee on your hostess' table linen. Send for it that you may know the proper way to remove fruit stones from your mouth, the cultured way to use a finger bowl and the correct way to use napkins. Send for it, in short, that you may be always, at all times, cultured, well-bred and refined; that you may do and say and write and wear only what is the best of form and utterly in accord with the art of etiquette.

"Before I realized what I was doing, I had started the wedding march with an awful blunder in Etiquette."

Book of Etiquette

In Two Comprehensive Volumes

Sent FREE for Five Days

The Book of Etiquette is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better etiquette. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the **right thing** to do.

The complete two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette is being offered at the special price of $3.50. Don't wait until **your** wedding, **your** party, **your** dinner is spoiled by a blunder. Don't delay—send for your set NOW before you forget.

The coupon below entitles you to a 5 days' FREE examination of the two-volume set of the Book of Etiquette. At the end of that time if you decide that you want to keep it, simply send us $3.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if you are not delighted, return the books to us and you won't be out a cent.

Send for your set of the Book of Etiquette to-day! Surprise your friends with your knowledge of the correct thing to do, say, write and wear at all times. Just mail the coupon—don't send any money. Nelson Doubleday, Inc., Dept. 10410, Oyster Bay, New York

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Without money in advance, or obligation on my part, send me the Two Volume set of the Book of Etiquette. Within 5 days I will either return the books or send you $3.50 in full payment. It is understood that I am not obliged to keep the books if I am not delighted with them.

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